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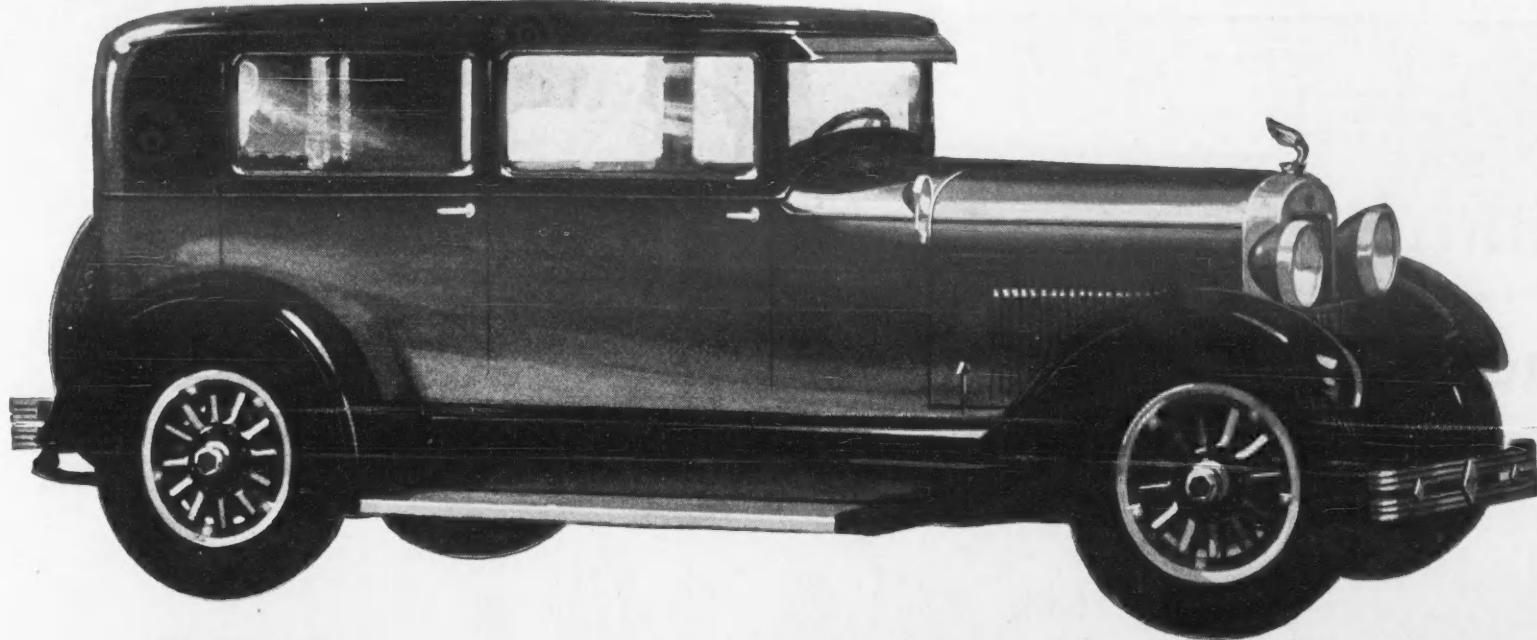
The Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

APRIL 1928



In this issue - Canada's Great Easter Music



so Women in *thousands* are turning to **ESSEX**

In the way women by thousands are turning to Essex is a story of the great and dynamic "man's Super-Six" made beautiful for women.

The stunning exterior grace and finish which bears closest examination with the honors of true beauty and workmanship, is carried on and heightened by the interior details of comfort, convenience and appearance.

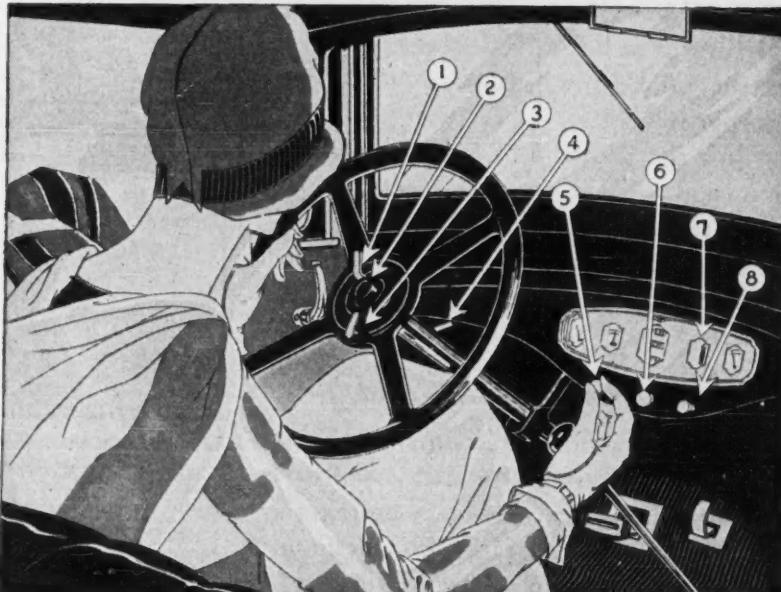
You sit upon high-back, form-fitting seats upholstered in material that is intelligent of quality to sight and to the touch. The winged radiator figure leads the eye out over a shining rhythm of cowl, hood, polished saddle type lamps and graceful arching fenders to the smoothly flying highroad.

You have before you every control in their most natural and handy place (see illustration). And all about you, the paneling, the weather-stripped doors, the silenced body construction, the floor-matting and the hardware in graceful silvery patterns speak quietly and certainly of quality.

The Essex Super-Six high-compression motor is patented and exclusive, and is so far as we know the most powerful of its size in the world.

The four-wheel brakes used on Essex are the same type used on costly cars and assure the maximum brake safety as well as the softness of control that you associate only with high-priced cars.

In this and such things as the black rubber, steel-core, finger-scalloped steering wheel, the worm and tooth disc steering mechanism and the vertical radiator shutters, Essex visibly duplicates costly car practice, as it does also in the hidden things you never see.



Simple, Compact and Convenient

- 1. Light Control - 2. Horn button - 3. Throttle
- 4. Radiator shutter control - - 5. Starter - - 6. Electro-lock
- 7. Gasoline gauge - - 8. Choke

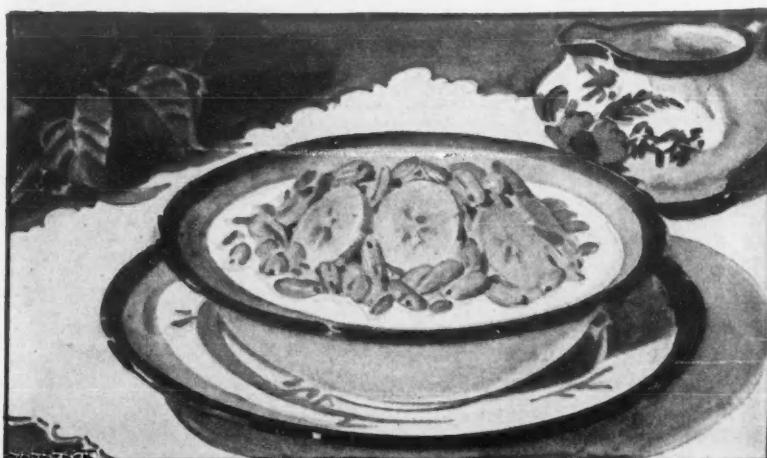
The beautiful Essex instrument board is of ebony finish, grouping under indirect light, motometer, gasoline gauge, oil gauge, speedometer and ammeter. Restful seating position with convenience, and operation ease of all controls, insure easiest driving you ever knew.

COUPE \$900 {Rumble Seat \$35 extra} COACH \$885 SEDAN {4-door} \$960
All prices f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

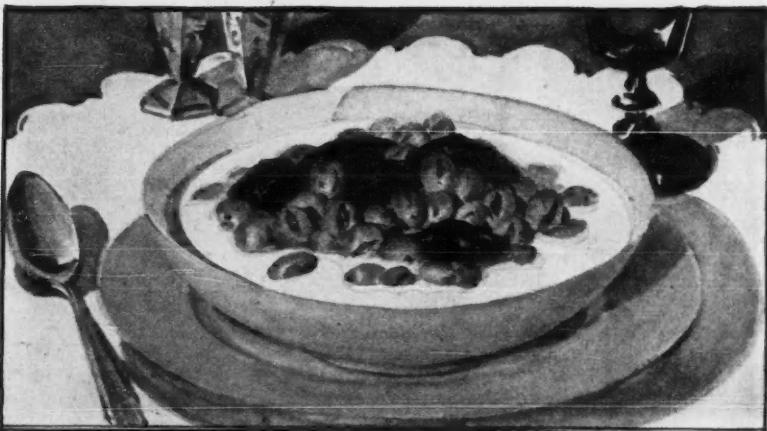
ESSEX SUPER
SIX

FOUR NEW SOLUTIONS *of the Breakfast Problem*

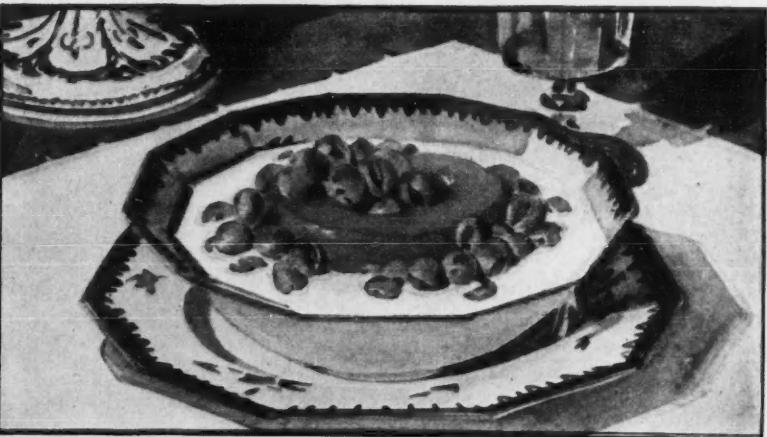
Puffed Rice, sliced bananas and rich milk... The children can't resist it!



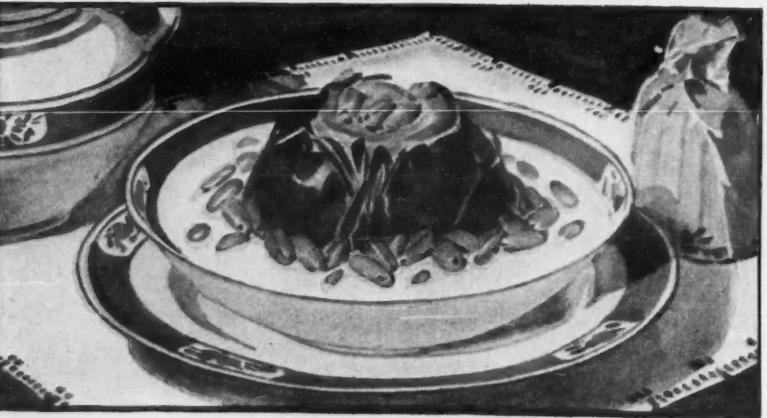
To make prunes appetizing — serve with Puffed Wheat and half-and-half.



Puffed Wheat, add a peach with its rich juice and cream. A pleasing change.



Take a baked apple with all its luscious juice and add Puffed Rice to win smiles.



*for those who are tired
of their usual cereal*

Grain foods utterly different from all others to supply the "change" at breakfast everybody wants

In every home, breakfast is a problem. For at breakfast, most appetites are hardest to please. What is really needed, according to authorities, is VARIETY—less serving of the ordinary breakfast dishes and more thought to deliciousness.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are utterly different from all other cereals. They look different, taste different, are different. Thus they provide the great enticement of a "change."

Served simply, with only milk, cream or half-and-half, they come to the table so tempting, so delicately alluring, so widely different from the ordinary cereal that the most backward breakfast appetite seldom resists them.

The Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded to 8 times normal size; then oven crisped. Almost 20% is bran; but in eating it one would never know it, so delightfully is it concealed.

The Puffed Rice is selected rice put to the same process as the Puffed Wheat.

Both appeal to children, because they are so different from most foods associated in their minds as "being good for them." They taste like toasted nutmeats; crunch in the mouth like fresh toast. Today—try these truly *unusual* foods.



Get Puffed Wheat
or Puffed Rice at
your grocer's.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Volume I.

APRIL, 1928

Number 2.



Every Woman Should Lead a Double Life!

A thoughtful argument in favor of every woman having as distinctly dual a life as the average man

By MARGARET FEA

THAT'S just what I mean, every woman should lead a double life; but I might qualify the statement by another, setting forth the fact that it isn't quite as essential for a single woman to lead a double life as it is for a married one to do so.

The single woman hasn't as much from which she needs to escape as has the woman who has contracted to love, honor and obey for a possible sixty years.

The spinster person, not necessarily a representation of the corkscrew curls of sweet sixteen resting against the crow-footed cheek of sixty, is comparatively free. Too free to suit her, perhaps, but without the nightly recurrent husband and dinner dishes, the regularity of bills and anniversaries, (both of which are the grave-diggers of romance), and the need of saying the soothing word to an aggravated male at precisely the right moment. She has not yet had to learn the art of tiptoeing from the room that he may cuss—as customary.

The spinster has no one to whom she must answer for anything she does. The married woman answers to her father and mother, her husband's father and mother, and to any further joint family they may both have acquired. She answers the grocer, the butcher and the public ownership collectors, if the bills are not paid. She answers the doctor if she deviates from the diet he has laid down for the baby. She answers the door bell and the 'phone bell and the dumb bells who ring them. And, on top of all that, she answers her husband pleasantly when he comes in the house, puts his hat on the table, his paper on a chair, his gloves and overcoat where they don't belong, and then, with his rubbers making a nice little pool on the polished floor asks: '*When do we eat?*'

It is no more relaxing or restful for the woman, once her work is done, to sit all afternoon and evening in the house she labors over, than it would be for the tired business man to have his dinner and slippers brought into his office on a tray every night. Even the racing and mining reports, flavored with cigar smoke, could not

eliminate the atmosphere of work which would permeate the remainder of his evening. I am not advocating the double standard (nor the single one), nor is this a preface to a tract on Companionate Marriage. It is merely a thoughtful argument in favor of every woman having as distinctly dual a life interest as has the average man.

Man has his home life and his business life, and if he is wise he keeps them widely separated.

Woman, too, should have a double life. She should have a home life, whether it be in a single furnished room, a "kitchen, bedroom and bath," an apartment de luxe, or within the four walls of a house.

Her household duties may consist of putting about with a dry rag, or a wet one, at what women universally call, "tidying up." Her personal duties may lead to nothing more strenuous than washing out her silk hose and unmentionables in a basin, or heating her diminutive kettle over a spirit lamp, but nevertheless she calls the place wherein she does it, home.

Take for granted, then, that every woman has some place of abode on which she expends a varying amount of energy.

Then what?

It has been said that our lives are roughly separated into three divisions of eight hours each. Eight hours of work, eight of sleep and eight in which we make or mar our lives. Suppose that the eight hours of work and the eight of somnolence are accounted for. That leaves us the most important eight hours of all with which to deal.

As a result, there are thousands of women turned loose, objectless, upon the world around noon every day.

Those who spread their work of home-making over an entire eight hours for seven days in the week are scarcely in a better position than are those who trail the shops and streets in search of diversion, for day by day in every way they become duller and duller. The stay-at-home, then, is no better off than her futilely wandering sister. She may be in even worse case, for while the one is at least doing a certain amount of walking, and using her brain for the poor purpose of keeping



Such a striking change in her beauty and manner forced me to be inquisitive

*.. then I learned her
"Thrice-a-day" Secret.*



IT WAS GLOWING health that improved her so! She had found the secret of keeping fit—and oh! how simple it was!

Just the addition of a daily, corrective food—Fleischmann's Yeast.

Eaten regularly, Fleischmann's Yeast is the simple added element in your food that helps to keep you brimful of life and energy.

The new living health-food

In every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast there are millions upon millions of tiny living plants grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. The elements in these tiny plants stimulate the natural processes by which your system throws off impurities.

Your skin becomes fresh, healthy, beautiful. Your eyes clear. Your tired feeling vanishes; digestion improves; food has a new zest.

Thousands of healthy Canadians keep fit with Fleischmann's Yeast. This famous health food will aid you, too. You can get it, fresh, at your grocer's.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health—Health Research Dept. O4-Y, The Fleischmann Company, 208 Simcoe Street, Toronto, Ontario.



"A YEAR AGO last June while trying my examinations at High School, my face broke out in a terrible rash. Mother was worried as to what to do about my face. My father was taking yeast at that time and mother thought it would help me. I took two yeast cakes a day and in a short time the rash disappeared. I would highly recommend yeast to anyone in a run-down condition or to anyone troubled with skin disorders."

ADELENE BOND, Toronto, Ont.

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada.

What it could mean to you

You would admit at once that daily use of a dentifrice is an important health habit. For general health, the system must be kept clean and active. The daily use of Fleischmann's



"FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS I suffered with indigestion and gas on the stomach. This was not only very troublesome to me but a great handicap during the rowing season, as I am a member of a boat crew in Halifax. I read about Fleischmann's Yeast in the newspapers, and decided to try it. I have been taking three cakes a day, one before each meal, for several months now and find my indigestion has left me. I row every evening and find that I have a great deal more strength than I had before. I sleep soundly, and my entire health is so much improved that I have started giving Fleischmann's Yeast to both my children as I believe that it will undoubtedly benefit them also."

HAROLD O'GRADY, Halifax, Can.

Yeast is as important for your whole system as the daily cleansing is for your teeth.

The new easy way to keep well

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain or salted in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation, physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

THRICE-A-DAY BRINGS HEALTH TO STAY

EASTER EGGS GLORIFIED

Some original and beautiful homemade Easter Eggs

By JOAN DEE



ALTHOUGH most of us enjoy ourselves immensely in making Christmas presents, it seems to occur to few nowadays to color and decorate our own Easter eggs. And Easter is a festival a good deal older than Christmas, at that. One form of it, that of giving eggs as presents to our friends, seems to have originated with the ancient Persians, among whom the egg was the symbol of creation.

The ancient Egyptians also gave eggs as presents at this time of the year, and so did the Jews and Hindus. Later, the custom was adopted in Europe also, the eggs symbolizing the Resurrection, and they were first colored red to indicate the blood of redemption.

Of course, all these meanings of things were gradually lost sight of and chocolate eggs and sugar eggs of every imaginable color and size are to be seen in the store windows. One would think that it should be easy enough to find exactly what is wanted among the dozens of varieties on display, but an actual trial soon puts things in another light.

However glamorous they may be, "store Easter eggs" never seem to have the same meaning for children—any more than store Christmas stockings! Moreover, where equality in Easter eggs is concerned rather than quantity, the most original effects may be obtained at home.

As a matter of fact, there are a number of simple and effective ways in which you can color Easter eggs yourself and get effects which are never seen in the stores. The materials necessary are really very inexpensive and may be bought almost anywhere.

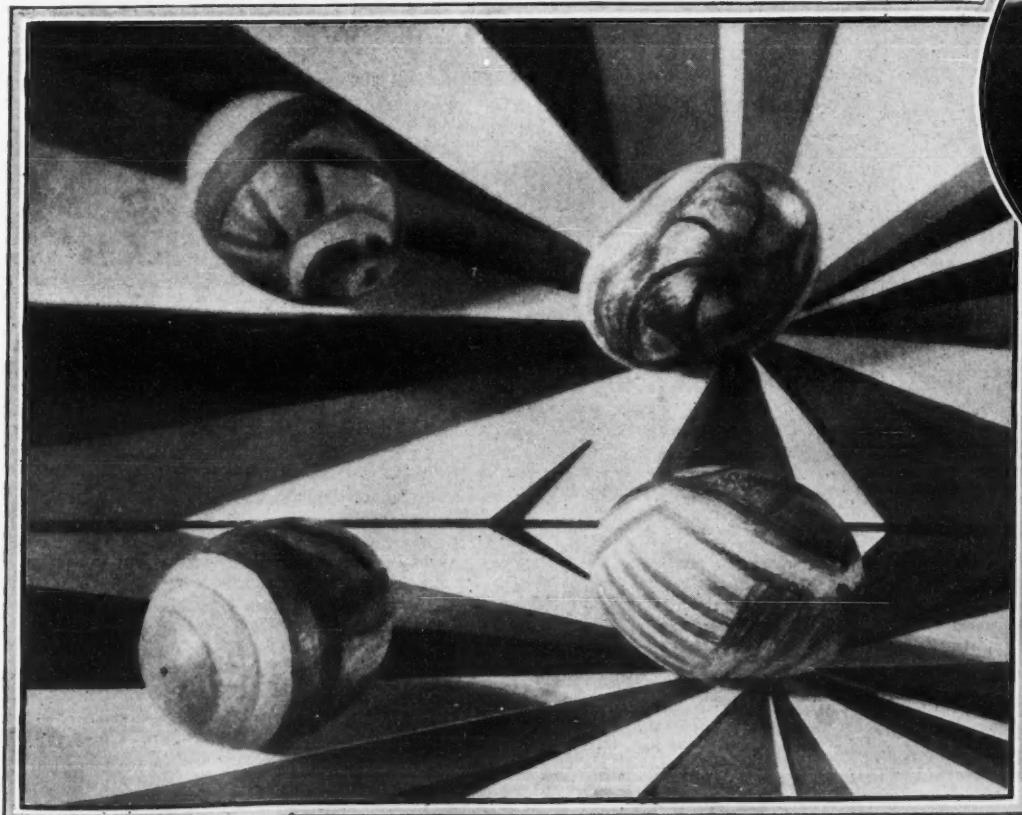
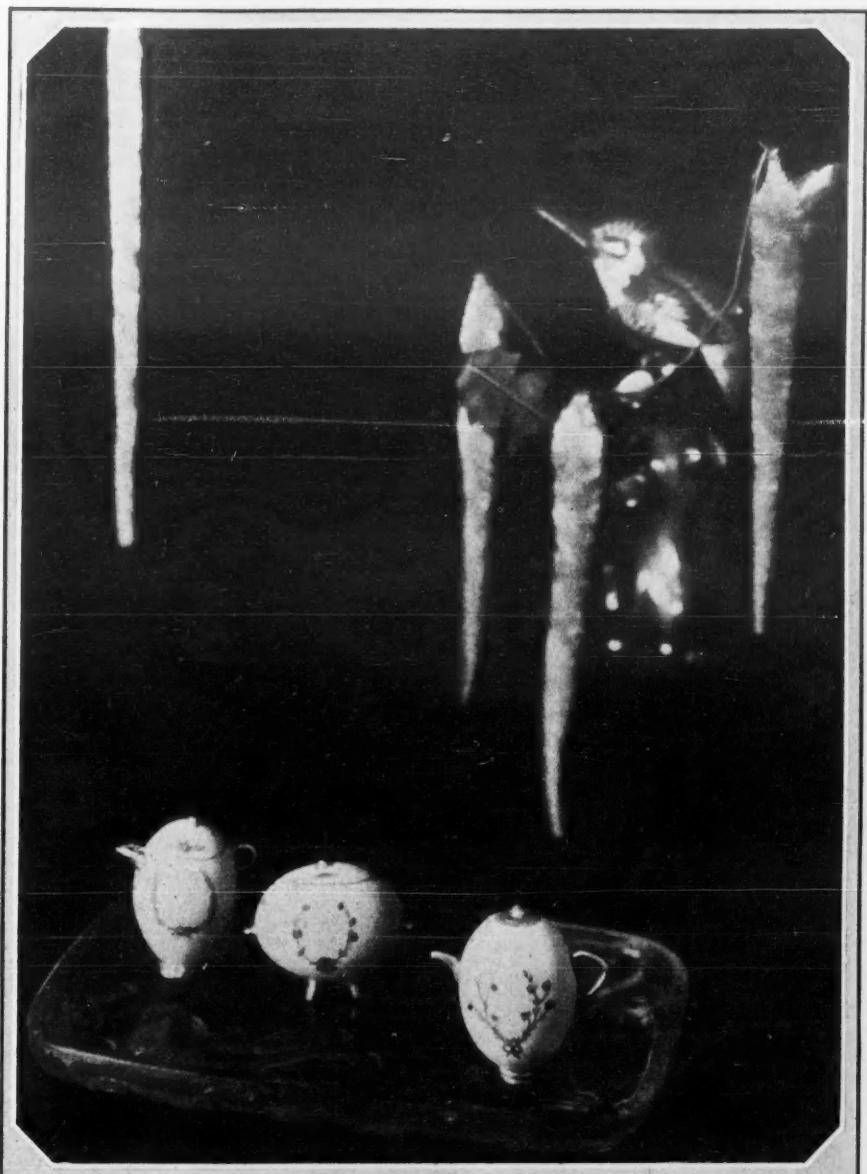
One of the simplest methods is to use the colored pencils or wax crayons that one gets in any book store. Half a dozen different colors are more than enough and it is simple to put them on. The egg-shell takes the crayon very easily and if you are not satisfied with your first attempt, it will wash off just as readily. Of course, your eggs should be hard-boiled first, for no color will wholly survive boiling. No skill in drawing is needed, for it is decorative to make

irregular splotches of color, or streaks and patches of every size and shade.

ALITTLE touch that greatly pleases the children is to write their names on the eggs and perhaps their addresses, too. The name written in a decorated oval always proves a great delight, and little drawings of bunnies and other conventional symbols may be added.

THREE used to be special dyes on the market for coloring eggs, but they are not much in use these days, and may be rather difficult to get. I, therefore, give a short list from the

Quite the most delightful Easter eggs are in the form of little hand-painted tea-sets, made from ordinary eggs with the addition of feet and handles of sealing wax.



A little touch that immensely pleases the children is to write their names on the eggs and perhaps their addresses too. At left, one of the simplest methods of decoration is to apply streaks and patches of color of every size and shade with colored pencils or crayons. The effect of these eggs is distinctly modernistic and though they look so sophisticated, they are one of the simplest of home-made types.

recipes which may be made up if regular egg dyes are not available. They are all aniline colors and the letters and numbers following them indicate their trade classifications.

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abreast of the fashion trend, the other is becoming softer in mind with each passing day.

Back of these statements, which may seem extreme, is the authority of personally collected, first hand evidence. But it may be interesting to hear what people who daily come in contact with the foibles of human nature say.

AFTER the kindly judge had "tut-tutted" my title and then proceeded to agree with my testimony, he proclaimed in favor of instructive, progressive and intelligent use of leisure. I also discovered that he did not consider golf a leisure pastime, although he put it in the list of profitable ways of spending the unbusiness-like hours. Church work he considered a good antidote for the dangers of unemployed feminine hours, and a study of the lives of the heathen a cure-all for constitutional discontent. He further intimated that the average man wanted not only a comfortable and well-kept home and good meals, but also a healthy, happy, mentally alert wife who could give him intellectual companionship.

Although a typically masculine point of view, it bore out my own contention that the woman who was content to putter about her house-work all day and who considered a two-block walk to the corner to buy eggs sufficient exercise, was the type who would also do tatting all evening, get wildly excited over a game of cards, or exchanging recipes with her neighbor, and who would shed shallow tears over the filmed fate of Fundamental Fanny. Her existence is as hum-drum and as free from thrilling alive-ness as it is pure, blameless and fatal to progress.

"Something to work for, plan for and pray about is the secret of healthy bodies and souls," was the way an idealist put it.

A shining light in the legal profession stated that ninety per cent. of the court cases involving women could be traced to misuse of leisure.

"Every girl should be taught the basic principles of household economics before she assumes the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood," stated a woman known throughout all Canada. "Then she can intelligently care for her home, her children and the money which is needed to maintain the one and sustain the other. I have no patience with the cry against allowing married women to work. When their children are out of their arms and in school, why should the married women not turn their years of experience into capital to help their husbands provide the best of everything, from food to education, for the children they have brought into the world?"

There was more of the same argument. It was sane, too, pointing out that a woman should not be bound by the narrow circle of her wedding ring to stay at home and mark time while younger, less competent women, often with independent means, earned the money the married women could put to nationally important uses, while the other spent it in ways far less worth while.

The minister called it one of the calamities of the age that, with charitable, religious and thoughtful work to be done which might be of national value women could be content to spend so many hours playing bridge. I believe there was also a postscript concerning their faithful appearance at theatres which offered no message of beauty or of progress, and their interest in books which were written to sell to a world not yet sated with sensationalism.

Doctors seem to think that time on the hands may be as fatal in the retarding of development as water on the brain.

Adding to my own findings, the testimony of these men and women whose life work lies along the paths intimated, it seemed that the point that a wise use of leisure was supremely important, was well taken.

Then, puncturing the bubble of my complaisance came some rapid-fire questions from one whom I had been questioning.

"What are you going to advocate for the home woman by way of escape?"

"What suggestions for the business woman will fit in with her limited leisure?"

"Have you taken into consideration the fact that the working mother must be home to get the meals unless she can afford to keep help?"

"Won't even the pursuit of leisure occupation require progressive application?"

There were other questions, too, and so I asked for time, and by inquiries at many sources amassed some interesting information.

THERE are, at technical schools, courses to be had in almost innumerable subjects and a wide choice is offered to women, whether the time at their disposal comes in the morning, afternoon or evening. There are courses arranged by different reputable schools of instruction which may be taken up at home by the woman whose responsibilities are such that she cannot count on two or three hours of leisure at any regular period. These courses include, with many other subjects those of home nursing, dietetics, millinery, dress-making and commercial art. There are technical school courses, correspondence courses, and others linked with no institute of learning which are available for the home woman, the business woman and even for the woman who is much tied down by children. They are not costly.

The courses not scheduled by any institute to which I have referred are those which many women are taking in their own homes with the aid of women's magazines, and while they are not called "courses" they amount to the same thing, for by a careful following of the rules given by experts, and a faithful application of the facts provided, one may become expert in various kinds of sewing, embroidery or lace work; in cooking, preserving or the preparation of invalid dishes; in interior decorating, furniture painting, china painting or metal work.

All of these suggestions are answers to the questions asked.

Every woman knows her own inclinations, abilities, and financial means, and each woman has her own problems to settle in the matter of arranging her leisure. Suppose that the matter of time is arranged to suit your individual tastes, and that the small financial outlay needed is forthcoming. Why not choose then, from among the various suggestions, the one which pleases you most, and see how it feels to lead a double life?

For the married woman without responsibilities other than those of keeping the home clean and preparing meals, there is a wide choice. The classes mentioned are available to her at technical schools, as well as opportunities to learn designing, stenography, batik, cane work and weaving. Household science has a general appeal. The management of a tea room has a special fascination for many women and the woman with a little money and as much time on her hands as she wishes to improve, might assist in a tea room, or conduct a muffin shop or a home-made bakery business with preserves and pickles sold as side lines.

For the home women with more limited leisure to develop there is gardening, which may become very much worth while if it is seriously taken up. She might also take up vocal or instrumental music, elocution or amateur theatricals. The artistic arrangement of flowers, the correct setting of tables for formal and informal functions, and the supplying of suitable menus for various luncheons, dinners and afternoon or evening bridges is attractive work for which the wealthy woman who is without individuality, or who wishes to secure the ever elusive "something new" for her guests, will pay well. The designing and fashioning of smart togs for the tiny tots is work which many a woman would revel in, and she may turn her time into money at this desirable occupation, for when her own children are outfitted providing she has children, there are always the children of mothers who have neither time nor inclination for the work but who are quite willing to pay a good price to the woman who will costume their children.

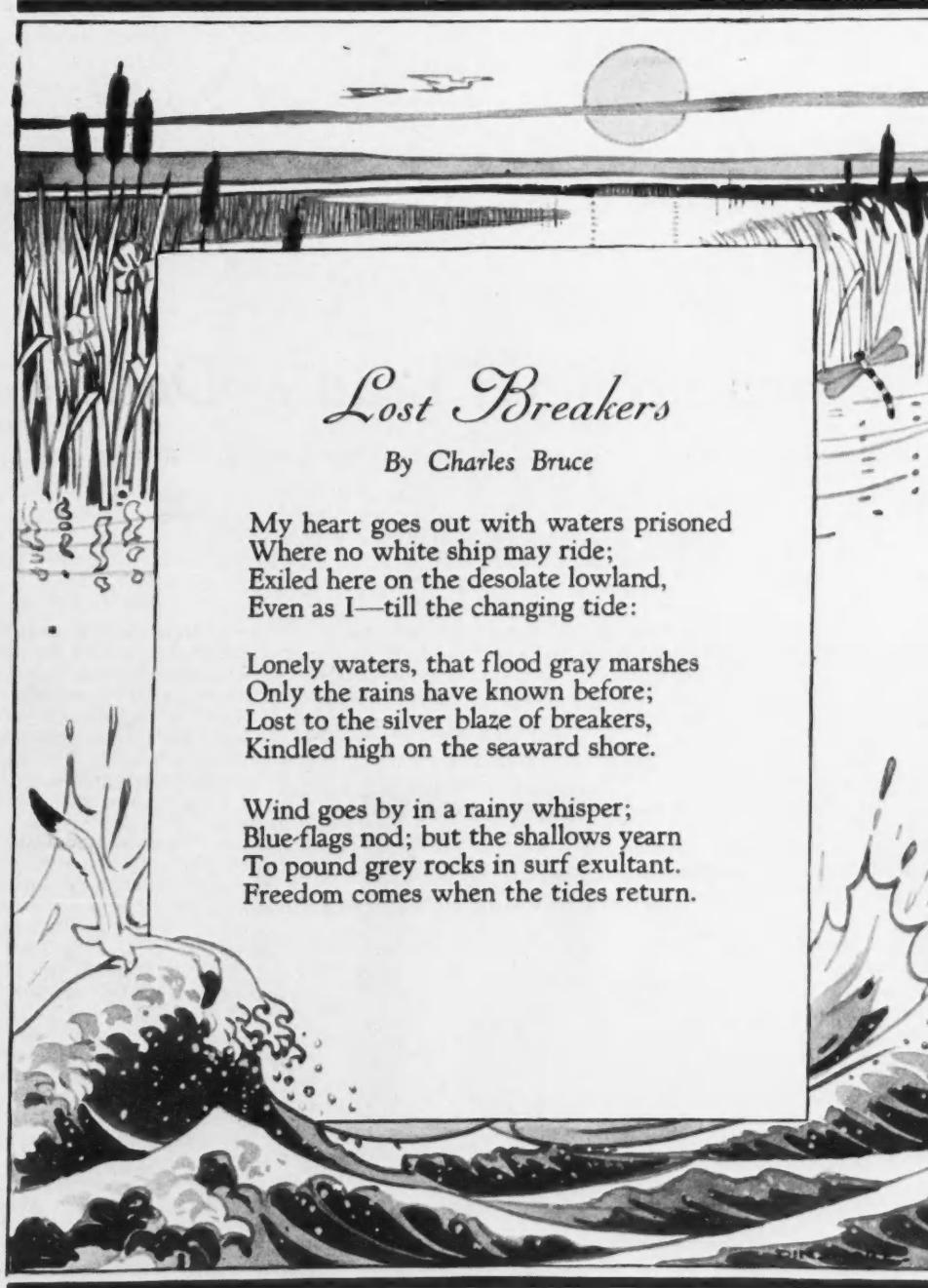
AND now for the business woman who has only the evening hours at her disposal. Can she find occupation for her leisure which will be progressive and will at small cost still savor of recreation? She can.

There are, first of all, the evening or night classes at technical schools, as well as university extension courses. If her bent is for the bake-board and preserving kettle she may happily and profitably employ her evening hours in cooking classes. There are also the other courses earlier mentioned which are available to the business woman who wishes to take night classes. There are also intensive courses in reading which she might take along the lines which most appealed to her.

To become an authority on any subject immediately places one in the expert class, and there is always room at the top for the expert. If you are a business woman and have a fondness for fine china, old porcelains or crystal ware, why not study the significance and history of these things? Down through the ages runs a cycle of interest-compelling facts which you might absorb as a mere hobby, or which you might turn into dollars and cents. Antique shops welcome the presence of one possessed of expert knowledge of their stock, and what more fascinating part-time occupation, once you have mastered your subject, than tracing the history of the various treasures of art? Old prints and engravings, period furniture, old tapestries and rich brocades, cobwebby laces and jewel settings—all offer a fascinating field for research and study, and there are many specialty magazines which pay well for expert information on these subjects.

Sport should have a very definite place in the business

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century, and "Jesus Christ is Risen," will be sung by Dr. Healy Willan's choir at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Toronto. The music at this church, which is always particularly fine, includes at High Mass, "Missa Magnae Deus Potentiae," and a "Russian Hymn," at Vespers.

In the 13th century songs of "The Rising" were sung in all the churches, and during the next two hundred years the spirit of Easter was voiced in folk songs, motets and madrigals all over Europe. From the 17th century, music has expressed Easter to all Christian peoples. In the 16th century, Palestrina wrote much Easter music. Later on that great composer and organist, John Sebastian Bach, was imbued with the Easter spirit and his inspiration passes to us in his famous Easter oratorio, "God So Loved the World," and also in part of his cantata, "My Spirit was in Heaviness," will also be sung Easter Day in Winnipeg by Holy Trinity choir under the direction of Mr. Douglas Clarke.

Mozart has left us a precious legacy for Easter music in his "Resurrection" and "Gloria in Excelsis." Haydn, the lovable Austrian, has voiced the wonders of God's handiwork in his "Creation." Here is an oratorio whose music wafts the very breath of gladness and joyous awakening to our souls. Who can listen to "With Verdure Clad," and again hear "On Mighty Pens" and not feel his whole nature responding instinctively to the creative forces in nature, and the exultant joy as heard in this masterpiece?

Beethoven, who said that music was a vital part of the worship of all ages, has preserved this sentiment in his "Hymn to Joy" in his great Choral Symphony. No narration of Easter music would be complete without referring to that wonderful work by Handel, "The Messiah." Who can ever tire of "I know that My Redeemer Liveth," or fail to be uplifted and stirred to the depths of his being by the "Hallelujah Chorus."

IN OUR own beloved Canada we, too, have many chimes of bells and carillons, and how joyous is the music that they will send out! Happy carols, appropriate hymn tunes, and much of the great traditional music will voice this festival. This year will mark the first Easter Day the carillon in the Peace Tower at Ottawa will be heard, and those who listen to that music will realize that it breathes the spirit of rejoicing to Canada, in her year of jubilee that has just passed.

*Let, oh let the merry bells ring!
Hence with tears and sighing,
Frost and cold have fled from
Spring,
Life hath conquered dying.*

On Easter Sunday, the organ at Yorkminster Baptist Church, Toronto, will be called into requisition for the first time. Mr. D'Alton MacLoughlin, the organist and choir-master, is preparing some very fine music for that occasion, and among other things, his choir will sing a Polish folk song, "Where the Dawn was Breaking;" a Norwegian traditional melody, "This Glad Easter Day," and a 17th century chorus, "By Early Morning Light."

Another choir from which one is ever sure of hearing good music well done is that of old Saint Andrew's Church, Toronto. Suitable music is being done by the choristers under the direction of Mr. Tattersall, including that beautiful chorus from one of the Bach Cantatas, "Blessing, Honor and Glory."

Berkley E. Chadwick, organist and choir master of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, and director of the Montreal Elgar Choir, is using for Easter music some modern compositions— "O Christ, the Heavens' Eternal King," by Eric Thiman; "Bless, Honor and Laud," by Dr.

Charles Wood, and Martin Shaw's "Te Deum," together with "Credo," by Gretchaninoff, the modern Russian composer. Shortly after Easter, the Elgar Choir will perform that noble Mark Brahms' "Requiem," profound in thought and lofty in ideals, exquisite harmonies and beautiful orchestration.

With all this Easter music, we cannot help but associate

—And with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night.
Circle his throne rejoicing.

What, we ask ourselves, is more enchanting in church music and at Easter, than a boys' choir? Their fresh young voices have an ethereal tone and purity that is overpoweringly lovely, and at the same time, truly devotional. A fine example of boys' choir is found at St. Peter's in Toronto, where Mr. Dalton Baker has trained magnificently a choir of thirty-five boys, who sing as one voice. On Easter Day they and the men's choir are singing a mass, rich in gorgeous tone color with harmonies composed by the Canadian composer, Dr. Healy Willan, dedicated by him to Mr. Baker and his choir.

Mr. Gun, of St. George's Church, Guelph, has also a very good choir of boys, giving from time to time excellent accounts of themselves. In both instances, these choir boys have been singing in their churches only since September, 1926.

THE real Easter spirit can in no way be brought to hearts more vividly or effectively than by singing ourselves. If we respond as we should to this dawning of new life about us at this Resurrection season, we can only earnestly do so by raising in song and praise our own voices. And what a choice is ours! To mention several intimately known hymns significant at Easter, one recalls "Hail the Day that Sees Him Rise," the words set to a Welsh melody, and "Jesus Christ Is Risen To-day," with its 18th century tune. To a 16th century chorale by Palestrina, we sing "The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done," and never an Easter passes that "Welcome Happy Morning" and "Blest Morning Whose First Dawning Rays," are not sung. The custom of singing Easter hymns at home as well as Christmas carols, is a lovely one, and should be more widely practised.

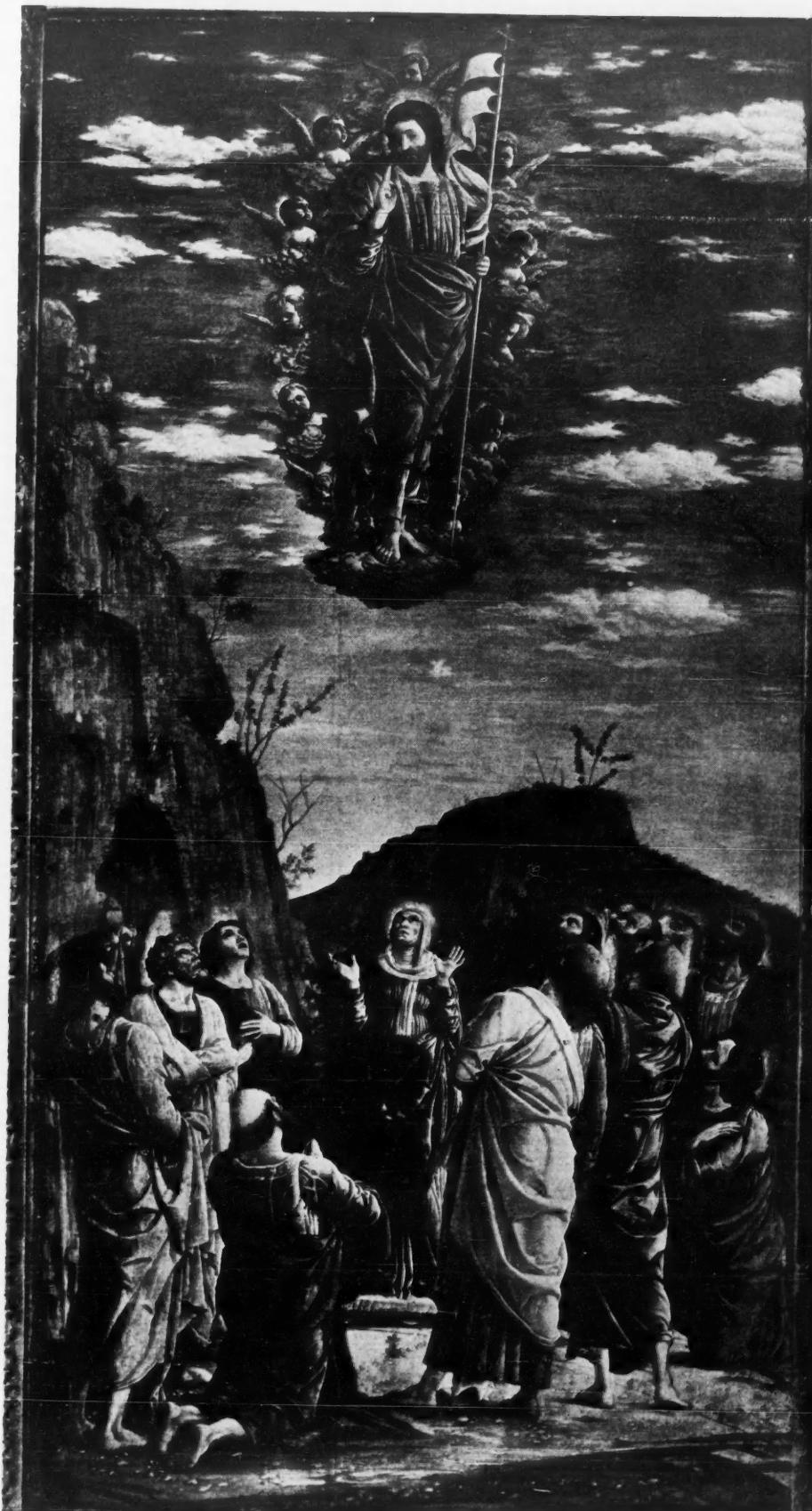
In many churches beautiful *Faux Bourdons* are sung and do much to enhance the beauty and devotion of the service. A melody in the Phrygian mode is harmonized to the words, "Let Us Tell the Story," and from the pen of an 11th century composer we have "Holy Church Must Raise the Lay." Writers of *Faux Bourdons* in the 17th century have left two fine examples in "This Joyful Easter tide" and "The World Itself is Bright and Gay."

WHEN Easter dawns we shall have no lack of music in our land. From "ocean unto ocean" it will sweep along and come to us by radio, or through the choirs of the communities in which we live. Perhaps music cannot paint a visible picture of Easter, but it does more than that; it makes one feel its meaning and message. Music can turn itself into the spirit of Easter, and from the soul of a composer become the actual beauty of Easter itself. There is no higher beauty, visible or spiritual, for music to translate than that which this month offers.

The great Easter music should come into every Canadian home in some way. If you can ascertain what the music at your local church is to be, make a point of going into the life of its composers, and its meaning will be brought home to you in a new way. In the same way

go into programs which will come over the radio. The composers of Easter music were deeply inspired; their music speaks a message different from any other created. Church music reaches its greatest heights at Easter and an understanding and enjoyment of it will greatly enrich the holiday in every home.

This article can but give a glimpse of the high points of the musical services that will be sung, but in every city, town and hamlet some echo of the Easter music will be heard.



The Resurrection by Mantegna which hangs in Firenze, Italy, suggests the joyousness of Easter.

the great paintings, as seen in the cathedrals and galleries of Europe, which vividly tell the story of this festival in color. The angelic choristers, as painted by the old masters, are exquisite creations, and among others, one calls to mind the painting, "The Cherub Choir," by Reynolds, in the National Gallery, London, England. "These heavenly musicians, these music making angels," says Henry Purmort Eames, "are painted as worshipping the Lord."



*Days grow longer, sunbeams stronger.
Easter tide makes all things new.
Lent has vanished, sadness banished;
Christ has risen; rise we too.*

The Resurrection of Christ by Perugino as it hangs in the Vatican Art Gallery at Rome.

Canada's Great Easter Music

A Key for the Musical Season :- By Jessie T. Hill

SPRING is here! April, the showery month, is opening the earth, to resurrect the fruits and let the flowers escape. It is the month which contains our most joyous festival—the anniversary of that day long ago when Christ rose from the dead, and by doing so, proved to us once and forever, that our real life is unending and cannot be destroyed. His victory over death gave to the world a new song, a triumphant hymn of great joy that has inspired music from that time until the present.

Can we wonder then, that all the ancient musicians celebrated Easter? For Easter means "the rising," and music has always held the wondrous power of describing and expressing the rising from heart and mind of joy, hope and happiness.

A glance at our ecclesiastical history tells us that the yearly commemoration of the Lord's death and resurrection at Easter reveals itself about the middle of the second century, by a debate which then arose. For a long time the custom had prevailed of distinguishing the Wednesday and Friday of each week by some religious observance—in addition, of course, to the first day of the week. One way in which this observance was carried out was that, whatever the day of the week might be on which the Passover fell, the Friday took on the character of commemorating the Crucifixion, and so, naturally, the next Sunday became the commemoration of the Resurrection.

Thus it was that Easter Sunday was generally the day from which everything else was reckoned, and it was itself fixed to fall after the first full moon after the spring equinox.



WE MUST not forget that some of our most beautiful music was inspired by Passion week—"The Great Week"—when business all over the Christian world, was suspended and courts of justice and theatres were closed. Morning and evening services were held daily, works of mercy were especially appropriate, pardon was granted to prisoners, and penitents received the church's reconciliation. During Easter Eve the Lenten fast closed, and the joyful vigil of Easter set in till cockcrow, when the Easter Communion was celebrated. It was a time of religious excitement, with the week after Easter being marked by a succession of festal observances.

The spirit of Passion Music has been exploited by many masters. Such great geniuses as Scarlatti, Bach, Palestrina, Handel, Schubert, Dvorak and Rossini have all written passion music, and much of it will be heard in Canada this

season. At Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, on Good Friday, the choir will sing Palestrina's Eight-part "Stabat Mater." Also on Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week, they will give Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew." This same beautiful oratorio will be given April 3 in Toronto by Dr. Ernest MacMillan and his choir and orchestra. This has now become a "fixed date" in our musical calendar, and year by year is more overwhelmingly beautiful and moving. The boys of Upper Canada College, Toronto, as trained by Mr. Richard Tattersall, take part very effectively in this performance.

Handel has given us a passion oratorio known as "La Resurrezione," composed in Rome; and Schubert wrote a "Crucifixion." "Stabat Mater" have been written by

Dvorak and Rossini, and Scarlatti composed the "St. John Passion." Numerous other oratorios bearing on the Passion have been written by other composers.

Long ago the old church organists and choir leaders taught beautiful carols to the children. Easter morning dawned; the bells in all the steeples rang out; the churches, lit with many thousands of candles, resounded with children's voices singing the story of the risen Saviour. Some of the loveliest of these carols are preserved in the "Cowley Carol Book," among them being "The Lord Hath Risen," 12th century; "Hail Easter Bright," 16th century; "We Will be Merry Far and Wide," 14th century. Two of these carols, "This Joyful Eastertide," 16th



different widths, are the most usual. Swirling cycles of quilting are rare, but most effective. Design in quilting is often seen. Shadowy patterns as elusive and elaborate as damask, make one of the greatest beauties of needlework.

An all-over white quilt, enriched only with stitchery pattern, is a poem. Of old, in the colonies, the needlewoman of some pretensions often had whole quilts designed for her by artists or architects, tracing an exquisite *bas relief* with her needle.

THE colonists of the maritimes, having sea-faring men folk, were often able to introduce into their patch handiwork fine Indian chintzes and "real" French calico, but the pioneer women of the interior were true heroines of necessity. Because it was possible to make use of only whatever bits of material cast off clothing or cuttings provided, they leaned, perforce, toward the pieced quilt, and worked wonders with it into the bargain. Tufting, feather-stitching and ruffling were their chief variations. This type of quilt is still the country woman's stand-by. Eliza Calvert Hall puts into the mouth of an enthusiastic pioneer quilter a truistic bit of philosophy concerning quilt-piecing. "How much piecin' a quilt is like livin' a life," she says. "You start out with jest so much caliker; you don't go to the store and buy it, but the neighbors will give you a piece here and a piece there, and you'll have a piece left over every time you cut a dress, and you take jest what happens to come. And that's like predestination. But when it comes to the cuttin' out, why, you're free to choose your own pattern. You can give the same kind of pieces to two persons, and one 'll make a Nine Patch and one a Wild Goose Chase—and there'll be two quilts made out of the same kind of pieces, and jest as different as can be. And that is jest the way with livin'!"

Quilt-making is a proud and courageous sort of needlework. The older quilts of pioneer workmanship represent individual industry that, amid the daily hardships of the time of their making, is a monument to women's fortitude and patience. While in the old world their sisters were engaged in the Victorian vagaries of wool mottos and antimacassars, the women of the new world still clung to this dignified, useful and notably *sociable* form of handicraft. (A quilting bee was and still is in many parts of Canada, a rural event.)

Now, for the woman who would possess a handmade quilt and would rather make than buy one, it is possible to purchase applique patterns if one has not access to old designs. Later, if one quail at the thought of the arduous work of quilting, this finishing may be turned over to one of the organizations which deal with provincial handicraft, such as The Women's Art Association or The Canadian Handicrafts Guild. Arrangements may be made through them to have this work done by one of the many countrywomen, especially of Quebec, who consider it most ordinary sewing. A fine patchwork quilt is an addition to any bedroom scheme.

Quilt-piecing, the simpler sort of quilt-making if one chooses a not too elaborate design, should be one of the first sewing lessons of the little girl. It is utterly simple and certainly instructive, giving a fine association with color. Pieced quilts for the summer cottage, the Colonial bedroom or anywhere with which quaintness is to be associated, are a characterful addition. Only lately, designers of decorative fabric have realized this to the extent of placing on the market a calico printed in pieced-work design.

For inspiration in making your own patterns—for a personal design is most worth while—make a study of the subject by reading books of reference on the subject in the library, studying the traditional designs there shown, and if possible, examining museum collections. When you feel that you are sufficiently *au courant* with the subject, then you may begin your own planning and designing.

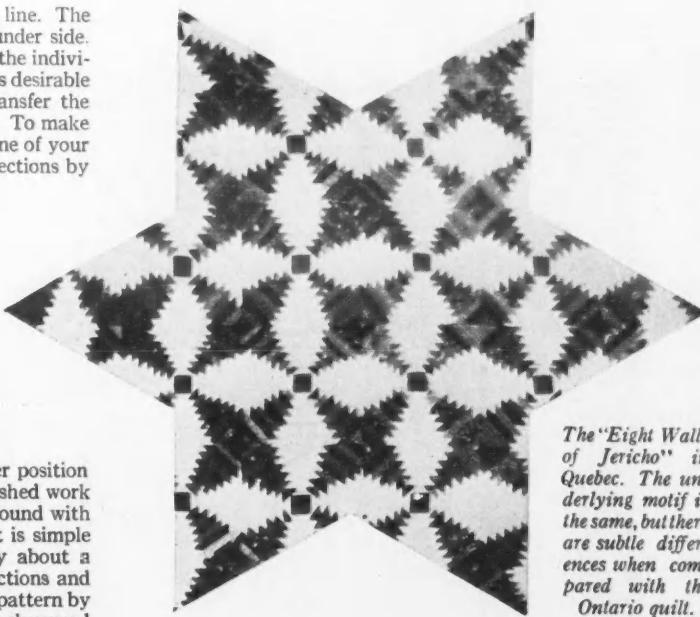
Patchwork patterns are simple if you use paper ruled off in squares. When appliques for forms are not strictly geometric keep two things in mind; simplicity and practical shapes for sewing. When you have decided on your design and are ready to begin, your first necessity is a set of accurate cutting patterns. To make these, first trace each separate unit on thin paper and cut the tracing out accurately. Using this thin paper pattern, next cut a heavy cardboard pattern. Lay the cardboard on the material, trace round it with a lead pencil, then cut

the cloth out one-quarter inch outside the line. The allowance is for the seam on the turned-under side.

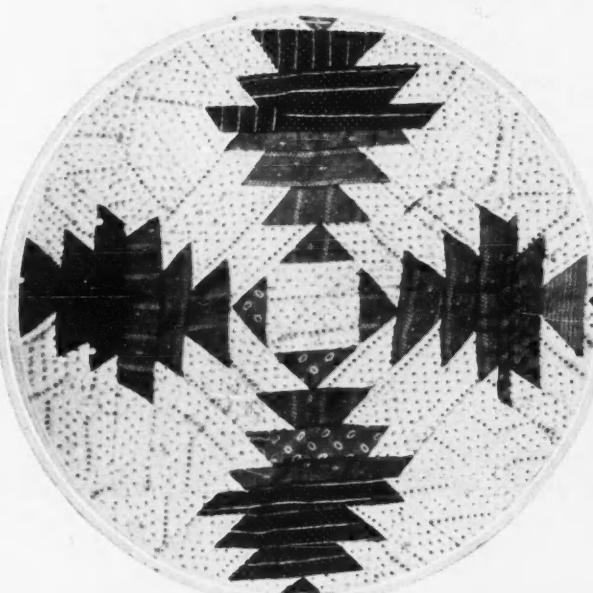
If you are making a quilt, in order that the individual blocks or sections may be uniform, it is desirable to make a pattern by which you can transfer the applique design to the background fabric. To make such a pattern, draw upon the paper outline of your square or oblong, and separate this into sections by drawing lines diagonally from corner to corner and from the centre of each side to a point directly opposite. You may also divide the sides of your square into thirds and draw the structural lines across from side to side. If properly drawn, all such lines will meet at the centre of the square, and you will have a frame upon which to build your working pattern.

With guide lines made, cut from paper the required number of sections (finished size) for an individual block or section, and arrange them in the proper position in your pattern, using the plan for the finished work as a guide. Secure with pins and trace around with pencil. With flowers and leaves made, it is simple to draw in the stems, which are usually about a quarter of an inch wide. Remove the sections and straighten the outlines. This becomes the pattern by which you can transfer the design to the background fabric, using carbon paper for the purpose.

To plan a border group or spray, it is generally necessary only to find the exact centre of the space



The "Eight Walls of Jericho" in Quebec. The underlying motif is the same, but there are subtle differences when compared with the Ontario quilt.

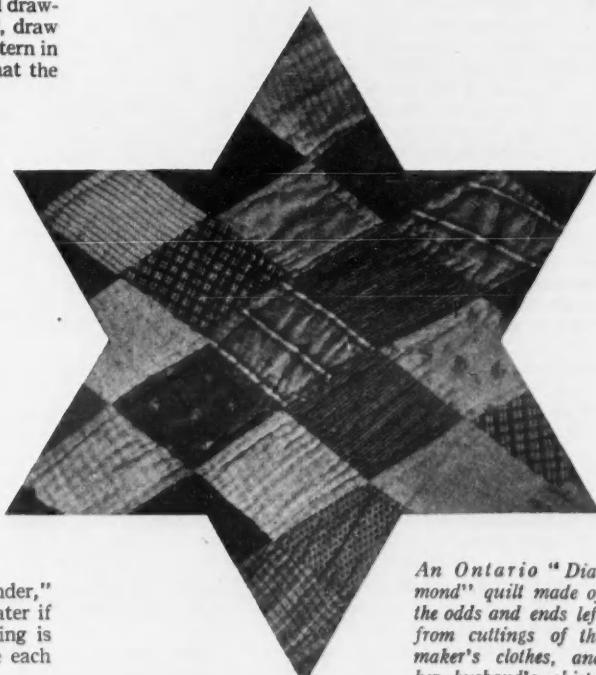


An Ontario version of the "Eight walls of Jericho"—one of the many Bible subjects which abound.

To turn the edge for basting, again make use of the patterns of cardboard originally made for a cutting guide. The patches will be one quarter of an inch wider than these. Turn the edges of the material smoothly over the cardboard, gathering with a thread if necessary. Dampen a little and press on the cardboard side with a warm iron. Cut the thread, remove the cardboard and pin into place as desired. The crease made by pressing will be sharp, and will enable you to baste the applique down without losing the definite clear-cut line.

Doubtless many of the pieced patterns shown in this article will suggest similar appliques. The applique quilt, rather than the pieced variety, is now the favored needlework. Piecing, however, is a remarkably colorful and easy way to utilize odd vivid pieces of material, provided one does not essay an intricate pattern but lets one's imagination have full sway in the vagaries of the "crazy quilt."

The vogue for quilts and patching has gone further to-day, in introducing all sorts of applique work into interior decoration. Patch-work curtains, unbleached muslin on which bright motifs of chintz or cretonne are cut out and whipped down make most effective hangings. Bedspreads may be treated in the same way. Indeed, even the heavy nets of undercurtaining furnish a background for chintz cutouts; flower bouquets, baskets of fruit, conventional designs and open wreaths. It is getting away somewhat from the old tradition of quilts—but it is all traceable to the revival of the art of piecing and patching.



An Ontario "Diamond" quilt made of the odds and ends left from cuttings of the maker's clothes, and her husband's shirts.



A sister "Star" to that at left, this is large in relation to the quilt it decorates, though made of a goodly number of small pieces.

by folding the pattern lengthwise, then crosswise, and drawing guide lines accordingly. With the motifs placed, draw stem lines connecting them. Prepare one half the pattern in this way, fold and trace the other half from it so that the design will be balanced perfectly.

A border usually is based upon a skeleton or frame of rectangular shape, the measurements depending upon the extreme width that you wish your border to be. First draw the outer lines indicating the length, draw a second rectangle the desired number of inches inside the first—indicating the inner line of the border—and connect the corners with diagonal lines. Divide the space between into equal parts and draw lines accordingly. Mark the exact centre of bottom and sides, and you are ready to arrange your patch pattern and plan your design in the manner already described. In other words, decide on the motifs you wish to use and then arrange them regularly on a skeleton of geometric lines. These lines will be sure to give an orderly result in your finished work, although they will, of course, disappear when the article is completed.

To lay an applique on the quilt background so that, when whipped down, it will lie flat and unpuckered, its design unchanged by "turning under," is an art. The chances for perfection are much greater if certain precautions are taken before even the basting is done, however. Much may be accomplished before each patch is ready for sewing.

CANADIAN QUILTS

Traditional Needlework of Past and Present Interest

By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON



Photographs by Edith S. Watson and Moore and Nixon-James

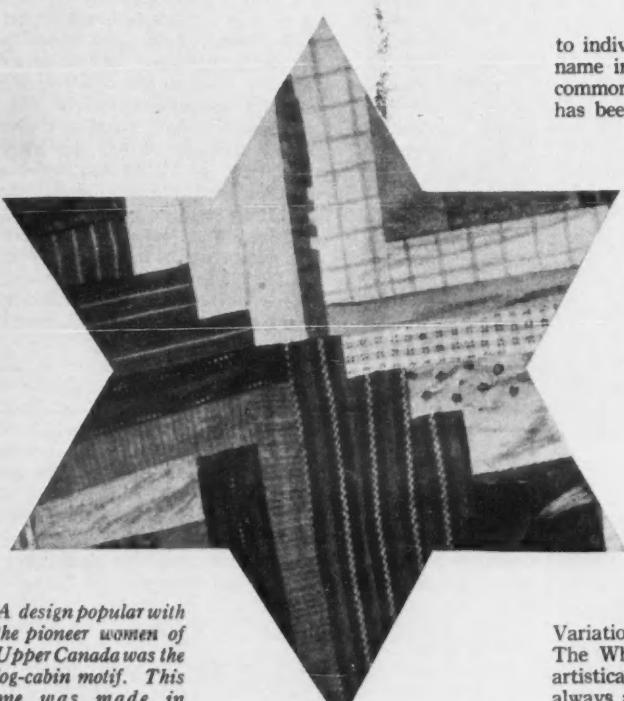
This pattern was called by the Irish Canadian woman who pieced it, "Irish Chain"—but the French women of Quebec call it "French Chain."

OF ALL home handicrafts which have been handed down to us, none is more hardy than that of quilt-making. The art of patchwork is so ancient as to go back into the mists of antiquity, but the homely craft of the quilt-maker is one which has had particularly lusty life on the North American continent. Among not only the English, Irish and Scots pioneers, but those masters of all home industry, the French *habitants*, it has flourished from the beginning of settlement to this very day. Designs brought from the old world still appear in the painstaking handiwork of the farmer's wife of Ontario, the Scots and French home-workers of the Maritimes, and the tireless housewives of provincial Quebec.

It is no oddity in such homes to find cuttings being made from old cardboard or paper patterns which have been handed down from mother to daughter through the generations—some of them well-known and traditional; others original interpretations of some floral, geometric or symbolic form. They are like recipes!

The names and designs of quilt-patterns are as many, as quaint and as diverse as the figures of a barn dance. To begin with the most common, there are many and sundry versions of The Star. There is The Eight-pointed Star, The Star of the East, The Star of Bethlehem, Feather Star, The Unknown Star; even The Sunburst is more star-like than otherwise.

Crosses are another favorite. One well-known is Crosses and Losses; another The Maltese Cross.



A design popular with the pioneer women of Upper Canada was the log-cabin motif. This one was made in modern Ontario.

Bible subjects have a great popularity. Typical of this variety are such motifs as The Garden of Eden, The Golden Gates, Joseph's Coat, Solomon's Temple, Solomon's Crown, The Tree of Paradise, The Forbidden Fruit, and The Eight Walls of Jericho. Sometimes the analogy between pattern and subject is so subtle as to be almost nonexistent, but the name serves as a suitable identification! Joseph's Coat of many colors is a great opportunity for odd scrap piecing, and, indeed, all the patterns are open

ANIMALS, birds and insects come in for their share of interpretation, and some of the patterns they have inspired are so charming and fantastic as to speak of the same otherwise inarticulate art, as is so often expressed in the original patterns of the hooked mat. The Blue Bird and The Chimney Swallow have the exceptional decorative recommendation of the birds' graceful tails. The Brown-tailed Moth, pest of the summer time, nevertheless lends the beauty of its symmetrical white wings to a dark background. Crows-foot, Cock's Comb, Bear's Paw and Bat's Wings, Dove in the Window, explain themselves.

Subjects sacred to the cradle bed are Bunnies, Cats and Mice, Four Frogs and Puss-in-Corner. Toad in the Puddle, The Snail's Trail, and The Lobster have a bizarre attractiveness.

There is sometimes something very personal about quilt names. Intricate quilting was, as a rule, not so much practised among the farm women of Upper Canada as the women of the Maritimes, but occasionally an ambitious worker would undertake to autograph a quilt with her own name or initials; or a quilting party would identify the work in some other way. Occasionally such notes as Mrs. Jones' Choice or Molly's Favorite will be stitched into the coverlet, either in white quilting stitch or a darker outline. There are many common quilt names of the same genre. Gentleman's Fancy, and Widower's Choice always impressed me as particularly piquant. Touching too are Crazy Anne, Lady's Delight and Old Maid's Puzzle.

Imagination, local associations and mundane matters joined hands in quilt-naming. Such was the fellowship of The Air Castle, The Album, All-Tangled-Up, The Crazy Quilt, The Log Cabin, Brickwork, Broken Dish, Crossed Canoes, Indian Plume, Watered Ribbon (very difficult), The Valentine Quilt and All-Hands Around.

Then there are the flowers, leaves and fruits—perhaps the most delightful of all. They are almost invariably patchwork applique and show greater finesse though not greater ingenuity than the pieced quilts, which are so often merely the utilization of any and every piece of old material which comes to the scrap bag. Here one is most likely to find the treasure in coverlets. Against white quilted cotton or linen, the designs stand out in color relief, delicate, intricate and always interesting. For the most part, the patterns are conventionalized, but sometimes a garland or bouquet retains its naturalistic lines. Some beautiful designs have been evolved from these subjects. Among both types, almost every known fruit and flower has been used. Currants and cock's comb is a rare and lovely combination. Dogwood and wild rose are both highly decorative. All sorts of fruit baskets are frequently used. Oakleaf is quite well known, as is that prime favorite, the daisy. In the old days, there was scarcely a bride who went to her new home without a Daisy Quilt.



This is a glorious "Star." Done in jadish greens, pink and lavender, it is a wonderful bit of color. It is a Quebec example.

Here in these patchwork coverlets, with so much light background, is where the high art of quilting has its day. Quilting is done in a variety of stitches. The most common, of course, is the running stitch, though the back and chain stitch are both utilized. The patterns in quilting are as varied as those used in piecing. Diagonal, criss-cross or diamond-shaped effects, even a sort of plaid effect, obtained by the use of rows of stitching of

to individual interpretation. Truly, patterns of the same name in different localities will sometimes have little in common save that name itself; yet strangely enough, there has been always sufficient basic foundation, however the personal fancy may wander, to link the traditional patterns in widely separated parts—even races. For instance one finds the same themes common alike to the British pioneer stock of Ontario and the mountain women of the southern States. This is not so remarkable considering their identical ancestry—but how does one explain a like similarity among the quilts of the French Canadian? For, amazing though it may be, the identical patterns, and even the identical names are to be found in the farm homes of Quebec.

Equally popular with both the French and British pioneer were the geometrical forms. This is possibly explained by the fact that many of the patterns for such designs could be easily made from household utensils. Tracing around the circumference of round, square, or oblong objects gave the desired outlines for such designs as The Block, Domino or Cup and Saucer. Diamond, triangular and hexagonal patterns are also very much in use, especially for piecing rather than appliqueing.

Variations on these forms are The Pinwheel, The Windmill, The Wheel of Fortune—and most delicate and lovely if artistically fashioned, The Snowflake. This latter is almost always an applique pattern—white on a light blue background, with intricate back-quilting.

where you make your biggest mistake, Tod. You assume that I am sticking to Bruce as a matter of duty. I'm sticking to Bruce because I love him. The defence rests, my Lord."

"But Myra . . ."

"I told you the defence rests, Rod. Don't keep at this," she warned, "there isn't anything further to be said, and if you were as clever at diagnosis as the papers reporting your brilliant work in Germany said you were, you'd have diagnosed my case as love, not as pity complicated with duty."

"Then there's no hope?" he asked in a low voice.

"The doctors don't say that," she replied, deliberately misunderstanding him. "They think that some shock, possibly a recurrence of the first one, whatever it was, might restore him. But tell me about your post grad work, Rod. Dr. Rodney Wallace Gordon! Salaam! My dear, I must think up some weighty and intellectual question to ask you," and the old mischief flared into her eyes again. "How does Brockvale compare with Berlin?"

"Well, they both begin with 'B' and have sun and moon and Sunday," he said, and after an awkward silence he rose to go.

"Myra, look at my cannon," shouted Bruce, and Rod Gordon went white as the figure in the corner rose out of the chair and with a cannon of putty in the big, capable hand, came running to Myra, with all the gay insolence of a child of ten.

"Look, Rod, isn't that a pretty good cannon?" he demanded, holding it out to the young doctor for inspection.

". . . Yes. It's fine, Bruce," he said, and then he went suddenly sick, and turned away from the sight of the man, taller than himself, almost reaching the six-foot mark, who stooped to show his toy cannon to the slight girl who was his wife.

"Myra," he groaned.

"Rod!" she exclaimed sharply. "Bruce, you have not made any cannon balls. Now I ask you, what good is a cannon without ammunition?"

"Gee whiz, you can't make cannon balls out of putty, can you, Rod?" asked Bruce.

"Not very well, old man. Next time I'm passing the hardware shop I'll look into their stock and see if we can't find some cannon balls," the doctor promised.

"Won't that be fine, dear?" said Myra, and Bruce, suddenly deciding that he ought to have two cannon, ran back eagerly to his corner, leaving the others alone again.

"It's horrible, Myra, unnatural, damnable!" Rod burst out.

"Do you know Service's 'Reckoning?'" she asked with apparent irrelevance, and then went on to answer his questioning look. "It says:

'Time has got a little bill
Get wise while yet you may.'

and it tells about the ultimate footing of the bills of life. I'm aiming to foot each bill as it's presented to me, Rod, so the debit side won't be 'increasing in a most alarming way.' Do you understand?"

"I think I do," he said quietly. ". . . Myra, is Bruce always like this?"

"No. Sometimes he has fits of the most terrible depression. Won't talk or eat or read or go out . . . just sits and trembles. But mostly he's happy and just a normal . . . little boy," she added in a hoarse whisper.

"How long were you—his wife?"

"Just two weeks. Two perfect weeks and then he went away . . ."

Again the silence which the man could not break until it had grown oppressive.

"What does he play with

mostly? Have you watched to see any recurrence of a certain tendency or persistence of a thought or any clue at all, Myra, to what it was that first sent him off?"

"There doesn't seem to be anything. He plays with those steel construction toys, you know the kind that children make buildings and dredges and windmills and bridges out of. And I bought him a set of architectural blocks and he builds banks and schools and libraries with them. This putty stuff pleases him, too, but there isn't any special sign of any kind, Rod . . . unless," and here her face twisted with pain for a moment, "unless it is that he keeps me in the path of duty by continually showing me the sign of the cross."

"Poor Myra," he said gently.

"No—don't pity me, please not that," she cried.

"I can't help it dear . . . all the passionate flame of you snuffed out in service."

"Not snuffed out, Rod, just dimmed for a while," she said. "Some day—some day everything is going to be right again. I feel it. I know it." she added gallantly.

"Will you promise to call on me, Myra, if there's anything I can do for you, ever?"

"Or for Bruce?" she asked.

"Or for Bruce," he said steadily, and having her promise he turned, went down the flower-bordered walk, and out through the old iron gate.

EVERY afternoon Myra took Bruce down town with her. There was marketing to do, and she felt Bruce was better for the exercise, for unless she went with him he wouldn't stir out of the garden, and even then, when people would

stop and look curiously at him—as many did—he would come sullenly into the house and fall into one of his fits of deep depression.

Right from the first, Myra had refused to hide Bruce and his trouble. She made her friends welcome in their home, and was the same as always to them, but she would tolerate no questions about Bruce, nor would she allow him to be questioned. She never accepted invitations to evening parties, for Bruce couldn't go, and she wouldn't leave him at night. Once in a while, she would appear at an afternoon bridge, leaving Bruce with Phoebe, the colored woman who had been his mother's laundress, and whom he, of course, remembered as being part of the life which was unmasked.

So it was that when Myra bowed to people, Bruce would lift his hat and bow and smile too. He never forgot the name of any one to whom Myra introduced him, and in some strange way he sensed that to speak of his toys and things hurt her, so he would content himself with speaking of the things he had seen in the stores, or of passers by . . . and when they would go on he would grab Myra's fingers and squeeze them, a question in his eyes, which Myra, a tightening in her throat, would answer with:

"Wasn't it nice of you to tell Mrs. Rogerson about those new little rakes being in the store, she's been wanting one for her flower boxes."

And Bruce would drop her hand and square his broad shoulders and stride on, well pleased just to have pleased Myra.

Sometimes she thought the nights were the hardest times to bear. She couldn't bear to see Bruce playing ball with the boys on the street, although she knew he longed to do it.

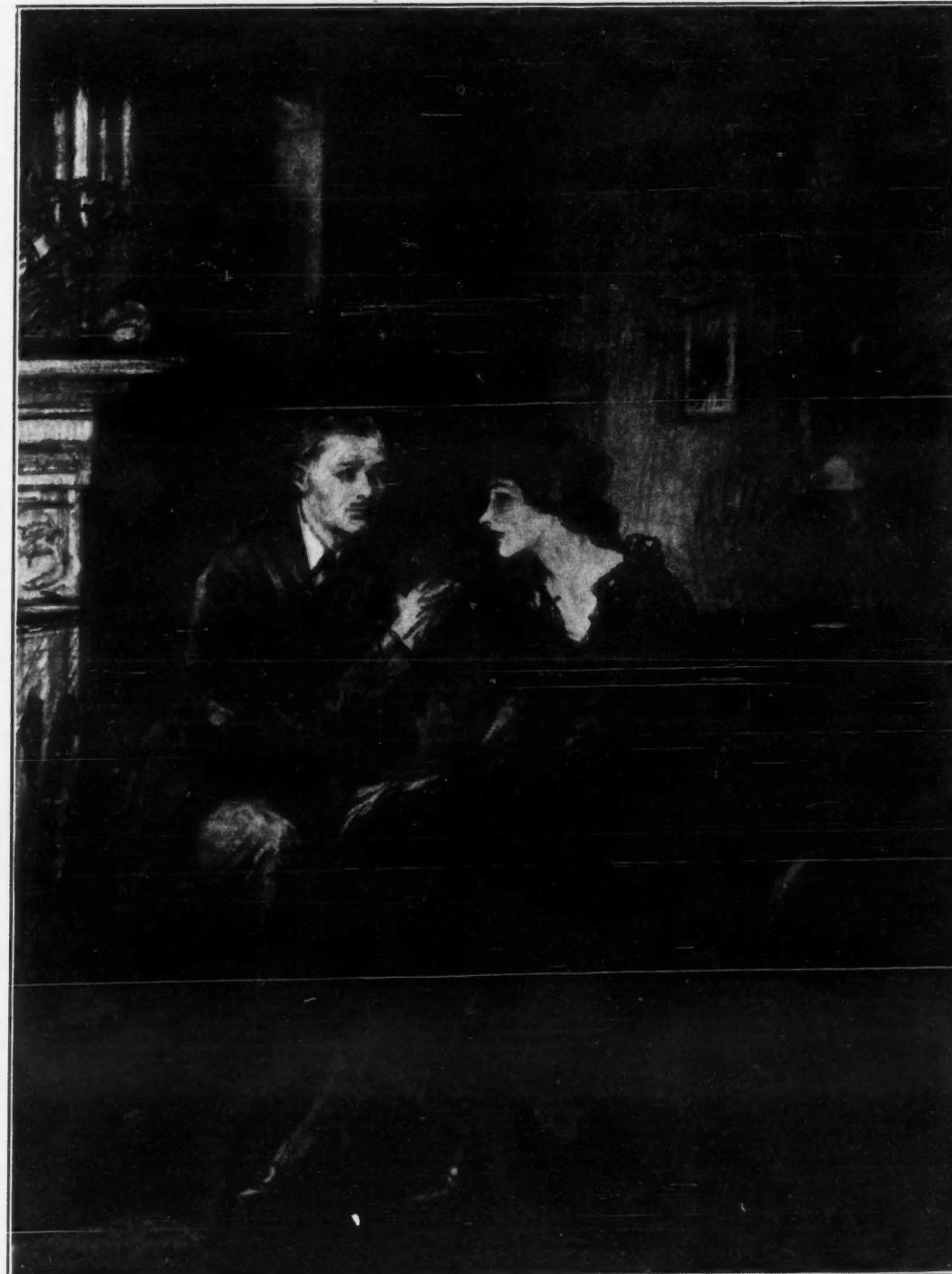
She had had the lovely old garden sodded and levelled and rolled, and had bought a tennis net, and after dinner every night she and Bruce would play tennis, while Brockvale, passing, would wipe away a furtive tear at the tragedy. But when it was too dark to play and she had sent Bruce off to bed, she would sit alone on the wide verandah and dream of the days of their courtship—days of planning—days of anticipation—days of happiness which were suddenly shot through with terror, with frenzied, hysterical, changing currents. The war had come, and Bruce was going. Bruce? Of course! For what had he gone through Royal Military College? But he wouldn't go until he had made her his wife. Take a chance of some gay Johnny in the Royal Flying Corps teaching her to prefer the symbol of the wings to that of the gun wheel on his khaki cap? Not much. She'd be Mrs. Bruce Furnival before he marched away.

Of course, he had had his way. A quick trip to Toronto to purchase a wedding gown and veil, a golden day of sunshine and flowers and tenderness, and a few tears—why will some one always weep at weddings? Bruce in his new officer's uniform—the crossed swords under which they passed as they came from the church. Swords! Why she seemed to carry the point of one in her heart for all time, now. But not then. The wedding breakfast, and that moment when she and Bruce were all alone, and he had held her off from him and, a sudden stern look in his young eyes, had looked and looked and looked, as though to put the image of her in her bridal white forever in his heart.

"As long as God gives me memory I shall see you always, in my heart, as you are now," he had said.

But God had—God had taken away his memory so soon after that.

They had had ten days of *Continued on page 50*



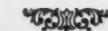
The war had come—and Bruce was going.



"I thought you might be coveting your neighbor's wife," she said lightly.

Mists of Armageddon

"Time has got a little bill..."



By NORMA PHILLIPS MUIR

Illustrated by Orison MacPherson

NOT breaking the Tenth Commandment, are you Rod?"

"I don't remember which is the tenth," said the man.

"I am surprised! It is the 'Thou shalt not covet' commandment."

"What did you think I might be coveting, Myra?"

"Well, from the last words you addressed to me, and a certain something in your eyes, I thought you might be coveting your neighbor's wife," she said lightly.

"Wife!" exclaimed the man. "Nurse-maid, rather! Mother maybe! But not wife, Myra, not that."

"Just that, I assure you Rod. The others, too, if you like, but wife none the less," and Myra Furnival, swinging in the faded hammock on the wide verandah of the old Furnival house, or 'place' as it was called in Brockvale, turned her mocking eyes from the man on the steps at her feet, turned them toward the figure in the far corner of the verandah—and the mockery died out of her eyes, and they filmed with tears.

There was a broad table in the corner, and before it sat a man with fair, almost reddish hair. His eyes were a clear, deep blue, and the mouth was sensitive in the extreme, although it did not lack strength. It was the eyes, however, which held the attention longest, the eyes and the fine, large hands with the virile power of the big body apparent in their sinewy strength.

The hands were busy. They moved adeptly, filled with nervous energy, occupied . . . in fashioning familiar objects out of pyramids of colored putty.

At the lull in the conversation he looked up.

"Myra, do dogs ever have blue eyes?" he asked, a puzzled pucker crossing his face.

"I don't remember ever seeing one with blue eyes, dear," answered the girl seriously, "mostly dogs have brown eyes."

"But I haven't any more brown," he said dolefully.

"Myra—have you ever thought about placing Bruce in a—home?"

"He's in the best home I know of, for him, now," she said quietly.

"Oh Myra, you know what I mean," he said impatiently. "I'm not quite sure that I do. I hope I don't," she answered.

"But . . . "

"Just tell me what you mean in the simplest and quickest way, will you please Rod?"

Her voice was quite level and perfectly friendly, but her grey eyes were dark with feeling as she faced the man on the steps.

"I mean . . . " he hesitated.

"Yes?" she prompted him.

"Hang it all Myra, you're so deliberate—what I'm getting at is that your life is being wasted. A nursing home or sanitarium could give Bruce all that you're giving him, and . . . "

"And what else?" asked Myra gently.

"You could get your separation and then . . . oh, Myra, as a man, and as a doctor I see such a waste of potentialities."

"As a doctor, you would prescribe re-marriage, and as a man you would propose to fill the vacancy?" she asked.

"You see my side of it,—dear?"

"Oh, yes, quite clearly," she admitted, "and now I'm going to refute all the points you've tried to make. Bruce is getting far more here with me than he could get in any nursing home or sanitarium or in the asylum you so delicately refrained from mentioning. In any such place he would be subject to routine and to institutional discipline which has no part in the *normal* life of a boy—and Bruce must have normalcy. Then, too, there is no warmth or affection in care of that sort. There is bought courtesy and attention, but there is no such thing as bought love, for if it can be paid for in dollars and cents it isn't love. And that's

"Put a black spot on him, Bruce. You remember your Marcus dog had some black spots on his body—and use the brown for the eyes."

"Gee, I never'd have thought of that," he cried, and flashing the girl a joyous smile he turned back happily to his play.

"How can you go on Myra, and be happy and gay all the time?" asked the other man in a low voice.

"In these days we don't fold our hands and say it's Providence and the will of God and take in plain sewing," retorted Myra. "We gather up the pieces of our lives and stick them together with the glue of common sense, Rod, and try to delude ourselves into believing that no one knows we're 'seconds'. I'm not gay all the time in my heart, nor happy, but a long face and a whine in my voice won't help Bruce. The doctors said he was to have the normal life of a boy, and a boy is happy until his puppy is lost or his toys broken, or his best pal gets a bicycle and he can't have one. I can't make Bruce happy unless he thinks I am."

There was a long silence. Only Bruce, humming over his putty dog, broke it.

play, and often drew her into their musical discussions as they sat around the hearth fire.

Godowsky was away on a concert tour of the Orient and the Malay States, and she decided to seek Nicolai Medtner, the celebrated Russian composer-pianist, to spend the intervening time with the composer himself studying his music which had so deeply interested her. Medtner was then in Germany, and the country was in the throes of Communist riots and suffering from food shortage. But, with Mr. Urchs' assistance, post-war obstacles were overcome, and she passed through to Dresden without trouble except for one disturbing night in Berlin where the hotel where she stayed, which was owned by Hugo Stinnes, was barricaded with sandbags by the frightened guests, who feared it would be attacked.

When she arrived in Dresden, she found that the only way she could reach the little village of Pilnitz, where Medtner was living quietly, was to hire a motor. In halting German she struggled to make herself understood by the driver, who knew neither English nor French. When, finally, she found Medtner's lodgings the great man was shaving and sent his wife, Anna, to say that he could not see her! In utter dismay Gertrude seized her hands and implored her to tell him he must not refuse her—that she had come all the way from Canada to seek him. Her distress was so real that it touched Mrs. Medtner, who devotedly guarded her husband from people when he was not in the mood to meet them, and with an encouraging smile she ran back to him. Whatever she told him evidently impressed Medtner exceedingly, for he came hurrying in with his face all covered with shaving powder. Apparently quite oblivious of the extraordinary spectacle he presented, with a thousand apologies he took her hands in his and at once asked her to play to him. When she had finished, he broke into a torrent of polyglot German and French, with an accompaniment of gesticulations to express his astonishment. But why had she come to him, he cried. She was a finished artist. She did not need him—what could he do for her? Earnestly she pleaded with him. He could do a great deal for her; he was a great composer, a great pianist; he could help her to understand his difficult music so that she could interpret his works and bring out their full meaning and beauty. She wanted to discuss a thousand things with him, of old composers and new. He could not, must not, refuse her when she had come so far to find him.

Suddenly, in her seriousness, Gertrude paused. The sight of his expressive face, clownish with daubs of white powder, made the situation too comical. She began to laugh, and she laughed until tears streamed down her cheeks. Her merriment was infectious, and Medtner, who was pacing the room, stopped suddenly, ran his hands through his hair, making his appearance wilder and funnier than ever, gave a mock gesture of despair, and broke into hearty laughter with her. The day was won. He surrendered gallantly, and as she drove away, he stood at the gate with his genial wife waving adieu until their next meeting, and she knew she had found

two good friends.

Wonderful months were those that followed, carrying her along on wings of hope, with not a cloud in sight on the rosy horizon of her future. She was an alien in Germany, and, unable to secure a card or permit, sometimes found it impossible to buy enough nourishing food to keep her from actual hunger. For butter and jam and sugar she had to depend on the Liebesgabe, or gifts from her friends in England, which, fortunately, were allowed to come through. She worked hard preparing her repertoire for the season ahead. She grew thin and her eyes a little too big, but she was very happy.

The Medtners and she moved to Berlin, and the close association she enjoyed with them as time flew by seemed to bring as much happiness to the composer and his wife, who became deeply attached to her, as it brought to her. "Charmante Canadienne, Gertrudna Hamiltonovna" (Gertrude, daughter of Hamilton) they affectionately

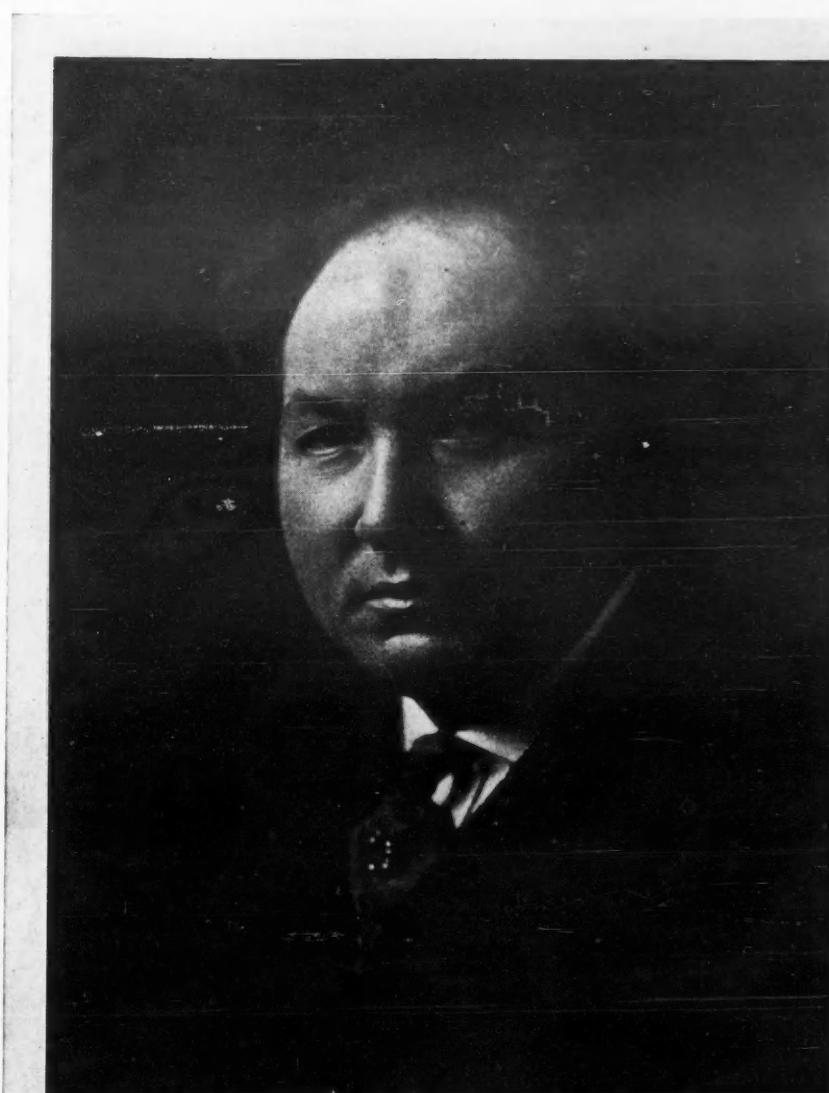
christened their new friend. Every afternoon they walked together, between two and four o'clock, while the Germans slept, and in their delightful wanderings through the beautiful Botanical Gardens she gathered treasures of thought from the composer as they discussed Russian poetry and prose, the legendary lore of Europe, and the music of all nations.

At that time, Zimmerman, the noted music editor, hearing her play at a musical at the Medtners, offered to arrange a series of recitals for her at the Gevantaus, the big principal concert auditorium in Leipzig.

The foreign atmosphere and musical environment in which she now found herself carried her back to the happy years of her student life in Paris when she had walked and talked, and attended concerts with her maestro, Moszkowsky. Letters from Victoria brought encouraging news of Douglas and Trudie and the snapshots that came showed them happy and well.

Weeks grew into months which passed all too quickly—and then once more the hour set for her career was turned back by the inexorable finger of fate! Like a bolt it came out of the blue, the cable bringing news of the malady that had struck her beloved mother. A doctor in Dresden confirmed her worst fears. It was only a matter of time. One could not tell how soon the end might come.

The Medtners waved her farewell at the train, their warm hearts overflowing as they tenderly kissed her with assurances of their devotion and of renewing their friendship when Medtner came to America to fulfil his engagements with the symphony orchestras. In London, her friends and manager surrounded her, troubled and anxious about her hurried departure as she settled her business and prepared to leave on the



To Mrs. Gertrude Huntley Green,
The future woman champion pianist,
Leopold Godowsky May 1920

Leopold Godowsky, Russian composer-pianist, who pronounces Gertrude Huntly "capable of becoming a pianistic world power" and a present leader among women pianists.

first possible steamship to return to her home in Canada.

Post-haste she reached her old home in St. Thomas, and the joy in her parents welcome, the love in their eyes, her mother's clinging embrace, these precious things were all that mattered now. Like leaves scattering before an autumn wind, the months she had left behind her, and her plans for the season ahead, were swept out of her head by this human call to her heart. The indomitable spirit Gertrude Huntly inherits from her Loyalist forefathers came to support and uphold her now in her single purpose to fill her mother's last weeks with happiness. Together their brave souls challenged the misery of pain and lingering illness with laughter and good cheer to the end. When the nurse was installed she took charge of the housekeeping, tucked up her sleeves and plunged her hands gallantly into dough and dishpan. And never were meals more tastily cooked, never were cakes baked lighter than those turned out by the hands Godowsky had called marvellous.

Months moved slowly on, and disquieting news reached her from Victoria of her husband's reverses and losses, and letters began urging her early return. A few weeks later her mother was laid to her last long rest. The concert season was over—and Gertrude Huntly again boarded the train for the west and her children.

Her homecoming was to a dismantled house. To meet his emergency her husband had sold their home in the city and all their effects, and had left for his ranch which was then in the making. Almost it seemed she was being tested to the limit of her resources. Well then, she must face it. And shattered and tired as she was by the strain of all she had passed through, she buckled her armor about her and bravely began to bring order out of confusion. She decided to teach at home for a year, and concertize when the following Fall season opened. Her proud Highland-Scottish blood kindled within her and in her hour of darkness she carried her head higher than ever.

All Victoria loves Gertrude Huntly. From posters and taxi-drivers at the boat, to the highest parliamentary
Continued on page 59



Gertrude Huntly's hands. Godowsky declares them to be the finest piano hands he has ever seen.



Gertrude Huntly and her daughter, Trudy, whose voice was one of the two which called the pianist back to home-things on the eve of her greatest triumph.

The first instalment of Gertrude Huntly's Story told of the childhood, school days and earlier musical life of the Canadian pianist, and of the memorable years she spent in Europe as a student and friend of some of the world's greatest masters. Her marriage and subsequent removal to Victoria, B.C., with her husband and children, brought the reader to the chapter presented below.

LIKE a magnet, she unconsciously drew to her home world-famous artists who came to play, or to rest, in the charming island city. Many came long distances after playing in Californian cities to meet her. In her home studio they discussed music with her, played together on her two grand pianos, and, like children out of school, laughed and talked over the tea cups.

Such association and contact with musical minds fanned her own genius into flame, and her musicianship, which her friends had feared would not survive through those domestic years, flourished and ripened, and reached such heights that when Godowsky heard her, he stood astonished and declared her one of the greatest women pianists of the day.

Godowsky, who is sought by all for his constructive criticism and for the crumbs of encouragement he may offer, received her like a princess. "Her hands were a marvel; she had amazing technique, a brilliant mind." But, above all, Gertrude Huntly possessed that rare, intangible quality the public call personality—something from within her radiant self that suffused her playing with warmth and beauty, and gave to old classics a new life and meaning, a quality no master can teach.

As they worked together his wonder grew. So rapidly and so completely did she grasp his methods, so brilliantly did she adapt them to her own needs for obtaining the greatest degree of ease and freedom in mastering the intricate mechanism of the most difficult compositions. He invited her to demonstrate his methods to the master classes he had been prevailed upon to conduct. As she absorbed his observations and opinions which she drew from his vast knowledge and experience, he in turn received inspiration from her in his compositions. To those who were privileged

world public under the most dazzling conditions. She was to open by playing the double concerto of Mozart with Godowsky himself and the symphony orchestras in New York and all the important eastern musical centres. Her concert tour which would follow through the United States, South America, Java, the Orient, would extend over two years. The management agreed to pay her a large guarantee and to advertise her widely as an artist of the first magnitude. For the management knew that Godowsky's action in interesting them was determined by a thorough knowledge of the powers of this beautiful woman pianist who, he declared, was "predestined to become a pianistic world power." "She is the most gifted woman pianist I have ever heard," he said. "She possesses such superlative artistic qualifications that it is no exaggeration on my part when I state that she deserves a position among the great and leading pianists of our time."

"I fully realize the extravagance of such a statement," he added, "yet I am willing to go on record as having made such a claim. I was called by Huneker, 'the prophet among pianists.' As such may I not have the right to proclaim the advent of a new star in the artistic firmament? And is it not my duty to insist on the spreading of the gospel of Beauty and Truth by the Newcomer?"

Godowsky, a power in the world of music, has but to speak his approval and the gateway to the inner circle of art that is so difficult to enter is thrown open to the musician whom the maestro calls artist! What greater assurance could any management ask! And playing with her, with the great orchestras—such a rare combination was a pianistic attraction that could not fail. No time was lost, dates must be booked months in advance, and Carnegie Hall was secured for the following December with Bodanzky as conductor.

When the offer from New York reached her it took her breath away. The opportunity it tossed into her lap, the vista of possibilities in that golden future dazed her. But

Gertrude Huntly's Story

The Drama of a Great Musical Career

By SHIRA LOMAS



PART THE SECOND

to enjoy a part of those hours of musical intercourse between the maestro and the Canadian artist, it seemed that the soul of one had found its musical affinity in the soul of the other, and the foundation of a warm and enduring friendship was established. These were some of the musical riches she received in those full years in which she enriched her children's lives with her love and influence.

she hesitated. The children—so little yet, and Douglas was not strong. How could she leave them? For days she struggled alone with her problem and then the full force of the storm she had aroused by her hesitation broke and loosened its shattering forces about her.

Protesting letters and wires from Godowsky and from mutual friends in the musical world urging her to accept, hurled themselves like battering rams into the solitude of her studio, to which she had always flown as to a haven. But, for once it failed her, and for weeks each new day brought some urgent communication that left her uncertain and shaken. What should she do! A contract was binding. Once signed, she must give herself up to the life that would claim her completely and involve her in engagements for three years at least, with long distances to foreign countries keeping her away indefinitely. Her boy, so delicate, how hard he had been to rear. If anything serious happened in her absence, if she were unable to reach her children, it would kill her.

Why had this offer to come to her before she was ready? Just a few years more and Douglas would be stronger, and both children old enough to fend for themselves at boarding school. She would be a more matured musician if she waited a little longer. She would go to Godowsky and try to explain. She treasured his friendship too much to hurt or offend him, willingly. He who had been so generous, so big, and so kind, he must understand what seemed so incomprehensible now to him in her letters.

It was while she was away that she received the telegram from home that settled her refusal finally. Douglas was ill. The children knew, had been told the meaning of her absence. They were crying for her to return, fearing she would leave them forever. The wire was signed "Douglas and Trudie". It snapped the last thread of resistance that might have lingered. There was no hesitation now, her mind was made up and nothing could change it now. Let the managers who were waiting for her to sign the contract fume with dismay, let protesting voices call her weak and vacillating. Let them all do and say what they liked, the time for her career was not ripe. She could not, would not, wreck her home and the happiness of her children. That night she took the train back to Victoria.

THE storm blew over in time and three years later, leaving the children at boarding school, Gertrude Huntly went to England. It was there that she met Paderewski and once more the golden ball of opportunity rolled towards her. Financial backing by a disinterested friend was offered, and

Ernest Urchs, director of the artist department of a great piano company, began preliminaries for her recitals in Great Britain, and offered to arrange a concert season in the leading centres of Europe under an influential foreign impresario, "the czar of managers." Dates were set for a series of recitals in the following season in London.

For a few brief weeks she gave herself up to the pleasure of visiting London—again, making new and delightful associations. Writers, who enjoyed her sparkling humor and her intelligent mind; painters who were caught by the sweet, elusive beauty of her expressive face, framed by the rich black hair, coiled low on her shapely head, sought her as in her student days in Paris. Paderewski, enchanted with her playing, delighted with her natural charm, entertained her in his home at a dinner party of distinguished guests, and drank a toast to her future success. Newman, the critic who has made the world heed him, meeting her informally on several occasions at the home of their mutual friend, Dora Bright, the English composer, would ask her to,



The Easter Mouse

by a Casual Friend



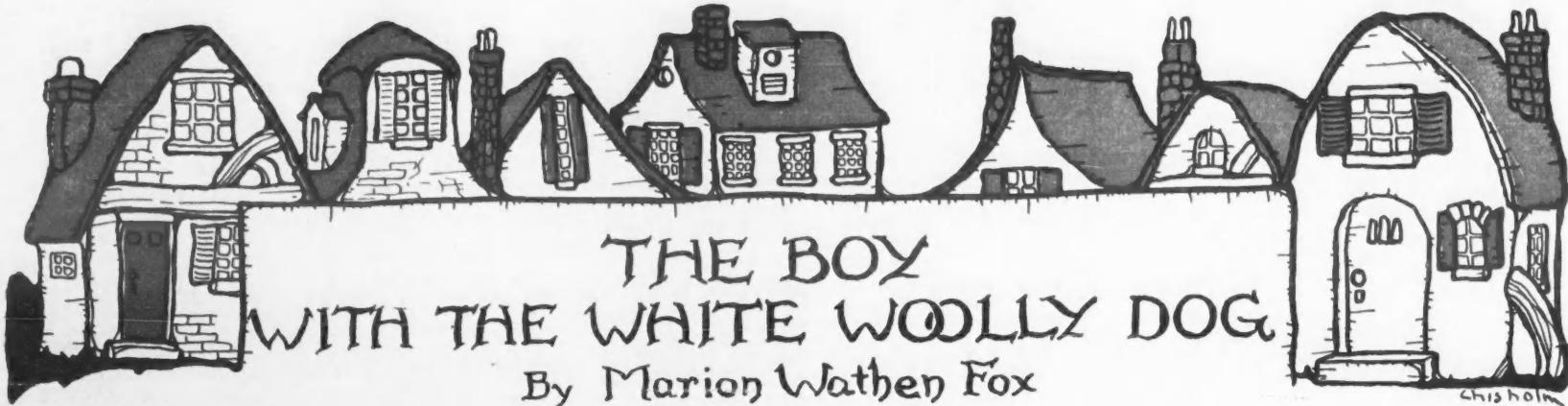
ICAME upon an Easter Mouse
The springtime air a-whiffing,
He sat outside his tiny house
The April wind a-sniffing.

"And do you think it's fair" he said,
"Or do you think it's nice,
The way you Easter wishers all
Neglect us mice?"

"You talk about your rabbits
"Your ducklings and your chicks..
"Don't you suppose the rest of us
Know any Easter tricks?"

I said I thought it was a shame
The way he'd been left out,
And so I've chosen him
To take my messages about.





IT WAS a queer little street. There were just four houses on one side of it and three on the other. Only, of course, there was also the little white house with the green roof at the very beginning of one side of the street. It was set away back from the front and was so small that it was almost hidden behind the big maple tree in the lawn.

A new family had come to live in the little white house. The seven families who already lived in the queer little street said they were quite sure the new people must be poor because they had moved in such a little load of furniture, and such shabby furniture at that.

The family in the little white house had been there five whole days and no one from any of the four families on one side of the street or from the three on the other had seen any member of the new family stirring about. So they wondered and wondered.

But on the sixth morning, when the people of the street were either just getting up or eating their breakfasts, they saw, through their windows, a little boy in a spick-and-span, freshly washed-and-ironed, blue sailor suit, leading a white woolly dog by a string. He went walking briskly down one side of the street, across the end, up the other side, and back into the little white house with the green roof. The whole seven families saw them.

The next morning the blue boy leading the white woolly dog by a string, again walked down one side of the street and up the other. They did it the next morning almost at the same time. And the next. So, the seven families on the queer little street expected every morning to see, just as they were dressing or eating their breakfasts, the little boy leading the white woolly dog.

At last it came the fifth morning. Old Mr. Kenny was the first person on the street to put up his window blind that morning. He looked up the street and he looked down the street, but no little boy was yet in sight. He waited a while and then looked again. Then he said to his wife.

"Mollie, whatever can have happened to the little boy and

his dog? It's his time and he's not anywhere in sight."

A few moments later little Joan Marsh, from farther down the street, leaned her head away out of the bed-room window and called out.

"Oh—oh, Mother, whatever can have happened to the little blue boy with the white woolly dog? They're not anywhere—not anywhere, on either side of the street!"

And the two dear old ladies by the name of Brown who lived in the nice brick house were very, very much worried when they opened their front door and expected to see the little boy taking his dog for a walk, but discovered that for some reason he was not out that morning.

Jack Brett, Teddy Dunne, and little Mabel Forbes, the other children of the street, were just the longest time getting into their clothes that morning, for almost

every minute when they were dressing they ran to their windows and said—oh, so disappointedly,

"Now, wherever can that little blue boy with the white woolly dog be?"

And young Mrs. Lampman could scarcely finish getting

her husband's breakfast for running to peep out the door, but always told her husband,

"He's not coming yet, mind you!"

The people of the street all talked it over together from their back yards, and at last decided the boy must be sick, or maybe his dog.

"Something will have to be done about it," they said.

But while they were talking, old Mr. Kenny had slipped into his house, put on his white straw hat, reached for his cane, and hurried up to the little white house where the new family lived.

A woman with nice brown eyes and a kind face, wearing a faded pink gingham dress, opened the door when he rattled his cane on it.

"I came to enquire about your little boy," said Mr. Kenny right away. "We missed him off the street this morning, and we're sure he must be sick. I brought him a few pears along."

"Thank you. I'm sure you're very kind. But I'll—I'll—explain if you'll step in a minute," stammered the woman, blushing as she spoke.

But before she had time to "explain," there was another knock at the door, and there stood little Joan Marsh with a picture-book in her hand, and saying timidly.

"It's for the little boy who is sick."

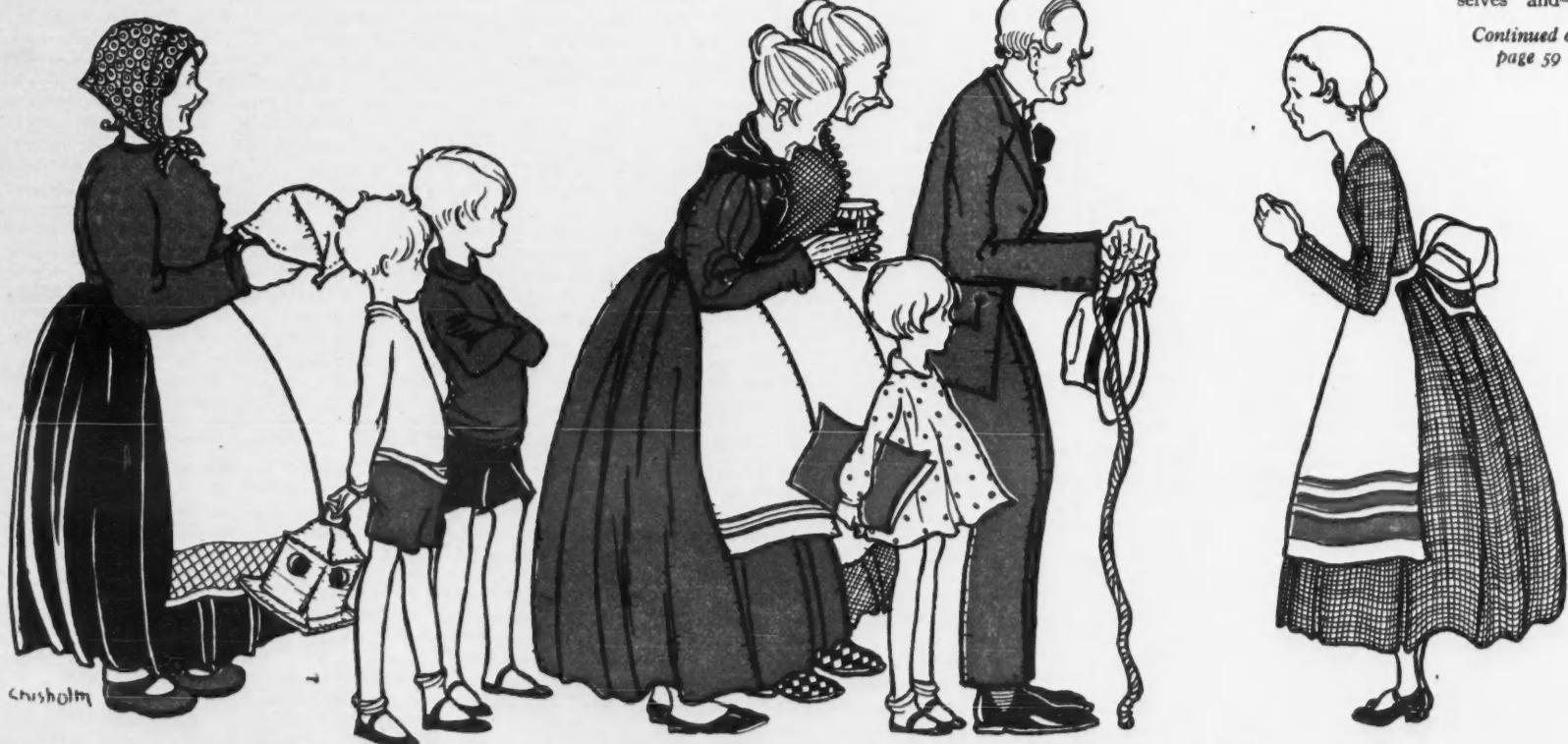
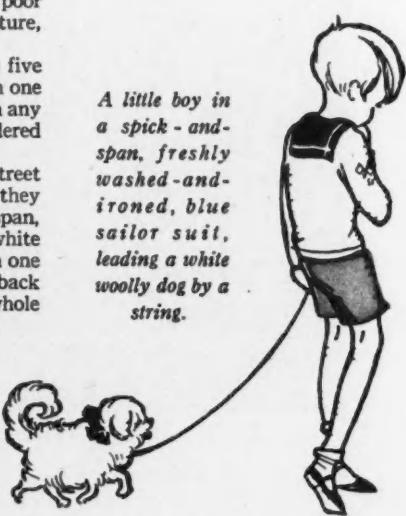
"Come in, dear, and I'll explain," stammered the boy's mother again. So, she was just starting to explain when, if the two dear old Misses Brown didn't come to the door to enquire! And each with a glass of jelly for the little boy.

Right behind them came Jack and Teddy with a bird-house of their own making, and before they were well seated Mrs. Lampman came hurrying along with a nice bit of cold chicken hid under a snowy napkin.

So, there in the little sitting-room was crammed someone from every single house on the queer little street, and all to enquire about the little boy and his dog.

"I—I—just don't know how to—explain," stammered the little boy's mother to them all. But at last she smiled and said, "I believe the best way is to have you just come out—and see for yourselves and—he

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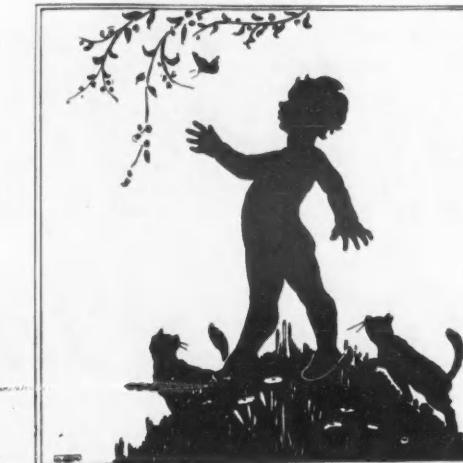


So, there was someone from every single house on the queer little street, and all to enquire about the little boy and his dog.

The Chatelaine, April, 1928



*"Evening Peaks": Sunset in the Canadian Rockies.
From the Water Color by the late R. F. Gagen, R.C.A., O.S.A.*



THE CHATELAINE ON WOMEN'S RESOURCEFULNESS A Tribute to Her Ways and Means



AS ONCE exemplified in the widow's curse, a woman almost always has something to fall back upon! One could write dithyrambs on her courage, devotion and self-sacrifice, but, to me, the most amazing and admirable thing about womankind is her endless resourcefulness. In time of emergency she may not do the scientific thing or, perhaps, the most practical, but you may usually depend upon it that it will be effective.

She may attack the work of the moment hind-end-to, but though she be totally ignorant of its principles, and innocent of the slightest technical skill, she can usually so manipulate everything that she is never at a loss either for words or means.

I well remember the story of an old country-woman who was famed the county over for having put to rout the local doctor and saving the life of her only son. He was a child of ten and had the simian habit of carrying everything, from pins to crumbs, to his mouth. One day he was tasting a button when, with a sudden intake of breath, he sucked it down his windpipe. He was soon unable to breathe. By the time the doctor arrived he was black in the face and in the last stages of suffocation. After working over him for a few minutes the doctor rose and informed the mother that there was nothing to do—the child was apparently dead.

"Dead yerself!" was her scornful reply, and, seizing the now prostrate child by the heels, she proceeded to flail him up and down much as one would shake dust out of a rug. It was a strenuous task for a woman to swing a ten-year-old boy around by his heels, but she had acquired a frantic strength for the moment. After the tenth or twelfth shake the child began to cough and, a few moments later, the button was dislodged. Her methods were certainly not according to Hoyle, but they saved the boy's life!

So also did the presence of mind of a charming old lady I know, who was one day accosted by a screaming woman just as she stepped out of her apartment door, "My baby's dying; come quick. Help me!"

All dressed for an afternoon at the theatre, the old lady nevertheless followed the hysterical woman into an adjoining

apartment. There, in its crib, lay a six-months-old baby, purple from lack of breath.

"He just got that way!" wailed the distracted mother.

The old lady asked no questions. She merely leaned over the crib and blew in the child's face. It made him catch his breath—for he had simply been holding it in a fit of temper.

The mother was tearfully grateful. "You must," she assured her benefactress, "have raised many children yourself."

"No," said the old lady with sweet deprecation, "It has never been my good fortune to marry, but I just remembered how a gust of wind makes you catch your breath!"

There is no barren place in life that a woman cannot dress up with her ingenuity—be it a state

of mind or a state of being. She can come into a shack, put scraps of curtain at the window, crochet a mat or two out of rags, fill up the cracks with water-soaked newspaper, and proceed to be comfortable, even contented. If she lacks utensils, she will make a spoon out of kindling wood, a potato masher out of a rock and stick, and a cooking vessel out of an old tin can. She'll get something together, never fear. Most men in the same environment would half starve, half freeze, or half pity themselves to death.

Men are often constrained to wonder at the trite matters which satisfy the minds of women. They little know that she is probably up to her old makeshifts again—getting happiness out of small things if she cannot have the big ones; hanging a little bright curtain in her dull window rather than leave it bare; knitting up the rags of her workaday life into a pattern of color, if she has no other way to furnish her mind; filling up the chinks of loneliness with the home-made plaster of her cheer.

Women rather enjoy being thrown on their own resources. It is a challenge to which they always respond. Like a little war-pony scenting the battle, woman pricks up her ears and allegorically shakes her mane at the first sign of a situation requiring the exercise of her native wit. If there is something impossible to be done—that is her meat; she will usually find some equally impossible way of doing it!



NEXT month is going to appear *The Chatelaine's Baby Number*. And there will be little about babies or children that it will not go into. For instance, there will be all the latest and improved methods for knitting baby garments. In all the hospitals now they are leaning toward knitted woolen equipment for the new baby. This article will be a find for the woman who knits a great deal for gift purposes, or for the young mother who is preparing her layette, for, though the instructions are "professional," they are given in language which even one unfamiliar with knitting can understand and follow.

Baby clothes, baby welfare, baby problems—everything but baby talk will pervade this issue.

Anne Elizabeth Wilson



The Scilla

By John Hanlon



April came to call today,
Tapped upon the gate.
You and I were both away,
April could not wait.

...

But she left for me and you,
Hidden in the yard,
One wee scilla, bell-like, blue—
April's calling card!

The LIB'RY LADY

And her effect on "the queerest actin' child"

By JEAN L. HINDS



Illustrated by Anne Ganes

THE lib'ry lady glanced at the book lying open before her and deftly fingered the card index. Two small, feminine figures stood in front of the big desk, silent, their round eyes glued on the white fingers flipping the cards.

The lib'ry lady had such lovely nails! They were so pink and so pointed and they shone like glass—no, like diamonds. Of course everything about the lib'ry lady was perfect, from the top of her shining yellow head to the tips of her gleaming satin slippers.

Her fingers stopped and rested for a moment above the cards and the little girls had a chance to look closely at their glory. Then their owner selected a card, stamped it, and pushed the book carelessly across the desk.

The smaller of the girls took it, snatching it as if her own grubby hands could not long bear the wonder of hovering over the same desk as such pink and white ones. The two hurried out, breathlessly quiet, as awed worshippers leave a shrine.

Once outside on the sleepy, tree-shaded street, their silence was abruptly broken. Susan McGinnis' diminutive but stocky figure seemed to grow importantly until she towered over her taller, slighter friend.

"That's her!" announced Susan triumphantly. "I'm sure that's the one, El'ner. Mother said she had yellow hair. Just imagine, El'ner!"

El'ner was doubtful. "If she's comin' to room at your place you'd think she'd know you," she pointed out sceptically.

"Know me? How'd she know me?" Susan was not for a moment disconcerted. "She only seen mother when she came to see about the room and mother's pretty lanky and I guess I'm kind—kinda—"

"Dumpy," supplied El'ner.

For a moment a flush almost obliterated the freckles that so generously sprinkled Susan's nose and cheeks. "Maybe I'm not very skinny, but I guess I'll grow out of it. Come on, I gotta hurry. Mother'll be busy fixin' up the room for the lib'ry lady."

"My aunt's comin' to visit us this summer, maybe, the one that was here two years ago with all the pretty clothes," said El'ner with apparent irrelevance.

Even this knowledge could not lessen Susan's condescending superiority, and so conversation languished, until, just as Susan was about to turn down her street, El'ner had to ask, "Is she comin' to-night?"

"Yes. Mother said she'd be at our place before seven. I'll tell you about it to-morrow morning," she added graciously, and walked sedately homeward, controlling with an effort the desire to run as fast as her short legs would carry her.

She turned in at an old-fashioned brown frame house, and her heart gave a thump as she noticed that the *Furnished Room* card was no longer in the window. She hurried joyfully in. Her mother was in the kitchen, distractedly trying to get supper and to keep Susan's four-year-old twin brothers from taking all her dishes for their game of "store." She greeted Susan with relief.

"Oh, here you are. Where on earth have you been?"

"I went to the lib'ry after school."

"You'll ruin your memory readin'. Did you see Miss Daly, an' did she say what time she'd be here?"

"Yes," replied Susan, "I seen her, but she dunno who I am yet and she didn't say nothin'."

"Well, I hope she waits till I get supper over. Bobby, give me that! No, you can't have some little bags of things. Susan, do amuse the boys. Take them up to your room outa my way, like a good girl."

Susan eyed her brothers unenthusiastically but obeyed with, "C'mon, you kids," and by considerable pushing and pulling helped them up the long, winding stairs to her tiny attic room. An old fashioned bureau and a white bed standing before it covered most of the space but there was a vacant corner under the slanting eaves. Susan herded her

brothers into this corner.

"Play you're bears or robbers or something, an' have this for your cave," she suggested. "Or you can be Indians an' have this for a tepee, an' if you'll stay over here an' not come near my dressing table I'll let you have the red quilt offa my bed for a blanket."

The twins agreed. Susan gave them the quilt and sat down in front of her "dressing table".

On it were many prized possessions, a dingy satin and lace pincushion, a pink celluloid comb, and a red plush jewel box. But the treasures dearest to Susan's heart were tucked away in one of the small top drawers.

She drew that drawer slowly open and gazed lovingly on its contents, carefully arranging anything that seemed to be half an inch out of place.

There was a chocolate box decked with a wide mauve satin ribbon, a writing paper box, and "samples"—miniature cans of talcum powder, tiny tubes of cold cream, infinitesimal cakes of soap, boxes, jars, and bottles collected at the cost of work, patience, and postage stamps, by Susan; she garnered from magazine advertisements beauty of feeling and color and fragrance to hoard and occasionally feast her eyes upon, as a miser does his gold.

She selected one box and opened it with painstaking care. First she took a little jar and laid it on the bureau, then she took a carefully folded leaflet from the package. Opening it she saw, "Care of the Nails," written across it in silver letters.

"Every woman," the leaflet stated, "desires to have 'pale hands, pink-tipped like lotus buds' and it is not difficult to achieve this perfection." Susan read on till the end. Her eyes were shining until they fell on her own brown paws with grimy finger nails.

She chose the longest pin from her cushion and removed the grime. Then she lifted the top of the little jar and with miserly caution touched each finger with the magic stuff, rubbing vigorously across her plump knee. Finally to her great satisfaction a faint glow appeared.



Susan lived in the reflected roseate aura of Miss Aline Daly. The girls gathered around while she told them of "the lib'ry lady."

Now she opened the writing paper box disclosing rows of pasteboard tightly wedged together. She fingered them as if looking for a certain one. But it was not the card she watched, it was her shiny nails. They weren't exactly like those of 'pale hands, pink-tipped,' but they were certainly shining. Just how long she might have sat thus enraptured is hard to say, but she heard the slam of the front door and voices—her mother's, jerky and brisk, and another, low and musical like an actress'. The lib'ry lady! She tremblingly replaced her belongings, bundled the twins out of the quilt in spite of their noisy protests, and almost fell downstairs in her haste.

Continued on page 55

The Canadian Rockies Inspire Camera and Brush



Lake of the Hanging Glacier
Rocky Mountains Park,
Alberta

THREE PREMIER FABRICS FOR SPRINGTIME

Spiderweb, Georgette and Tweed on Parade



Spiderweb, the finest woollen fabric ever manufactured, appears in the new brick red "flash," enhanced by a gold belt. The same dress in Napoleon blue is shown by Dresses Limited, Toronto.

Transparent effects are still present, though so much favor runs to wool. This filmy navy blue georgette veils a canary blouse of crêpe de chine. Shown by John Northway and Son, Toronto.

In sports things, wool is truly on the ascendant. This two-piece suit is of featherweight tweed, relieved by black selvedge striping which follows down the blouse. Livingston & Scott, Toronto.

EASTER COATS, TWO AND THREE PIECE ENSEMBLES

Spring Still Calls for this Triumvirate



A three-piece costume of cashmere "Lindy". The silk crepe blouse of matching color is trimmed with the ever-favored fagotting. The coat collar is of June mole. From Schrier's, Montreal.

One of the most beautifully graceful models seen this season, is this cape coat of black georgovia, a broad-cloth type, trimmed with blonde fitch. The Greenberg-Lewis Co., Montreal.

Showing the tendency toward stitch-trimming, is this three-piece ensemble in natural kasha and rose-striped jersey. Threaded through the collar is a matching silk scarf. Gould & Samuels, Montreal.

Fashion Commentaries on the Canadian Modes

AFASHION expert was saying the other day that Canada is now no farther behind Paris than the length of an ocean voyage. The days when one "ran across the border" to pick up a smart frock are gone, so far as the discriminating Canadian buyer is concerned. So, going from one Canadian house to another this spring, one is not surprised to find the characteristics of "chic" as inherent in every line, as the forecast sheets which came heralding the Easter mode from the great *couturiers*.

It is not amazing; it is most reasonable. Proportionately, there are as many designers in Canada whose ears are laid to the ground, as in Paris, London or New York; as much deft workmanship; fabrics equally fascinating. The marks of the new mode's distinction and tendencies are evident in every collection we have noted for the Easter display.

The ensemble suit is still a necessary part of the spring wardrobe. In these, whether they be for street or sports wear, the mandate of trimness which decrees a neat fit over the hips, prevails. Here, too, the "V"-shaped neck line is widely shown, and the trimming of stichery predominant. This stitch-trim has gone to great lengths this spring, even in some cases simulating pleats.

The circular effects, bias and curving, have come back in coats and capes. In one unusually beautiful coat, which is shown on this page, the cape is draped and looped with as much careful grace as an evening gown.

They say, too, that it is to be a wool season. This we can believe, with the prevalence of cashmere, kasha, and tweed in dresses and ensemble costumes alike. Considerable showing of the new material, spider web, has been noted also. This boasts the finest wool weave so far produced and, interestingly enough, is the original creation of a Canadian in Paris. It is now being featured in various ways—both in sports and more formal frocks, for it lends itself to soft treatments.

The silhouette is as slim as possible, it seems. This is taken advantage of by the tailor-made jumper, which is extremely popular. So, too, are belt frocks, and a little touch of color or flash of metal is introduced most effectively into their simple combinations, by a narrow, bright bit of leather.

All in all, the Easter clothes are simple but extremely knowing. They have an unforced distinction about them that is the essence of what well-dressed women define as taste.

These coats, suits, and dresses are the products of Canadian manufacturers, and may be secured for you by your local retailer if not already available.

THE junior fashionable has a spring silhouette all her own. It is not far different from the new style treatments introduced for her elders recently. It is animated by brief capes, tiers, flounces, scarfs, modernistic trimming and a gaiety of fabric that is in keeping with the season.

The vogue for prints is reflected in many of the small gowns seen. They are both serviceable and of the moment, and one sees them in jumper suits, whole dresses and blouses and skirts. Dots and stripes have likewise pervaded the juvenile world. For afternoon wear printed and flowered silk frocks are shown, frequently with pleated tiers and scalloped flounces. Some of these silk frocks are trimmed with triangle scarfs in navy, red and green that are both youthful and smart.

For younger children, striped effects, ruffles and vestees are the dominating notes. Voile fashions many a dainty pantie frock, with the vestee often of dotted dimity or plain white linen.

Bright colored embroideries, fine knife pleats, pin tucks and shirrings decorate the garments of the very young. Delicate French lace outlines the neck and arms of many of the spring frocks. Little rows of lace inserts likewise are seen on yokes, sleeves and skirts. Broadcloth rompers are marked by colored embroideries, often in geometrical design as a change from former floral treatment. Washable crepes, tub silks and cotton materials are well in the vanguard of popular materials.

Tweed is used largely in fashioning the junior spring coat.

Gates and her committee marched off to inspect sites for the proposed rest-room for farm women, but the doctor looked thoughtfully after the departing automobile. Then he removed his coat, and began to push the lawn-mower briskly about the unkempt lawn.

NOw this," said Mr. Sparkle, "is something like."

The flivver had deposited its load under the trees of St. George's Island in Calgary. The old tent stood ready for their shelter during the night. The little Sparkles sported among the pebbles of the beach. Myrtle and her mother moved briskly about, preparing the evening meal. Ethelberta reposed at her master's feet.

Mr. Sparkle lit his pipe, leaned his back against a tree, and announced that he had found his vocation at last. Before him spread the joyful panorama of the automobile camp. His heart expanded. He hailed a baker's cart and bought generously.

Myrtle scowled.

"We don't need them cakes."

"I'm running this trip, my girl. You do what you're told and don't have so much to say."

"How much of that money you got left?"

"I got plenty."

"Maybe. But you've got a couple thousand miles of gas to buy, and bread and milk would do the kids well enough."

"I've a good notion to box your ears," said Mr. Sparkle. "Not another word of your lip. You don't hear your mother jawing all the time do you? I tell you when your ma was sixteen she was workin' out. You've never been asked to leave your home, and work out, have you?"

He walked off, Ethelberta slouching at his heels. Myrtle's remark had come pretty close to the truth. But the luck had been against him, as always. He had forgotten one morning, in the press of other business, to fill the flivver with oil, and that matter had required some little cash to set right. Another time his back had been so weak that he had not been able to pump up a deflated tire, and as a result the purchase of a new tire had been necessary. The children ate like young anacondas. The food that the Richvale tightwads had figured would last three days did barely one, in spite of Myrtle's protesting at the young ones eating every hour. Ice-cream cones for the family twice a day also ran into money, and if a man had to hold a jumpin' jackrabbit of a car on the road all day, he was entitled to a cigar now and then.

He joined the evening horseshoe-throwing contest, and

being dexterous in such feats of skill, won a dollar. With this he purchased bottles of assorted drinks for the family, even for the discontented Myrtle, who refused the pop and asked for the money instead. No one could say that he wasn't good to his family, while he had a cent left in his jeans.

But the sun shone next morning, and the river sang through the trees. The old flivver started at the first twirl of the crank. Many new-found friends waved good-by as they rattled out of the camp. Mr. Sparkle glowed like the morning sun.

"Are you aimin' to fill with gas before you leave town?" inquired Myrtle.

"You look after the kids back there, or they'll fall out."

"The tank was nearly empty last night."

Mr. Sparkle drove on without replying. But halfway through the morning, the flivver hesitated, coughed, and settled down in her tracks.

"I told you so," said Myrtle.

"I've got a notion to box your ears," said Mr. Sparkle, "talking to your pa thataway. Get down, youngsters, and give us a hand."

The family dismounted, and the car was shoved to the side of the road.

"Make yourself comfortable, Emma, and you children can play about and stretch your legs. We may be here some time."

Mrs. Sparkle, without comment, settled herself in the back seat with her infant and went to sleep. But Myrtle climbed a high bank above the road and sat thereon. Mr. Sparkle, who knew what he had to do, prepared for a morning's work. He sat down on the running board nearest the road, pulled his hat over his eyes, and dozed in the warm sun.

He roused at the sound of wheels, and considered the approaching car. While it was still a hundred yards away, he settled down again, and the limousine, with its liveried chauffeur, swept by, covering his outfit with dust. Next came a flivver, but it held only a clutter of ribald boys, with chalked witticisms on its rusty sides. The third car, however, seemed to suit him better. He rose, limping painfully, and busied himself about the stalled flivver.

This car was a limousine, driven by a stout prosperous man, in regulation khaki outfit, with a stout, pretty woman and two children in the back seat. An elaborate camping outfit was slung about the car. It stopped with a squeal of hill-worn brakes.

"Hail, brother of the road!" shouted the driver. "Trouble? Can I help?"

"I don't need help," said Mr. Sparkle, cheerfully. "I'm just going to stand still, and ask you, as a friend and brother, to kick me. No gas. What do you know about that?"

"Often had that happen to me—"

"I could have sworn that the tank was full last night. But this morning I didn't look again, an' the wife ain't well—and the kids take a lot of tendin'—"

"Sure, sure—here, I've got ten gallons in the tank. I can let you have a couple. These your kiddies? Fine lot, brother. That's what we want in this country, boys and girls. Don't you worry. I'll fix you up. Can't leave these boys and girls sitting on the road. Going to Banff?"

"To Oregon. You see, the wife ain't well, and we got friends there, so I thought the change might do her good. Of course we've got to rough it a bit on the trip. I been kind of up against it—"

"Sure, sure—what are we in this world for if not to help one another? Just a minute till I back out of the way of traffic, and I'll get my siphon working. Where did you hail from, did you say?"

Myrtle, from her high place, looked down upon the friendly tourist with scorn.

"Sap!" she muttered. But she did not come down and spoil her father's play. One's family is one's family, and not to be betrayed before strangers. And they must get to Oregon somehow.

The children of the limousine shared their candy with the children of the flivver, while their mothers shared confidences about their children. The tourist put two generous gallons into the tank, nay, three, so interested was he in Mr. Sparkle's sparkling conversation. Mr. Sparkle himself had to stop him.

"Here, wait. You'll be sitting by the side of the road yourself. That's plenty. All set."

Mr. Sparkle made a motion towards his pocket, then, as if struck by a sudden idea, halted and made a slight sign with his hand. The stranger responded by elevating an eyebrow. Mr. Sparkle raised his extended hand chest high, the stranger did the same, and then their hands met, while they wriggled their noses.

"Brother!" cried Mr. Sparkle.

"Brother!" exclaimed the tourist.

"I knew it," said Mr. Sparkle. "I knew that a man wouldn't get such kindness from anyone who wasn't a

Continued on page 43



"What do I owe you for this gasoline?" inquired Mr. Sparkle.

MRS. SPARKLE has done it again," remarked Dr. Branscombe, as he entered the kitchen of his home.

"Done what?" inquired his wife, looking up from her pastry-making.

"Boy," explained her husband.

"However will they provide for another child?"

"Bring on your Welfare Club," advised the doctor.

"I suppose that will be it," sighed Mrs. Branscombe. She set her pies in the oven, and walked across back lots to see the new arrival.

The doctor was there before her, with a parcel under his arm that she surmised might contain a chicken. He started guiltily at her appearance, then chuckled at sight of the bundle she carried.

Six little Sparkles, pallid and ill-nourished, crowded about the table to watch the chicken cut up for broth. Miss Myrtle Sparkle, a thin, pretty child of sixteen, struggled bravely to accomplish something with nothing. In the dark bedroom, Mrs. Sparkle herself stared with weak wonder at the little bundle on her arm. They came and they went, leaving her duller and more tired each time.

"What have you ready for the children's dinner, Myrtie?" asked Mrs. Branscombe.

"Dunno—spuds, I guess. Pa was to bring home some meat, but I s'pose he forgot."

"Here's a quarter. Send one of the children to the butcher shop for some stewing beef. But they should have vegetables. Isn't there anything in your garden?"

"The cows got in and ate it all up. Pa was to fix the fence, but I reckon he forgot."

"You should keep a cow of your own. The children need fresh milk."

"Pa was going to buy a cow this summer, but his back's been bad and he ain't able to work much. I kinder don't know what to fix for them all the time."

"Never mind, Myrtie. You do your best. I'll see what we can do to help."

M R BERT SPARKLE, the head of the house, was a stout jovial man, busy as a bee when there was a town celebration, the best organizer of lodge activities in the district, and a hail-fellow well met in those places where good fellows get together. In fact, these pursuits took up so much of his time and attention that his own affairs suffered greatly, as happens to many public-spirited men.

He was enlarging on this very theme to the doctor at the front gate. His round face suffused, he hitched at his single brace, and spoke out of a full heart. Ethelberta, his hound, rubbed her starveling ribs against his legs.

"I hope this little one will do well, doc," sighed Mr. Sparkle. "It's an awful blow to Emma when they slip away."

"You must have good milk for it."

"I've been thinking of buying a cow this summer, in anticipation of this very interesting event, but you know my lumbago, doc, and cows ain't being given away in this country. If I was down in Oregon, my brother-in-law there, he has a big herd, and would lend me one for the summer. Ah, that's the country for cows!"

"Yes, doc," he continued. "Me and Emma'll never stop being grateful to you. I know what I owe you, but I'm a poor man and this is a hard country where cows ain't being loaned to a poor man for his sick child. So I can only say, doc, that if ever I can do anything for you, any little thing, just let me know."

The doctor wondered if there would be any use in trying—

"You can do me a good turn this very hour, Sparkle," he ventured. "The Welfare Club meets at our place this afternoon, and the wife wants to hold the meeting on the lawn, and the lawn needs mowing, so if you will run across and cut the grass I'll be willing to knock a couple of dollars off that bill of yours."

Mr. Sparkle turned pale, but he was fairly caught.

"Sure, doc, glad you mentioned it. I'll do anything to please you and that good wife of yours, and the Welfare Club sure does a good work in this town. When did you say—to-morrow?"



"If she don't chase rabbits, she don't eat. Sure Ethelberta'll chase a rabbit."

woman, their finances had reached the dizzy height of one hundred dollars. The meeting buzzed with interest. There were pictures for the school, a new fence for the local cemetery, a rest-room for farm women, a dozen public-spirited schemes that had long been cherished by the club. Now they could make a beginning. But in the midst of the arguments anent the merits of each plan, some one spoke words that chilled their enthusiasm.

"What are we going to do about the Sparkles?"

"I think," said a voice at the rear, "that it is time we stopped doing anything about them."

"There is a new baby," said their president, "and the doctor says the younger children must have good milk, or they'll die. They should have a cow."

"Well, why don't they buy one?" cried the rebel.

The answer to this was a scathing denunciation of Mr. Sparkle.

"That's all very well," said the doctor's wife. "He is shiftless, but meantime his wife and children suffer. We can't have a sick mother and under-nourished children in our community."

"All right," murmured the meeting, resignedly. "There goes forty dollars for a cow. We've sixty left—"

"The new baby needs clothes—"

"What became of that layette we furnished?"

"Worn out. Two babies since then."

"Haven't they any kin of their own to help them?"

"Sparkle is always talking about the wonderful things he would do if he could get to his brother-in-law's in Oregon."

"I wish they were in Oregon!"

"Now there's an idea!" cried Jenny Gates. "Why not use this money to send him to his friends in Oregon? Then perhaps we'd get the rest room built and furnished."

The meeting applauded. Tongues clacked and Mrs. Branscombe had to call sharply for order. But in the end the new idea prevailed, and a committee was appointed, with Miss Gates as convener, to approach the Sparkles and diplomatically make the offer.

The Sparkles were ready to go. In the front seat of the panting flivver—rebuilt model from the Richvale Service Garage, price fifty dollars—sat Mr. Sparkle, clean-shaven and in new overalls, with Mrs. Sparkle beside him, holding her infant on her lap. In the back seat Myrtle was wedged in with the five remaining little Sparkles. This morning they really sparkled, being full of anticipation of an automobile journey, and of a hot cereal breakfast provided by the welfare club. Their few belongings and various donated parcels of food were hung wherever room could be found for them. Ethelberta, the lank hound, sat on the running board, in spite of suggestions on the part of the committee that she be mercifully disposed of.

"Now, Sparkle," said the doctor, as spokesman of a band of citizens who had gathered to speed the parting family. "You have a good outfit and you have a few dollars in your pocket. I needn't tell you to take care of them. We wish you luck and hope that among your own friends you'll get along better. You have a fine family here and it's your duty to do well by them."

"Doctor," replied Mr. Sparkle, "you-all have set me on the road to success. I know that a real future awaits me and my little ones in Oregon. In a short time, in that Land of Promise, I may be able to repay something of what has been loaned me by the good people of Richvale. I count it a sacred trust."

Here his emotion overcame him. His wife joined him in tears, and the children opened their mouths to howl, but Myrtle whispered a warning:

"You kids begin to bawl now, and I'll drop you out behind."

The flivver roared and emitted a cloud of black smoke—lubricant and one fill of gasoline having been donated by the Service Garage—and the Sparkles were off. Jenny

Far-Away Fields Look Green

Home is the flivverist, home from the coast, and the cadger home from the hills

By R. E. BREACH

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

"This afternoon," said the doctor, firmly, "at three o'clock."

"Well, now, three's kind of early. I always take a nap after dinner until two, and then an hour is pretty short to mow the lawn."

"Half an hour will do it."

"Well, doc, seein' it's you, I can't refuse. See you later, and don't forget that the Sparkles are your best friends."

Mr. Sparkle went into his house.

"What'd the doctor's wife bring?"

"Beef," returned his daughter, shortly.

"For a sick woman? What's in that pot?"

"That's for ma!"

"Chicken—huh! Well, I ain't so well, myself, and I know your ma wouldn't want me to go without. She shouldn't have anything but the licker off the meat, anyway."

He heaped a plate with potatoes and chicken, emptied it, and stretched himself on the old sofa to rest his back.

THAT afternoon the Richvale Women's Civic Welfare Club—Mrs. Branscombe, President; Miss Jenny Gates, Secretary-Treasurer—met on the lawn of the Branscombe residence. Mrs. Branscombe apologized for the ragged grass.

"The doctor has been planning to cut it every day, but he hasn't had a moment to spare. Ladies, we will now come to order. Let us open our meeting by rising and singing: 'Oh, Canada!' Jenny, will you start it?"

Miss Gates obliged, and followed with the reading of the minutes. After that it was plain sailing through Unfinished Business, Reports of Committees to New Business, which was permeated with the ravishing smell of coffee. The New Business, Mrs. Branscombe announced, was "What are we going to do with our money?"

By strange and devious ways, known only to the club-

LOVELY

Mrs RICHARD PORTER DAVIDSON
*of Washington..*GRAND DAUGHTER
OF
MARK HANNA*A portrait of Mrs. Davidson, by the English artist, Olive Snell.*

Mrs. Davidson's unusual beauty always finds its perfect setting in an exquisite taste and smartness in dress. The contrast of this smartly tailored trotter and her own stirring beauty is characteristic of the lovely subtle effects she achieves

Of a distinguished line of beautiful women and brilliant men is Mrs. Richard Porter Davidson—daughter of the renowned beauty Daisy Gordon of Cleveland and granddaughter of Mark Hanna, the famous "Senator from Ohio".

Young and beautiful with chestnut-tinted hair and great brown eyes, Mrs. Davidson is a glowing figure in the more exclusive salons of the Capital and the brilliant international assemblies for which Washington is famed.

Yet Mrs. Davidson is a strictly modern young woman with that restless urge toward accomplishment and achievement that is characteristic of women today.

Wife, mother and society matron, her remarkable vitality finds time for many activities. She has accepted the challenge of business and has proven her ability in this field.

But in spite of her varied interests and days crowded with action, Mrs. Davidson's beauty is as fresh and undimmed as the day she came out: For she learned long since the value of Pond's Two Creams for the care and protection of her lovely skin.

"Of course Pond's Creams aren't new to me," says Mrs. Davidson, "I've adored them for years—their matchless snowy texture, their intriguing fragrance, the prompt magic of their effect upon the skin!"

"Delightful, too, are the new Pond's Skin Freshener and Tissues—just the things to complete the perfect method of keeping the skin immaculately young!"



In this white satin gown by Vionnet, the warm rich tones of Mrs. Davidson's lovely skin and hair are happily accented. The daughter of a famous beauty, her radiant loveliness richly carries on the traditional beauty of the women of her family

To guard the skin of youth, or to restore its fragile beauty, use these four enchanting preparations. Use them together daily as follows in the delightful new Pond's way:

FIRST—as always, apply Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream. Its fine pure oils lift out all the dust, restore your skin's precious suppleness.

THEN—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

NEXT—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Skin Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine without a trace of oiliness. Brings a lovely bloom to your grateful cheeks.

LAST—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Do this during the day. And always before retiring refresh and cleanse your skin once more as described above, except for the finishing touch of Vanishing Cream.

You will love to try the delicious Pond's way—to know the extra freshening and invigoration it brings. Send today for the complete equipment.

New 10¢ Offer: Mail this coupon and we'll send you trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

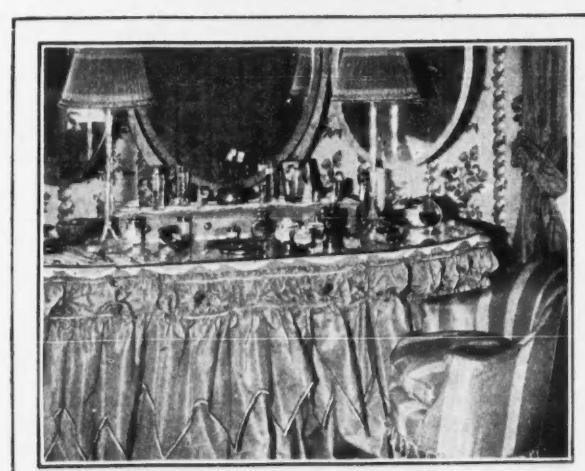
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Name _____

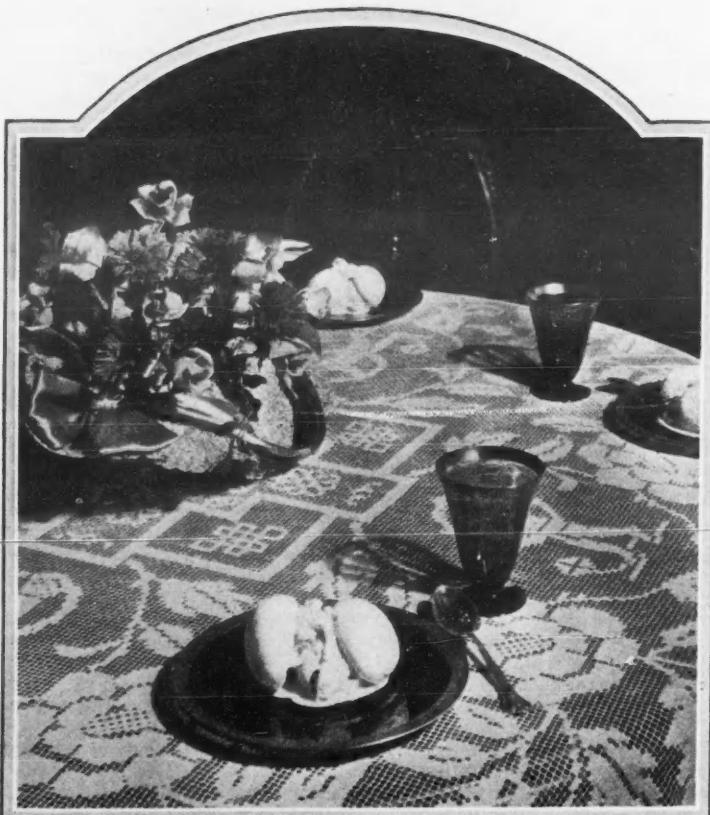
Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Made in Canada



On Mrs. Davidson's dressing table—exquisite in old rose and pale green taffeta—stand jade green jars of Pond's Two Creams and the tonic Skin Freshener



A garden hat, inverted and filled with flowers, makes a most original and charming spring centre piece, and a particularly appropriate Easter one. The dessert here shown is an ice-cream meringue glace, one of the three menu alternatives.

EASTER is a jolly time. The quiet weeks of Lent are over, spring is on its way, and the young folk are home from schools and colleges. For that reason there is entertaining on every hand and the hostess finds herself in the midst of a round of parties and very much on her mettle. If she is to make or keep a reputation for charm and originality she must plan her Easter-time entertaining with great care and use her very best ingenuity in making plans.

I believe one of the easiest pitfalls for the hostess to tumble into is to attempt too much originality—just to be different. After all, we enjoy doing the things we know how to do. The mark of the perfect hostess is that she manages to surround the familiar with individual charm. Her originality is evidenced in little touches.

If we agree that we are to give a luncheon, then we must seek for our originality in the details. And here, as always in entertaining, we should look to the spirit and symbols of the season for hints.

Easter is the herald of spring. The hills may be blanketed with snow, but somehow when Easter has come we seem to see violets peeping through the soil and look forward to the coming of summer greenery. Let us, therefore, look to spring for our inspiration.

I have stressed the element of spring because the first thought of the hostess will be of Easter eggs, bunnies and the other familiar symbols of an Easter season. And while, in our effort at originality, we must not discard these, I believe that the hostess will achieve more attractive results by letting them play second fiddle. Everyone will have thought of Easter eggs and bunnies!

Take the centre-piece of the luncheon table, for example. Here is a suggestion which will illustrate better than anything else, the less obvious alternatives which the hostess should strive for in her Easter luncheon entertaining.

In the attic or the up-stairs closet you will probably find an old straw garden hat. If not, you will probably be able to get one. Buy a package of pale yellow hat dye and paint the hat. When it has dried, tie a broad lavender satin bow about the crown. Set this centre-piece upside down in the middle of the table and fill it with lavender and pink sweet peas. In order to keep them fresh set a glass bowl or a tin flower holder in the crown.

While I suggest the use of flowers in the centre-piece the hostess may prefer to use her ingenuity and substitute something else—for example, a bedding of straw in which brightly colored Easter eggs may be set.

If by chance the attic or upstairs closet harbors no straw garden hat and you are unable to obtain one elsewhere, springtime can still be reflected in the centre-piece. A green or yellow glass bowl filled with lavender, sweet peas and yellow daisies, is as lovely if not so original, when used with a lace trimmed luncheon cloth or runners and doilies. The growing vogue for rough and colorful Italian pottery suggests a bowl filled with bright and vari-colored tulips. A

heavy Italian linen luncheon cloth would be most appropriate with this type of decorations.

IF THE luncheon is to be followed by a bridge, the problem of tallies and place-cards must be settled. Doubtless, a great many hostesses will find delightfully original tallies in the stores. I have one suggestion to make, however, that is both original and in keeping with the spirit we have been trying to capture.

For the dessert make a luscious chocolate cake. When it has been cooled and iced set it on a paper doily. Cut out of yellow cardboard, which you can buy at the stationers, twelve petals of a daisy—imagining the cake as the heart of the flower. Use these petals as tally cards, marking the table and couple on each and sliding them under the doily and the cake. When you have the petals in place, cut the cake in twelve pieces so that each piece corresponds to a petal. Then, as the dessert is served, each guest will receive at the same time her tally.

It will be noticed that none of these suggestions calls for any elaborate preparation. The hostess should take care not to attempt too much for a luncheon. Remember this is not a dinner party. Decoration that is too elaborate defeats its own purpose and becomes obtrusive.

It is not necessary to suggest such little additions to the luncheon or bridge tables, as bunnies filled with candies or any other uses of the familiar Easter symbols—such as Easter egg candies. These are to be had in abundance and are always appropriate.

We come next, then, to the luncheon menus—and here we shall want to be more than ordinarily successful. Those who have denied themselves delicacies during Lent will be more appreciative than usual. Let us do our best to give them a delicious luncheon.

Following are some suggestions:

Menu One

Hors d'Oeuvres
(stuffed celery, ripe olives, green olives,
pickled beets, sardines, cold slaw)
Eggs in Mushroom Sauce
Cream Scones Easter Salad
Chocolate Cake (with petals for tallies)
Lemon and Violet Mints Coffee

Menu Two

Halves of Grapefruit with centres of
diced Fresh Pineapple

Chicken and
Rice
en Casserole
Cheese Biscuits
Celery
Maple Parfait
Coffee

Easter salad is a "daisy"! Marshmallows make it luscious, fruits give it tartness and character and dates supply a goodly nutritive value.

Set Your Spring Table with an Easter Bonnet

by Edythe Ann Palmer



Menu Three

Cream of Corn Soup with Whipped Cream
Blue Plate of Jellied Luncheon Salad, Escalloped Potatoes
and Ham Mousse
Hot Parkerhouse Rolls
Ice Cream Meringue Glace
Coffee

Hors d'Oeuvres

Hors d'Oeuvres, or appetizers, taste as good as they look, and your guests will be sure to appreciate them served as the first course of luncheon. Celery, stuffed with savory cheese, pickled beets cut in the shape of roses, olives, sardines, anchovies, cold slaw, radishes; make a selection of four or five of these, and serve them on a special hors d'oeuvres plate (which has sections for each savory) or attractively arranged on a platter.

Eggs in Mushroom Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound mushrooms	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful paprika
6 tablespoonfuls butter or	3 tablespoonfuls minced
shortening	parsley
5 tablespoonfuls flour	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls milk
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt	9 hard-cooked eggs

Bread Crumbs

Peel and slice mushrooms. Sauté in butter or shortening until slightly browned. Add flour, salt, paprika; stir until

Continued on page 53



The Gossard Line of Beauty



FROM breast to thigh, this shimmering Gossard combination clings about the body, etching with Diana-like clarity the natural, supple lines of the fashionable silhouette. Though nothing more than a sheath of satin . . . (the lower sections of double thickness) . . . combined with inserts of soft, woven elastic, it brings to the figure a new grace, unfailing continuity of line.

Ask your corsetiere to show it to you. Model 6664.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co. Limited
366-378 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Canada

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Snips and Tails and Saucy Nose Veils That's What Little Hats Are Made Of!

These hats are trade-marked by their Canadian makers, whose names are given in connection with this article. Your retailer will be able to tell you the makers whose various trade names you encounter in the shops.

STRAWS are so light that it seems they simply must blow away, and, as if fearing it themselves, they lower their crowns, and make themselves as small as the head beneath will permit. One sees more of brims this year; sports hats become softer than ever; while in contrast, and as if to draw the line of demarcation more sharply, street and dress hats of both straw and felt, assume quite definite shapes. Small modernistic ornaments of gleaming nickel, combinations of silver and gilt, silver and ivory, or wood and ivory, and amber appear. Some bands and trimmings are of satin; a little gros grain appears on sports or travel models; little brushes of glycerined ostrich, and here and there coque feather "fancies" are used as trimming. In the mode for things glistening are the bright paillette ornaments, cire ribbons, cellophane braids, and on black hats for formal occasions, brilliant pins. Their stones are a trifle larger than heretofore, after the fashion launched by Chanel.

There are stitched or even corded hats for sports, of printed crepes with Deauville scarfs to match. There are Yedda straws, pedaline braids, and the Bangkok tribe—paribuntel and balibuntel, baku, natural hemp, and Chinese and Japanese Bangkoks; sisal, too. There are the straws which show the way the wind blows in the millinery world.

Gone is the monotony of shape of yesteryear, the unending procession of felt cloches; we are now offered such variety that it seems every type will find something becoming.

For those who prefer the small hat, is one fashioned of

dark blue felt (right centre) from Debenham's, the brim flared sharply at the left, and held there by an ornament of black paillettes, a shimmering, glistening thing, and the felt of the crown rolled into small cord to frame it. One sometimes sees the same idea employed in straw, notably in a black baku, depressions in the crown being made to hold the satin band, a whole motif of almost tailored severity but elaborate workmanship.

A shining example of the vogue for glitter is fashioned of cellophane (top right) from J. C. Green & Co. Limited. Almost helmet-like is its closeness, it sparkles its way into the affections, an ornament of corded ribbon its sole trimming.

With a trifle more brim, but displaying the same up-at-the-left movement, a rose beige felt from Debenham's with incrustations of black felt is smart for its contrast of color, the use of incrustation and the lines and edge embroidered in pastel green silk (left centre).

Of course we are all wondering if the small veil will really return. Paris is doing her best, and if all the models were as charming as the black felt marked out with pedaline braid,

from Gouldings (top left) there would be little doubt. The brim, if such a trifling can be called a brim, is cut over the left eye, half turned up, the other half turned down. A circular veil of fine black lace follows this upward trend at the left where it is held by a pin of black enamel and brilliants.

FELTS of solid color are seen, but felt used in a novel way—slashed in pattern over the entire surface, faced with georgette and banded with narrow straw braid. One model (lower left) from J. C. Green, is in beige; others are in varying tones. The type is the creation and specialty of this Canadian house.

Another but different sort of felt model, "The Gaucho," is predestined to a prominent place in the world of smartness. Moderate as to brim in front, it flares out at either side but moulds itself to the neck behind. By its lines, new, smart, and youthfully sophisticated, its success is signed and duly sealed by the narrow self band and bow tied over the left eye.

"Brims are to be wider," so Paris decrees. And a baku model from Debenham's in natural shade (second from top left) bows, and most gracefully too, to this edict; it broadens its brim at the left in order to hold two exotic organdie roses; one red, one pink. The red velvet band is slipped through the joining of brim and crown to form a bandeau at the left.

Continued on page 53

"I am never troubled that way"

SO YOU SAY—BUT ARE YOU SURE?

Women of the world find complete sureness in this simple, healthful way to personal irreproachableness

PERSONAL irreproachableness is an absolute necessity to the cultivated woman of the social world.

No guesswork, no fretting or worries are tolerated. The sureness, the gracious confidence of being always exactly right is expected of her. And her unerring discrimination meets the exacting standard smilingly.

Even that humiliating experience of underarm odor and stained frocks which, consciously or unconsciously ruins many a woman's evening, never casts its shadow on her gayeties.

For she relies on Odorono. And rejoices in the freedom of an underarm smooth and dry at all times. The warmest room, nervousness or excitement never cause her a moment's uneasiness.

And she declares it so comfortable, so much smarter to wear her dresses right next to the under-arm. Gowns fit better and there is no extra warmth to cause even more moisture and the danger of additional odor. And of course for the evening gown a smooth, dry, bare underarm is the only way.

A PHYSICIAN made Odorono 18 years ago to stop perspiration on the palms of his hands while operating.

It proved so effective and comfortable that other physicians began to recommend its use where perspiration causes odor and ruins clothes. The underarm particularly. Research has proved that it is perfectly safe and healthy to check the perspiration in any small area of the body.

Modern medical science has found that perspiration is over 99% water. Its principal function is to regulate body temperature. Contrary to former popular belief it does not rid the body of poisons. Checking perspiration in small areas with Odorono has no effect on health. Modern physicians recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

If you have never used it you cannot imagine the relief of being sure you are protected from the serious social handicap of noticeable perspiration or its odor.



You know how quickly you notice it in others, how hard it is to be sure about yourself with ordinary precautions.

Examine your dress at the underarm tonight after removing it. Is it perfectly free from even a trace of perspiration odor? If you shrink from what you find, remember other people get that same unpleasant impression every time they come near you. Odorono brings you sure relief from the possibility of these embarrassments and uncertainties.

There are now two kinds of Odorono. Regular Odorono (ruby colored), which brings freedom from moisture and odor with one or two applications a week, used *the last thing at night*. And Odorono No. 5, milder (colorless) for especially sensitive skin and for hurried use—to be used *either night or morning every other day*.

At toilet goods counters, 35c and 60c. The delightful new Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c. If you have never known the ease and confidence Odorono brings send for the little kit of samples offered below.

Now a second Odorono, No. 5, takes its place beside the familiar ruby colored bottle. Milder, colorless, it is for over-sensitive skins or hurried use. Used more often it gives the same protection.



Women of breeding use over three million bottles of this medically approved "occlusive" every year

Women of distinction rule out the possibility of offense by keeping the underarm dry all the time with the regular use of Odorono. Other ways they say are troublesome and mar the smart fit of frocks. But with Odorono a suggestion of odor is impossible—impossible too, costly stains, odor tainted dresses



MADE IN CANADA

New 10¢ Offer

Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette samples of Odorono, Odorono No. 5, Odorono Cream Depilatory and Deodorant Powder.

The Odorono Company, Limited, Dept. C, 468 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

I enclose 10¢ for samples.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

(Print Name and Address Plainly)

Spring Flowers that Do Not Fade

Prints in Silk Soft Wool, and Cotton

These fabrics are the products of the large Canadian wholesale houses, and are typical of materials now being sold throughout Canada. If they are not now obtainable from your retailer, they may be secured by him at your order through the houses named in this article.



PRINT, print, print—silks, dress materials, cottons, all are timed and tuned to this lay. There are silks of every design imaginable—flowered delaines, checked albatross, featherweight woollen fabrics, with coatings in more sombre tones and more sober patterns to relieve the very monotony of variety. And there you have the trend of fabrics for spring!

There are, first of all, the small flowered patterns on crêpe de chine, that cover, or nearly cover, the entire surface. Two examples are shown. In the first, "D," (A. S. King) little field flowers, red and blue, smile gaily from a sand ground like a thousand laughing eyes. This, of course, is made in various color combinations such as sand and red on navy; light and dark blue on sand; light and dark green on sand, and the inevitable black and white. On the white silk crêpe ground of the second, "N," (Silks, Limited) navy leaves and scarlet flowers grow in riotous fashion. This, too, comes in other and more subdued coloring suitable to frocks intended for utility as well as smartness, and (let us just whisper it) neither will readily show those unavoidable spots.

Yes, the small flowers are smart this season—but so are fruits, which have the advantage of novelty—"fruit salad designs" as they are called. The name is amusing, the patterns amusing, too, peaches, pears, plums, cherries and apples—all in joyous admixture. We did not notice a pineapple, but it was probably there—its decorative qualities were surely not overlooked. One silk crêpe even used red and blue strawberries against a cream ground. Another and larger design employed peaches, plums and grapes in beige, accented by lines of red, and thrown into relief by a background of navy. Typical of salad fruits is one here illustrated, "B," (A. S. King) pears, apples, quince and cherries massed together to form a delightful design. The design is black on the

(Continued on page 56)



The New Cleansing Cream has delighted thousands of Women

So dainty—so fragrant—so charming in its delicate pink rose tint color—so certain in its results—no wonder so many discriminating Canadian women everywhere received it with delight and gave it their immediate endorsement.

It is a definite purpose face cream of remarkable cleansing properties, fragrance and charm. More than a "cold cream"—the perfect skin cleanser—the modern method of "washing" the face and first requisite to a good complexion. It does more than clean the skin—it searches the pores—brings out the hidden dust, grime and waste secretions. It braces worn tissues, softens and freshens the skin. Every woman who values a good complexion needs this new Cleansing Cream. Especially is it needed for the removal of powder, rouge and other facial applications every night before retiring.

You can secure this wonderful new Boncilla Cleansing Cream from your favorite Drug Store or Toilet Counter. A large jar 75c.—but of course if you would like to try it first without cost, we would be glad to mail a generous trial size jar in return for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Address your request to: Dept. "C", Canadian Boncilla Laboratories, Limited, 77 Peter St., Toronto.



Boncilla
Cleansing
Cream

Coming Events in Canadian Organizations

Liberal Women

THE big event of the month in national women's club circles, is the meeting at Ottawa, April 17 and 18, of Liberal women from all over Canada, in preparation for the next general election. Realizing how long the road is women have yet to travel in politics, Liberal women leaders are wise in their decision to lay a firm foundation for their educational work. And so at this national meeting government policies will retire before the dissemination of a fundamental knowledge of those factors which put governments in power. Apart from these first principles, speakers from various provinces will discuss local needs and social welfare problems, as they appear to women in politics.

Of the three chairmen for the meetings, Mrs. Charles Thorburn, a veteran campaigner, represents Ontario; Mrs. P. F. Casgrain, wife of the Chief Liberal Whip, Quebec, and Mrs. W. R. Motherwell, wife of the Minister of Agriculture, represents the West. Miss Helen Doherty and Miss Beatrice Belcourt are joint secretaries of the national provisional committee.

National I.O.D.E.

THE annual meeting of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire will be held in Trinity College, Toronto, during the week beginning May 28. It is a little early yet to give full particulars of all the matters of interest to Canada and the Empire to be discussed at the meeting. Perhaps the most important work of the Order is its National War Memorial which possesses a quality of permanency possessed by few other benevolent schemes in this country, in that it applies the interest on \$500,000 to benefit educationally the children of deceased or disabled soldiers, sailors or members of the air force.

During the annual meeting, the members will attend a ceremony in St. John's Church, Ancaster, when the memorial to Mrs. Clementina Fessenden, the founder of Empire Day, will be unveiled.

Humane Society

THE Toronto Humane Society which was formed forty years ago, and which is the largest and most active organization of its kind in Canada, will hold a Tag Day, April 12 to augment the funds for its magnificent work for "those who cannot speak for themselves."

Provincial societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have been formed in every province in Canada with the exception of Quebec, and as a result of such organization, there has been a greater recognition of animal rights and a better understanding of animal loyalty, love and intelligence.

Red Cross

ON APRIL 25 the Canadian Red Cross Society will hold its annual meeting at the national headquarters of the society, 410 Sherbourne Street, Toronto. This is the national event of the year in Red Cross circles, and to it will come representatives of the Central Council and of the nine provincial divisions of the society.

Education

EDUCATION has a particular appeal for women, and it is, therefore, not surprising that the annual convention of the Ontario Educational Association in Toronto, April 10 to 12, at which an attendance nearing the five thousand mark is expected, is arousing considerable interest throughout Canada. At the evening session to be held in the Coliseum, on the opening day, Hon. R. B. Bennett will speak. C. E. Kelly, principal of the Memorial School, Hamilton, and president of the Ontario Educational Association, will be in the chair, and 60 pupils from his school will give vocal numbers. A special invitation has been extended Mrs. Lindbergh to attend this session.

Miss Cornelia Adair, president of the National Educational Association of the United States, will attend the convention.



Outstanding
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Smartness
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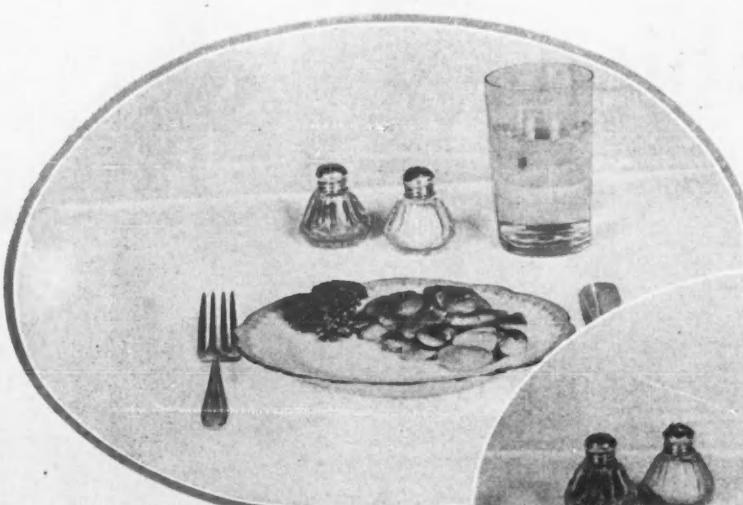


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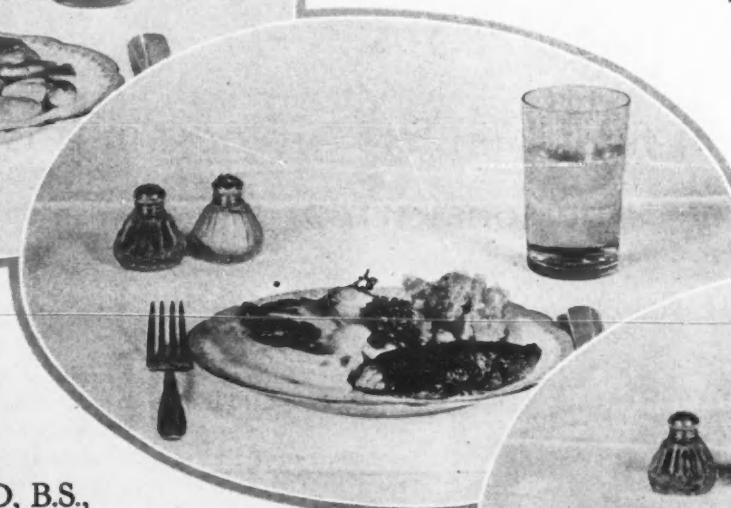
JOHN NORTHWAY AND SON LIMITED
TORONTO

QUICKLY COOKED MEALS

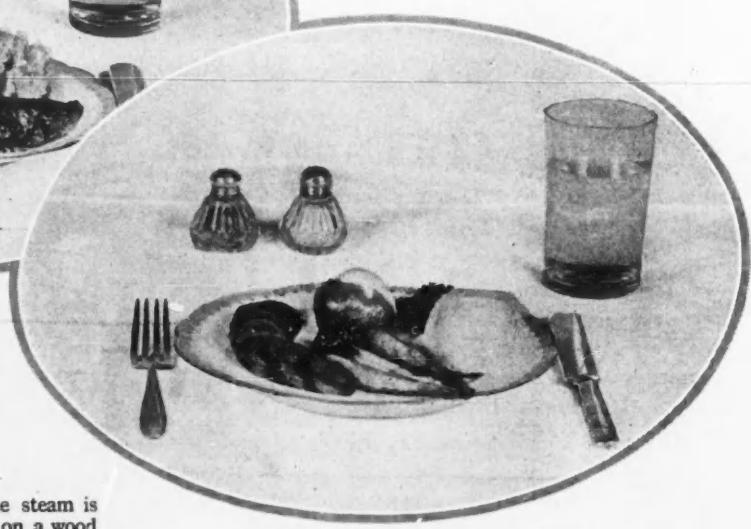
Some Practical Experiments with the Pressure Cooker



The combination of moist heat and high temperature means that dried peas and beans are thoroughly cooked.



A dinner cooked in half an hour in the cooker includes Swiss steak, two vegetables and Brown Betty.



A vegetable dinner lends itself admirably to pressure cookery, and includes four vegetables and a custard.

By MYRTLE A. HAYWARD, B.S.,

Lecturer in Educational Methods and Foods and Cookery,
Macdonald College, Quebec.

Recipes prepared and tested in the School of
Household Science.

TOO many think of the pressure cooker only in connection with canning, for its most general household use has heretofore been in this connection; but as a matter of fact, it has a distinct place in the every-day preparation of meals. Not only is this steam-tight vessel useful in the cooking of individual foods, but entire menus can be served from it. It allows of no evaporation of water, so less flavor is lost than with the ordinary cooking dishes. It is even thought by many, that certain dishes, such as fricassee meats and stews of various kinds, have a richer flavor when cooked in a pressure cooker than when prepared in the customary way.

Pressure cookers are now available as home equipment, and their principles should be more widely understood. Whenever steam, as it forms, is confined to a given space, it creates pressure. This raises the temperature, and the temperature increases as the steam increases. Cooking at fifteen pounds pressure means a temperature of 250 degrees Fahrenheit (water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit). As the temperature goes up, the time required for cooking is lessened, which means a saving in both time and fuel. It also means a saving in work, as it is not necessary to watch the kettle for so long a time, neither is it necessary to stir the food or replenish liquids, as with long boiling.

A pressure cooker should be made of high-grade material, and so constructed that no steam escapes when the cover is securely fastened. There are various good types of cookers on the market, and a pamphlet of directions usually accompanies them at the time of purchase.

On the cover of any cooker is a dial gauge. The needle on this gauge moves as the pressure changes in the cooker, so that one can see at a glance the number of pounds of pressure. The cooking period should be counted from the time the needle registers the required pressure. Should the pressure rise too high, reduce the heat or open the petcock.

The brass petcock, which screws into the cover, provides for the escape of air, and the circulation and regulation of steam. It should not be screwed down until steam begins to issue from it, showing that the cold air has been driven out. Then close it.

The mechanism of a pressure cooker is simple, and the temperature more easily controlled than with ordinary cooking.

Pressure cookers are now available as home equipment and their principles should be more widely understood. Entire menus can be served from this steam tight-vessel.

The heat that is necessary to generate steam is obtained by simply placing the cooker on a wood or coal range, or over an electric, gas, or kerosene burner. Place the rack in the cooker, and add enough water to come to the top of the rack. Put the food in the cooker, and fasten the cover securely in position.

Have the control or safety valve closed, and when steam issues from the petcock, screw it down tight. Watch the needle on the gauge and keep it at the correct figures.

When the cooking period is completed there is a most important point to observe. Make no attempt to unscrew the cover until the needle on the steam gauge registers zero. There are two ways of bringing the needle to zero: (1) allow the pressure to run down before the steam is exhausted; (2) let the steam escape by opening the petcock. If the steam escapes too rapidly the liquid will be drawn from the cooking utensils, and juices will be drawn from the food that is being cooked.

The cooker should be thoroughly washed each time it is used, and kept absolutely clean at all times. All of the fittings used in the cooking process should be wiped dry.

The beauty of the pressure cooker, is that it actually makes possible the preparation of meals in from ten minutes to half an hour.

Let us consider, for instance, the dinner that can be cooked in ten minutes. From the standpoint of nutrition it is a balanced meal; it has no meat, but the protein is supplied in the dessert. Add pickles, rolls, and coffee, and the menu would look like this:

Vegetable Dinner

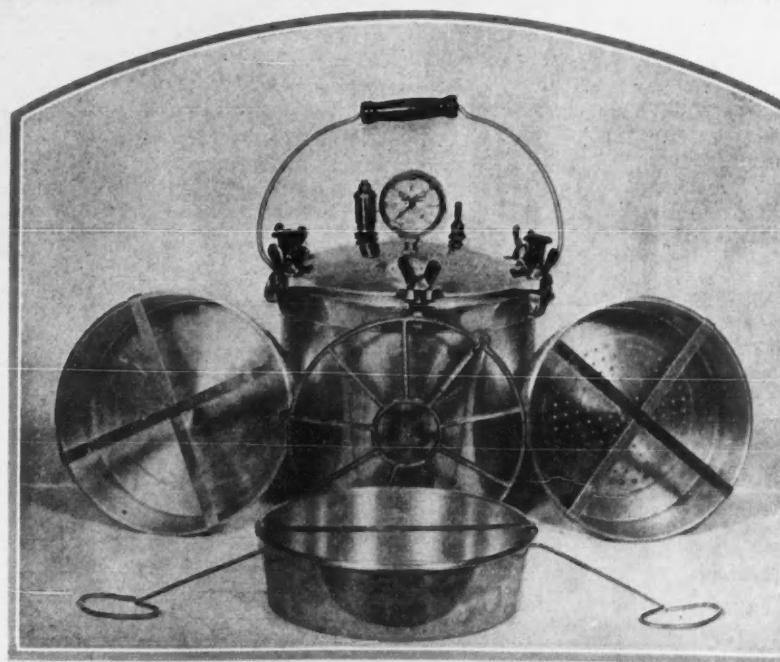
Creamed Onion	Potato
Sauted Parsnip	Diced Buttered Carrot
Sweet Gherkins	
Rolls	Coffee
	Cup Custard

The vegetables may be prepared at lunch time, and should be cooked whole. Potatoes require less time to cook than parsnips, therefore it is advisable to use good sized potatoes.

The custard does not deteriorate in the least by standing a few hours before it is cooked, so it, too, can be prepared at noon. The muscle building part of the food is supplied by the dessert in this menu. In order for each to have an adequate amount, allow one egg, one-half cupful of milk, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, a bit of salt and flavoring for each person. Avoid beating the egg light, beat it just enough to combine the yolk and white, then stir in the other ingredients. It is a wise precaution to cover the custard dish with oiled paper during the steaming process.

Put warm water in the cooker up to the rack. Place the potatoes and the onions in the lowest inset dish, the custard in the second dish, and the parsnips and carrots in the third. Close the cooker, and bring the pressure up to fifteen pounds. At the

Continued on page 48



Pressure cookery is regulated by the steam gauge on the cover of the cooker, which indicates temperature by the pounds of pressure created by the steam within.

for WOMEN WHO APPRECIATE THE FINEST IN PERSONAL APPOINTMENT

*A Reflection
of Good Taste*



HARVEY HOSEIERY & LINGERIE

Harvey Hosiery

In a myriad of shades suitable for any occasion, with reinforced heels and toes and other special features that make this hosiery suitable for all wear. Harvey Hosiery can be worn with pride on any occasion. The price, too, is more than reasonable. Ask for it by name.

Harvey Tailored Underwear

From the tailored vests whose straps just won't slip, to the picturesque pajamas of quaint design, you'll find this beautiful underwear ideal. Harvey Nicks, Bobettes, Princess Slips and Nighties, in a variety of shades, are designed to satisfy the style and taste of present day demands.



HARVEY
KNITTING CO.
LIMITED
Woodstock-Ont.





It makes an exquisite gift for the Graduate or for the Bride. It is equally acceptable as a Birthday Gift, or on the Wedding Anniversary.

Because it is a valuable personal possession, one that will be in daily use, it makes a happy choice for a Sweetheart.

Ivoris Pearl-Tone is an ideal appointment for your own and your guest room; it will be the admiration of all your friends. You may select a shade that will harmonize perfectly with your decorations.

It comes in the following colors: Natural, Rose, Blue, Orchid, Maize and Green.

The illustration above represents a "Gift within a Gift." By simply removing the tray containing the Mirror, Brush and Polisher, also the pieces from the lid, the container is transformed into a beautiful satin-lined Sewing Cabinet or Knitting Box.

Insist on Ivoris Pearl-Tone, and be assured of guaranteed quality.

Carried by the leading Jewelry, Drug, Department and high class Leather Goods Stores.

Write for our illustrated Booklet "A Tribute to Loveliness."



PEARL-TONE

MANUFACTURED BY

**The FRENCH IVORY
PRODUCTS LIMITED**
TORONTO CANADA

Bringing up a child was a simple matter not so many years ago, but not many of us would return to the good old days in the matter of the rearing of children.



Every department of life, medicine, teaching, nursing, finance, has improved as it has made use of modern study. Should child training be the only exception?

WHAT OF YOUR CHILD?

The First of a Series on Child and Parent Training

By FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

Of the St. George's School for Child Study Under the auspices of the Department of Psychology, University of Toronto

NOT so many years ago, bringing up a child seemed a simple matter. The family was a closed unit, dependent on itself for most of its needs and supplying these within itself. The weaving and cooking as well as the growing was done by members of the household, and each child had his part in the general home scheme. The school was a separate entity, having little in common with the family.

Rapid industrial development, with the attendant removal of work from the home to the factory, and the consequent shifting of occupational interest for the earning members, has made radical alterations in home life. People have been brought together in cities and become dependent on social organization for fundamental necessities. The lack of space for recreation has brought the club, community centre and playground to the fore as substitutes for the home in supplying entertainment.

Education, which, at one time, was given mainly at home and consisted of learning to supply family needs, has assumed a formal garb and is now the province of the school. Ever expanding its scope, that institution takes in five-year-olds and, in some instances, provides excellently for the infant of two. But, the schools cannot succeed without the co-operation of the home. Any institution, because of the necessity for definite routine, is incapable of supplying the child's need of the healthy emotional reactions which occur between members of a family, where conditions are more plastic and restraint less rigid.

Not many of us, when we examine them without sentiment, would return to the good old days when infant mortality was high, and we were moulded according to the pattern decided on by our parents. True, those good old days showed high ideals and noble aspirations. It would not be fair to belittle what parents throughout the centuries have done for their children. They hoped and strove to give the best they knew. Most of us are proof that it was an excellent best. Just because with limited knowledge they did so well, parents to-day must, to be worthy of them, make use of the best now obtainable in the training of their children. The school and similar institutions have assumed much responsibility, but parents are still the guiding and directing force. They alone are in a position to learn the individual characteristics of each child and on them rests the onus of unifying influences at work from outside and welding them into a coherent scheme.

Every department of life—medicine, teaching, nursing, finance—has improved

as it has made use of the results of modern study, and it is not reasonable to expect that child training can be an exception. A wealth of material, the result of scientific research by experts, is now available and more data is being added every day to make the path of parenthood smoother. Wise parenthood requires not only a desire to do what is best, more than any other profession, it demands an infinite understanding, grounded on the studies of experts, and in addition, ability to keep up with the increasing mass of child lore, as well as with the growth of particular children.

The great trouble is that less preparation is demanded and less time given to preparation for this profession than to any other branch of learning. It is no wonder, therefore, that the forthcoming results are often so poor. Would you trust your child to a physician who was no better trained than are most parents? The answer is self-evident. Yet the future of the world is in parental hands.

PARENTS are, to-day, more severely criticized than ever before, and, in spite of advances made, they deserve it. The hopeful sign is that they realize their shortcomings, are willing to remedy the lack of knowledge and are seeking ways of gaining an understanding of their children. A new branch of learning has come into existence to help them in their difficulties—parent education. It aims to teach parents how to make a scientific study of their children, give them an objective attitude, so that they may detach themselves and see the children as individuals with certain possibilities and certain limitations. They can then treat behavior problems with understanding and justice, unbiased by personal feelings, and make use of fundamental principles.

We are all fully aware that, in this life, comparatively few are following the trade or profession for which they are best suited. Everywhere round pegs are endeavoring to fit themselves into square holes with the result that much unhappiness and discontent is abroad. Parents are in some measure to blame. How many of us thoughtfully consider our children with a view to educating them, so that they will realize themselves to the fullest in work that is not only profitable but pleasant? The law most followed is that of least resistance. Once the child's feet are placed on a path he manages somehow to do fairly well. Only a few are absolute failures, but only a few are really

successful. An infinite waste of effort could be spared the average individual if, from early childhood, he were treated as a responsible human being, his possibilities realized, his limitations considered and all expectations for him based thereon. It has been said that children give you what you expect if you expect the right thing and expect it hard enough. How true this is, thoughtful parents realize more every day.

To expect the right thing is a large order. It is necessary to discount the influence of that bogey heredity, which is the lazy parent's excuse for his own short-comings, and concentrate on supplying the child with the environment which will call forth the fullest growth of his physical and mental powers. More attention should be paid to the things which are manageable and less to those which cannot be changed. Because you are fitted for a certain vocation does not imply that your child will have any aptitude for that calling. He is the product, not only of his immediate but of his remote ancestors and inherits a unique combination of their qualities. It is best to start with the assumption that only those characteristics are inherited which cannot be attributed to environment. For instance, the nervous child, provided there is no physical cause for his nervousness, is probably nervous because he has been brought up by a nervous mother, or he may be reacting to a nurse or some adult in the house. The fearful child has been conditioned by adults to fear, for psychological research shows that the only fears present at birth are those of a sudden loud noise, or those caused by removal of support from the child. On these all others are built by outside circumstances.

HAVING permitted heredity to be but a minimum of influence, we have an entirely new attitude toward the child and have made ourselves responsible for the way in which he develops. We must now take

him as he is, study him to see what he can become, then help him to find his place in the world. No matter how distasteful or unimportant it may seem we must work for the things worth while for the child. What interests him must be of supreme importance to the parent who should bend every effort toward guiding him aright along lines best suited to his individual ability.

School yourself to be ambitious for the child to succeed in his way, not yours. To expect the wrong thing and use force to obtain it will lead inevitably to a warped life.



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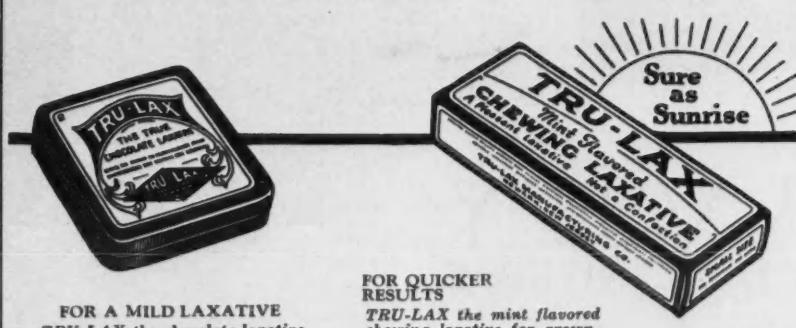
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TRU-LAX
THE PLEASANT LAXATIVE



After your face has been thoroughly cleansed and protected by a foundation cream, powder it thoroughly.

THE PROMISE OF BEAUTY

A dissertation on the uses and abuses of makeup

By MAB

THE axiom that "Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder" is a rather discouraging one to a woman, because of the lack of any determining standard of beauty—that is, in what constitutes beauty in feature and form. But there is a beauty that is not dependent on either of these that might be called an emanation of freshness and daintiness which has a universal appeal. I know a woman to whom Nature has been rather niggardly in the matter of good looks, but despite this she radiates an impression of beauty by her wholesomeness and attention to the niceties of her toilet. It rests the "eye of the beholder" to look into a glowing face, into clear eyes, and to see a body alert with good health. These are the important things, and these are the things that the years need not touch if we study ourselves intelligently and learn to preserve and enhance them with legitimate beauty aids.

Anything that a woman can do to improve her appearance is right to do. If your nose is shiny, powder it; if your cheeks are too pale, touch them delicately with rouge—"Oh, the little more, and how much it is, and the little less and what worlds remain!" Use discretion and reserve in your make-up. If you have a large nose, don't plaster it with powder in the fond belief that this will reduce its size. The effect is quite the reverse.

The defeat of old age is the popular indoor and outdoor sport of the modern woman, and thousands of dollars are spent foolishly by some of these tragic searchers for lost youth. There are so many wrong roads to beauty that it is extremely necessary for a woman to study herself intelligently so that she may know what to have and to hold of the amazing number of beauty suggestions that meet her at every turn.

It is a disgrace for a woman to have a wrinkled face. By this, I do not mean the lines that experience has given her—those lines of character that seem to define one—but the tiny lines that gather about the eyes and mouth and chin. Wrinkles come more easily to a skin that is fine and dry. Such skins need feeding with oils and

creams. Instead of salts, scented oil should be used for the bath, and cream should be substituted for soap. There are many creams on the market that are admirable for this purpose. In the March number of *The Chatelaine*, I told you how to massage your face to keep it from sagging and to make it smooth. It is important to remember that massage like any other exercise has to be done regularly to be effective. It is the every-dayness that counts.



BEAUTY is very often the result of careful make-up, which expertly applied can completely change the appearance of the face. It is difficult to give rules for the gentle art, because each woman's skin is an individual problem, but there are a few general points to be observed.

After your face has been thoroughly cleansed and protected by a foundation cream, powder it thoroughly, and then wipe most of the powder off with another puff or cloth. Be sure that you have a powder that suits your skin both in color and quality. There are so many fine powders on the market to-day that it is easy to get one or more that will be satisfactory. It is an interesting task to "roll your own" powder. Nearly everyone needs a mixed powder to get the exact shade required by the skin. The best way to test this is to buy a little of several shades, and try them separately and together on the inside crook of the arm.

After you have selected your powder and applied it as directed, it is time for the touch of rouge. It is necessary to have a good light for this important ceremony. Rouge should be applied on a triangular plan with the apex of the cheek bone as the centre point of the angle, one of the other two points being just above and the other just below the inside of the ear. Begin at the inside point and work out. A little practice will make one quite expert in the application of rouge, which must never look hard and unnatural. A beauty expert in Paris told me that one could never go astray in using rouge if the tint of the lips was followed. Occasionally

Continued on page 37

The Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 34

we see people wearing rouge in daylight that has a sort of purple tint, a shade that isn't humanly possible. After all, the aim and purpose of rouge is enhancement—a soft naturalness.

If you use a lipstick, its application should come next. I consider it inadvisable to use lipstick in daylight, unless the lips are unduly pale, in which case medical attention as well as artificial color is necessary. In any case, very little color should be used for the lips and this should be well rubbed in and thoroughly blended.

The final touch is another application of powder—a gentle touch over all—and there you are!

There is a new rouge that combines the color for cheeks and lips. It comes in a little wooden box and is easily and economically applied—first on cheeks, then a slight touch to the chin and the lobes of the ears, and last a tiny bit on the lips.

It is a pity that one cannot keep one's face in the same condition all day as it is

directly after the foregoing attentions, but alas! no matter how carefully the toilet has been made, it loses its freshness when it comes into contact with the busy world. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to carry restoratives to repair the damage, and it is important that such restoratives should exactly match in quality and color the make-up that is already on the face.

Another thing to bear in mind is that your powder puffs should be clean. I have seen women use puffs that were absolutely gray with dirt, and use them quite casually and openly. Puffs are quite easily washed, and should be always fresh.

There is a good deal of public demonstration to-day in the cult of beauty—rather too much I sometimes think. A little subtlety is an excellent thing. Don't put all your tools in the window. Imagination needs feeding. The sight of a woman using her lipstick or applying powder or rouge is not desirable for that "eye of the beholder"—*Be your age—but be it beautifully!*



THIRTY DESSERTS FOR APRIL

Recipes for the Unusual Sweet Courses in Our Monthly Menu Chart.

By MARGARET E. READ



STORY books with unhappy endings may be fashionable at present, but similar meals are neither fashionable nor nutritious; for an attractive dessert adds much to one's physical comfort and mental peace. To be attractive desserts are not necessarily expensive. There are a great number of delectable desserts which may be prepared very economically and the ingenious housewife may find delightful ways of using left-overs. But an essential factor of pleasing desserts is variety. Never plan to have the same food the same day each week, nor to serve the same desserts

too often. There are many new ways to serve old standbys, and there are innumerable intriguing touches which add to an attractive dessert and satisfy the inner man.

Cheesecake Pie

Make curds in the usual way from sour milk. To one well beaten egg add one-half cupful sugar, pinch of salt, one cupful of curds, one cupful of milk and one cupful of currants. Line a pie plate with paste and pour in the mixture. Bake in a quick oven at first, then reduce the heat.



Exit the Drudge Enter the FAIRY beautiful

WITH more leisure to do the things she loves best, the modern woman is paying much attention to the surroundings of her Kitchen; making them more colorful, more cheery and bright. Drudgery has been banished, the Fairy Beautiful is having her way.

Moffats new models are now built to fit in to the new scheme of things. They have beauty of line and color, in addition to their traditional qualities of construction, efficiency and economy.

Moffats Ranges were the first in Canada to be Electra Porcelain Enamelled in such colors as Nile Blue, French Grey, Oriental Green, Yellow, Buff and Tyrian Rose.



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Everybody Delights In Its Beauty

THE Sani-Bilt suite illustrated above is covered in a rich blue frieze bearing a conventional design in warm tones of color, in combination with plain, blue, English mohair arms. The wood showing is solid walnut, enriched by hand carving. The whole effect is at once comfortable, stylish and artistic. But you may have the same design in any of various color schemes to suit your own living room.

A Chesterfield suite like this represents an investment too large to lose through moths. Therefore take no chances, choose Sani-Bilt.

There is no risk in buying Sani-Bilt Furniture. You are completely protected. You are not asked to take anybody's unsupported word. You get a written contract that guarantees a new suite in case of moth trouble.

Sani-Bilt Chesterfield Suites may be seen at the leading furniture stores. If you would care to see samples of covering fabrics in this particular design, we will be pleased to send you cuttings. Just fill in the coupon below and mail it to us.

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SANI-BILT
LIVING ROOM FURNITURE
Guaranteed Moth Proof

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Please send me samples of covering fabrics for suite number 5816

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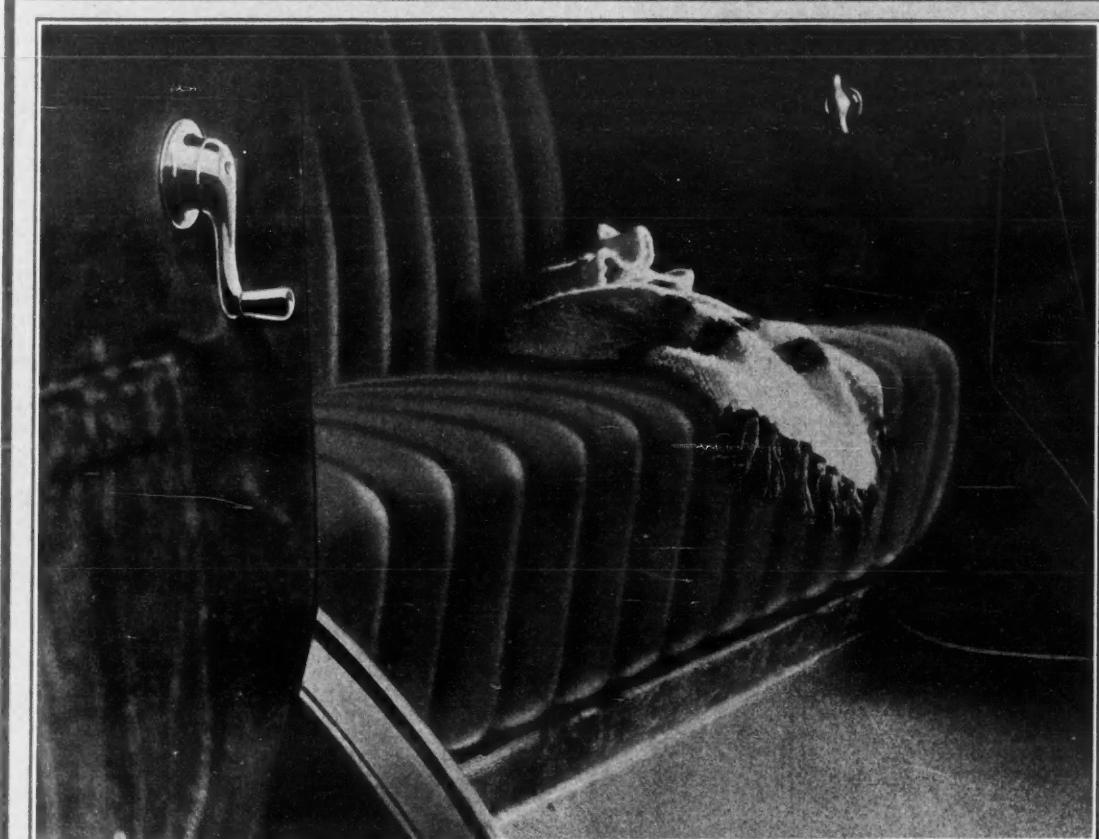
Plain Mohair
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The Interior of Your Car

THE interior appointments of your car are enhanced with enduring luxurious beauty that will outlast the life of the car itself when done in Oriental Plush.

The soft velvety sheen of its rich deep pile while maintaining its glowing beauty through years of usage offers certain utilitarian features that further recommend it to fastidious people.

Dust will not remain on its surface but sinks beneath the pile so that the daintiest of frocks or flannels may be worn in carefree enjoyment. It is the most easily cleaned of all upholstering fabrics either by brushing or vacuum.

Its pile surface has the further advantage that it prevents

sliding when the car is in motion—an exclusive feature of riding comfort that lacking all others of its outstanding advantages would make plush the most used car upholstery.

More Oriental Plush is used in closed cars in Canada than any other material. In the Buick, Chrysler, Studebaker, Oakland, Oldsmobile, Durant, Pontiac, Chevrolet, Star motor cars you may specify Oriental Plush upholstery without extra charge.

To demand Oriental Plush Upholstery when purchasing your next car will ensure to you the utmost in interior luxury, comfort, and enduring good looks with a higher resale value when finally turned in.

*The Super Quality
Automobile Upholstery*

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*It Will Outwear
the Life of the Car*

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No. 816 Chair

This model of an Old English upholstered Chair—soft and luxurious—embodies all that makes for comfort and individuality. It is one of the many distinctive pieces from our line of fine furniture for Library, Living-Room and Hall.

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Changing Things Around

Re-arrange the furniture and rugs—freshen up the rooms with different drapes—change the entire color scheme every once in a while. Wouldn't home be like a prison to a woman who couldn't change things around?

How often floor coverings by sheer force of color or design, render these desirable changes very, very difficult—sometimes impossible!

But with Seaman-Kent hardwood—how charmingly the floor harmonizes with all changes—all floor schemes!

To every room it brings restful charm, quiet dignity—unobtrusive beauty.

What better background could you have for all schemes of home decoration than "S-K" hardwood floors?

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR SEAMAN-KENT HARDWOOD FLOORING.

SEAMAN-KENT HARDWOOD FLOORING

Coffee Float

Tie four tablespoonfuls ground coffee loosely in a cheesecloth bag, put it in a saucepan and pour over it three cupfuls of milk. Scald for twenty minutes and then remove the bag of coffee. Mix together one-half cupful sugar, pinch of salt and one tablespoonful flour, add two well beaten egg yolks, and gradually stir in the hot milk flavored with coffee. Cook the mixture in a double boiler until thick, stirring occasionally. Beat the two egg whites stiff and fold in one and one-half tablespoonfuls very fine sugar. When the egg mixture is cooked turn it into an attractive serving bowl, and place the meringue by spoonfuls on top. Serve either hot or cold.

Ambrosia

Clean and stone two cupfuls of dates, and cut them in small pieces. To them add one cupful chopped walnuts and pour over the juice of one lemon. Set aside to chill thoroughly and serve in sherbet glasses with whipped cream, topped with a cherry or strawberry.

Lafayette Pie

Bake a sponge cake mixture in one round pan. When cooked split in two and spread raspberry jam between. Sprinkle very fine fruit or confectioner's sugar over the top. Serve either hot or cold, cut in pie-shaped pieces.

Fruit Salad

Arrange slices of orange on a nest of crisp, white lettuce leaves. Using either fresh or canned pineapple mix together shredded pineapple, chopped blanched almonds, and fold into whipped cream. Put a generous spoonful of this mixture on each orange slice and serve very cold.

Greengage Sherbet

Stone greengage plums and press the pulp through a sieve. Then add the plum syrup to the pulp and sweeten to taste with granulated sugar. Measure the amount of plum juice and add an equal quantity of hot water. Stir until the sugar is all dissolved, cool and freeze.

Prune Belly

The following ingredients: two cupfuls of cooked, sweetened and stoned prunes, one cupful of stale bread crumbs, one-half cupful of prune juice, grated orange rind, juice of two oranges and one tablespoonful of butter are combined as follows: sprinkle a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom of a greased baking dish, cover with a layer of prunes and grated orange rind, and a dash of cinnamon. Repeat these layers until all materials have been used, leaving a layer of bread crumbs on top. Dot with bits of butter and pour prune and orange juices over all. Bake in a moderate oven twenty to thirty minutes. Serve hot with cream.

Peach Dulce

Put whipped cream in the bottom of sherbet cups, and place a half peach in each cup. Mix together chopped blanched almonds, cocoanut and chopped maraschino cherries; add almond flavoring. With this mixture fill the hollows of the peaches, top with a spoonful of whipped cream, and serve very cold.

Steamed Chocolate Pudding

Cream together one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter and one-third cupful of brown sugar, and add one egg, well beaten. Sift together one cupful flour, pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and two tablespoonfuls of cocoa. Add these dry ingredients alternately with one-half cupful of milk to the first mixture. Turn into a greased mould and steam two hours, or twenty minutes if individual moulds are used. Serve hot with hard sauce.

Ginger Cream

Soak one tablespoonful gelatine in one-quarter cupful of cold water. Make a boiled custard by combining two egg yolks, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, pinch of salt and one cupful of milk in the usual way. Cut in small pieces one-half cupful of Canton ginger. Then add the hot custard to the soaked gelatine and stir until the latter is dissolved. Strain, add three tablespoonfuls of ginger syrup and the chopped ginger. Set aside to cool and when it begins to thicken, fold in the beaten whites of two eggs and the whip from two and one-half cupfuls of thick cream. Turn into a moistened mould and serve very cold.

Ice Cream Sandwich

For each serving cut two pieces of sponge cake the exact size and shape of a slice of ice cream, and place the ice cream between the two pieces of cake. Serve with hot caramel or chocolate sauce.

Ambrosia

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Fruit Salad

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Cream of Wheat Pudding

To two cupfuls of uncooked cream of wheat add one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt, four cupfuls scalded milk, one-half cupful molasses, one and one-half tablespoonfuls melted butter and one cupful of raisins. Stir all together, and bake one hour in a slow oven. Serve hot with cream.

Maple Parfait

Beat four eggs slightly and slowly pour into them one cupful of hot maple syrup. Cook in a double boiler stirring constantly until thick. Then remove from the fire and when cool add the whip from two cupfuls of thick cream. Turn into a mould and cover tightly. Pack in ice and salt and let stand three to four hours.

Feather Pudding

To one well-beaten egg gradually add one-half cupful sugar, one-half cupful molasses and two-thirds of a cupful sour milk. Sift together two cupfuls flour, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful ginger, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon and one teaspoonful nutmeg. Add the dry mixture to the liquid ingredients, and lastly add one tablespoonful melted butter. Steam two hours, or twenty minutes if individual pudding moulds are used. Serve hot with lemon sauce.

Angel's Delight

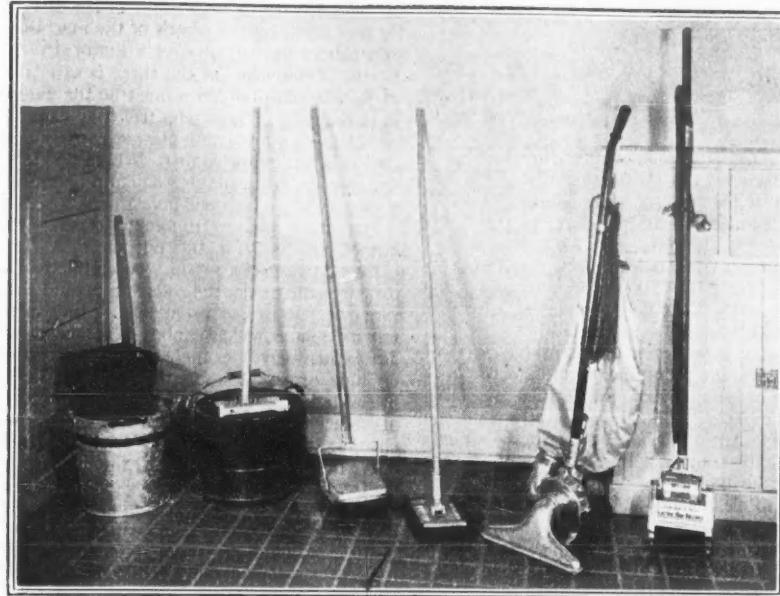
Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, gradually fold in one-quarter cupful of sugar and one cupful of apricot pulp, which has been forced through a sieve, and to which two tablespoonfuls lemon juice and one-half cupful chopped, blanched almonds have been added. Serve cold in sherbet glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

Orange Bread Pudding

Soak one cupful stale bread crumbs in one cupful of milk until soft. Then add one-half cupful of granulated sugar, pinch of salt, two well beaten eggs, the grated rind of two oranges and the juice of three. Bake one-half hour in a moderate oven and serve hot with cream.

Chocolate Charlotte

Soak one tablespoonful gelatine in one-quarter cupful cold water, then dissolve it by holding the container over boiling water. Beat one cupful cream until thick, then fold into it one-half cupful sifted powdered sugar, three tablespoonfuls sifted cocoa, one-half teaspoonful vanilla and the dissolved gelatine. Line a serving dish with lady fingers and pour the chocolate mixture in the centre. Sprinkle the top with chopped walnut meats. Beat one-half cupful cream until stiff and spread over the top. Allow it to stand in a cool place before serving.



From left to right, two types of mop wringer, one operated by hand the other by foot; weighted brush and floor waxes; vacuum cleaner and electric floor polisher.

TOOLS for the SPRING OFFENSIVE

Housecleaning need not be a bugbear with equipment at hand.

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

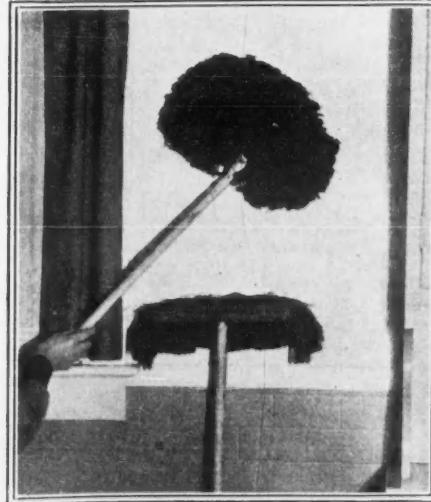
HOUSECLEANING is much less complicated to-day, than it was a generation ago, when every good housekeeper considered it her duty to turn the whole house upside down regardless of how much discomfort the family suffered. The credit for this can be given to better methods and to more efficient tools. Year after year, manufacturers have put on the market improved equipment at reasonable prices until, at the present time, there is a well-made device for practically every type of cleaning. Not only are the new household "helps" easy to use, but they do the work rapidly which is an important consideration in this maid-less era.

Years ago, walls were brushed down with a corn broom covered with a duster, but nowadays this job is done with a brush specially designed for dislodging dust and soot from the farthest corner of the room. Owing to its long handle there is no need to stand on a rickety step-ladder or a shaky chair which requires moving to a new location every few minutes. On the market there are three types of wall-brushes—one of animal bristles, one of lamb's wool and another of cotton "strings" like a floor mop—so it is an easy matter to find something satisfactory. Good results can be obtained if light, even strokes are used, but, of course, any wall-brush will make the surface streaky if it is not washed regularly. In addition to removing loose dirt, soot and

cobwebs from paper or paint, a wall-brush is very handy for dusting high mouldings and ledges.

Another tool that is invaluable at house-cleaning time is a dusting mop or "handle duster." Quite like a small floor mop, it covers a large area quickly and holds dust on its fluffy strings until shaken out of doors. What a contrast to a feather duster which flicked dirt from one thing to another! A handle duster is specially designed for cleaning the tops, backs and sides of book cases, chiffoniers, bureaux, pianos, sewing machines, gramophones, the legs and tops of tables and chairs, as well as banisters, wainscoting, paneling bedsteads and springs. It does the work well and much more rapidly than is possible with an ordinary duster. For windsor chairs and others with spokes or spindles, a split duster can be secured.

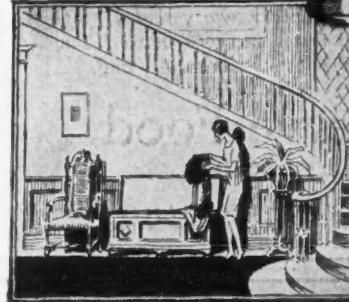
It is a real pleasure to use a push-broom on bare floors, as it slips along quickly bringing with it all the fine dust. Until recently a brush of this kind was constructed solely of animal bristles, but in the newest types a certain amount of vegetable fibre is added to increase the life of the broom. Bristles held firmly in a steel "back" are more likely to give good service than those glued in wood. An excellent feature is the open back which simplifies the work of keeping the bristles free from lint and fluff. In the best makes the steel parts are



Two types of wall brush; both are long-handled and may be used as floor mops as well.

A Hall Seat that is a beautiful RED SEAL CEDAR CHEST

THE Chest illustrated here is a wonderful reproduction of an old Credenza, typical of furniture made in Italy in the 17th century.



A beautiful piece of Furniture, a seat at the hall telephone, a sanctuary for valuable wearing apparel—you find a very happy combination of decorative beauty, utility and protection in Red Seal Cedar Chests.

RED SEAL CEDAR CHESTS reflect the good taste and judgment of the lady of the house. The designs, whether modern or period, are authentic, and fit in with the household furniture in Dining Room, Living Room, Bed Room and Hall.

Constructed of the finest Red Cedar Heartwood, built by craftsmen, finished in a manner beyond compare. Red Seal Cedar Chests are the ultimate in refinement.

Ask to see the "Red Seal" Chests. Dealers in nearly every city and town in Canada have them in stock. You can identify them by the name and trade mark on the inside of the lid. It will not pay you to accept substitutes.

The Honderich Furniture Company, Limited
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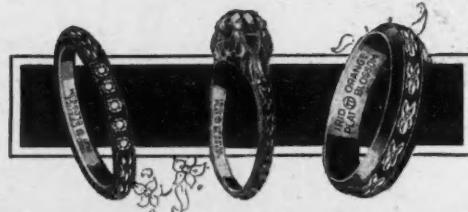
RED SEAL CEDAR CHESTS

A good day begins with a cup of good coffee—

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**TRAUB Genuine
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Engagement and Wedding Rings**

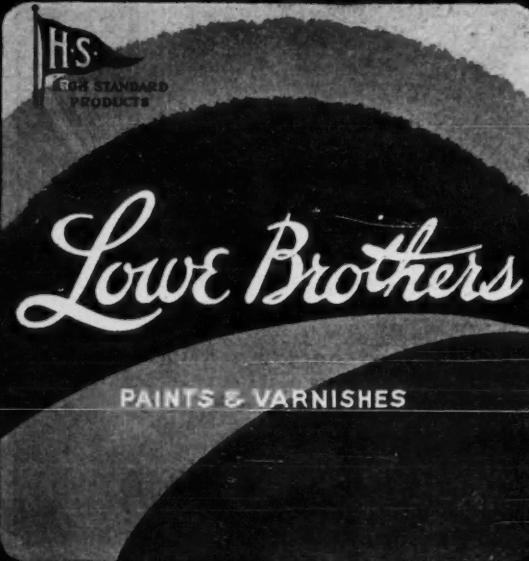
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A NAME

... also a trademark ... denoting excellence . . . dependability . . . and economy in the PAINT . . . VARNISH . . . ENAMEL and LACQUER PRODUCTS it distinguishes. Remember the name when next you wish to tastefully and serviceably add to the charm of your home with PAINT, VARNISH or LACQUER.

Decorative suggestions gladly submitted free on request.

The **Lowe Brothers** Company Limited

WINNIPEG CALGARY TORONTO MONTREAL HALIFAX

Peanut Graham Wafers

Mix together two tablespoonsfuls flour, one-quarter cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt. Add one cupful of milk to one beaten egg, and combine with the dry ingredients. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly. Add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half cupful chopped peanuts. Spread generously on a graham wafer. Cover with a second wafer, and top the whole thing with whipped cream.

Mock Praline Ice Cream

Caramelize two-thirds of a cupful of sugar and add slowly to two cupfuls scalded cream. When the caramelized sugar is all dissolved add a pinch of salt and two-thirds of a cupful of granulated sugar, and stir until the sugar is again dissolved. Then cool, add one cupful of cold cream and freeze to a mush. Open the freezer and add one cupful of grapenuts, and continue freezing.

Blueberry Shortcake

Sift together two cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonsfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Cut in one-third of a cupful of butter and gradually add enough milk to make a dough. Toss on a floured board and roll or pat into shape. Bake in a hot oven twelve to fifteen minutes. Split and spread with butter. Drain the juice from one quart of preserved blueberries. Put two-thirds of the berries on the lower crust of the shortcake and the remaining third on the top crust. Cover with whipped cream and serve as soon as possible.

Neapolitan Loaf

Soak one and one-half tablespoonsful gelatine in one-half cupful cold water. Dissolve one cupful sugar in one cupful boiling water, then add the hot liquid to the gelatine. When the gelatine is thoroughly dissolved divide the liquid into three equal parts. To one part add a few drops of almond flavoring only. To a second part add one teaspoonful cocoa and a few drops of vanilla, stirring carefully until the cocoa is all dissolved. To the third part add a few drops of strawberry flavoring and one drop pink coloring matter. Set one at a time aside to cool. Arrange three egg whites in three separate dishes. When one gelatine begins to congeal beat one egg white stiff and fold it into the gelatine, continuing beating until the mixture is stiff enough to hold its shape. Then turn into a brick or mould which has been lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar. Spread a few chopped nuts on top. When the second gelatine begins to congeal proceed in the same way, pouring the second layer on top of the first and sprinkling with nuts. Similarly proceed with the third mixture, and set aside in a cool place to harden. Serve very cold with whipped cream.

Improved Rhubarb Pie

Wash rhubarb stalks and cut in one-half inch pieces, but do not remove the skins unless the rhubarb is old and tough. For two cupfuls of rhubarb mix together one cupful of sugar, two tablespoonsfuls of flour and one egg. Spread this mixture over the lower crust and cover with rhubarb. Add the top crust and bake in a moderate oven.

Fruit Bavarie

Soak one tablespoonful gelatine in one-quarter cupful of cold water. Mix together one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful lemon juice, one-half cupful boiling water, one-quarter teaspoonful nutmeg, and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add one-half cupful orange pulp, broken in small pieces and one half-cupful chopped figs. Pour the hot mixture over the gelatine and heat slightly until it is dissolved. Then set away to cool,

and as soon as it begins to congeal add the whip from one cupful of thick cream, and continue beating until firm enough to hold

Porcupines

For this dessert use large pears which have been canned in halves. Place them in a serving dish with the round side up. Stick the surface with shelled pistachio nuts to represent a porcupine, and serve with chocolate sauce.

Cherry Comarques Pudding

To three well beaten egg yolks add gradually one cupful of sugar. Sift together two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonsfuls baking powder and one-quarter teaspoonsful salt; add this mixture alternately with one cupful of milk to the egg yolks and sugar. Lastly fold in three egg whites beaten stiff. Bake in four small pans, in a slow oven at first, later increasing the heat. When cooked, turn out and spread quince preserves on the first layer, cherry jam on the second, quince preserves on the third and cherry jam on top. Cover with whipped cream, and dot it with maraschino cherries or cherry jam.

Maple Blossoms

Boil together one pound maple sugar and one-half cupful water until a firm ball is formed when tested in cold water, then pour it slowly into the beaten whites of two eggs, and continue beating. As the mixture begins to stiffen add one cupful chopped walnuts, one cupful chopped mixed peel and one-half cupful chopped figs. When stiff enough to hold its shape drop by spoonfuls on plain cookies. Set aside to harden slightly before serving.

Upside Down Cake

Melt two tablespoonsfuls butter in a cake pan. Sprinkle one cupful of brown sugar over the bottom of the pan and on top of the sugar pour one can crushed pineapple, well drained. Pour over the fruit any light cake batter containing chopped nuts, and bake in a moderate oven about forty-five minutes. When baked turn out on a serving dish, upside down. Spread whipped cream over the top and garnish with maraschino cherries and very finely chopped nuts.

Chocolate Matzos Torte

Gradually add one-half cupful sugar to four well-beaten egg yolks, and to this add four squares of grated chocolate, one-half cupful raisins, one-half cupful chopped blanched almonds, one-quarter cupful grape juice or blueberry juice and the juice of one orange. Sift matzos meal, and add enough to make a batter. Lastly fold in four stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a moderate oven and serve with cream.

London Sherbet

Mix together two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of water, one and one-quarter cupfuls orange juice, one-half cupful lemon juice, one-half cupful strawberry or peach juice, one cupful of raisins and one-quarter teaspoonful nutmeg. Heat until the sugar is all dissolved, then set aside to cool. Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff and fold into the cooled liquid. Freeze.

Angel Pie

Beat the yolks of six eggs until light and frothy (using three from the previous day's pudding), add gradually one cupful of sugar, and beat again. Stir in the juice of one and one-half lemons and cook over hot water until the mixture thickens. Cool slightly, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs. Turn into a baked pie shell, made from flaky pastry. Cool, and then cover with whipped cream before serving.

available, with the exception of golf. The study of folk and aesthetic dancing is another form of combining pleasure with exercise which might appeal to many, and for the business woman, too, there is profit and culture in voice-training or elocution. The study of music in all its forms is open to her.

Pets, too, must have a place in the life of the business girl, for the apartment, no matter how comfortable it is, lacks much if there is no living companionship within its walls. Dogs, of course, are out of the question unless in an ultra modern apartment house where special provision is made for pets. Cats are not quite so hard to manage, but the bird, whether it be parrot, canary, or parakeet will give a voice to welcome at night. The breeding and training of song birds and the fun of watching them fly about in their hours of freedom after the narrow confines of their cages is a true relaxation

and normalizing influence for many a business girl.

Plants call for the same nurturing instincts and the producing of many pots of hyacinths, tulips and daffodils may be carried on in the small apartment or room, which is made gay with their color and sweet with their fragrance.

These are merely a few suggestions. There are scores of occupations not even hinted at which you might treat as merely interesting and absorbing hobbies, facts pertaining to which you could spend free time collecting. They may be just simple escapes from *ennui* or they may be the nuclei of specialty work which might place you at the peak of a chosen profession.

Niches have been carved by the force of unusual knowledge before, and they can be again, if your leisure is made to spell progress instead of mental immobility and physical inertia—if, in other words, you make up your mind to lead a double life!



Far-Away Fields Look Green

Continued from page 23

brother of the Order of the Great Bear. Where is your Den, brother?"

"Utipoor, Sask. I am at present Keeper of the Inner Cave."

"And I have been Grand Bazoo of my Den for the past year."

And they emitted the deep growls which are the passwords of the ancient and brotherly Order of the Great Bear. All of which was quite true, for Mr. Sparkle belonged to a perfect Noah's Ark of animal orders.

"And now what do I owe you for this gasoline?" inquired Mr. Sparkle, again moving his hand in the direction of his pocket.

"Owe me! And you a Great Bear? You owe me nothing but your good will."

"Oh, come now, brother—"

"It's for the kids, if you won't take it for yourself."

Myrtle, from her high place, watched the ending of the friendly argument. As usual, pa's hand came out of his pocket empty, and the friendly limousine drove away.

"You goin' to sit up there all day?"

Myrtle came down and took her place in the car which rattled off right merrily. You had to hand it to pa. But just the same she didn't like it, and she wasn't going to tell him how smart he was.

SOMETIMES it was an inmate of the Den of the Great Bear, or a runner in the Pack of the Curly Wolf, or any one of a dozen other fraternal quadrupeds; Pa's bluff was never called. The flivver rolled through Banff, past Windermere, across the border into Idaho, on donations of gasoline, lubricant and spare parts. Mr. Sparkle certainly knew his tourists. Always he stopped the prosperous family man in the big car, with the sporting-catalogue outfit, avoiding alike the humble flivver of the poor, the ponderous limousine of the rich and the neat and compact outfit of the wise guy. As for food, a little money went a long way, if you knew how. The women of the camp were always giving hand-outs to the kids. Willie and Mary and little Jean knew how to make such good friends of their little playmates that they could not bear to be separated, even at mealtimes. And verily the woods were swarming with lodges—

brothers, kindly men on vacation, who would see to it that a man, and a brother, would not have his holiday spoiled by such a small mishap as forgetting to fill the gas tank.

The brother-in-law in Oregon was friendly, the sister was motherly enough to welcome the brood of young Sparkles into her busy life. The children and their mother flourished on the healthy air and wholesome food. Mr. Sparkle found several lodge-brothers who tendered him bounteous hospitality. His brother-in-law led him about the prosperous farm, listened deferentially to his guest's advice and criticism.

Sparkle was full of gratitude. He expiated by the hour on the hospitality of the Oregonians, in contrast to the hard hearts he had left behind. He promised to do anything in his power to repay them. His relatives listened with approval to his schemes for getting on in the world; waited, at first patiently, then in pained surprise, for these schemes to bear fruit in action.

The days rolled into weeks, the weeks into a month, before the blow fell. Nine visitors in the midst of haying might well perturb the busy farmwife, even for a day. What of a month? Besides, Mr. Sparkle's sister had certain memories of her brother in bygone days. At any rate, it was she who prompted her more kindly husband to the decisive step.

Came the day, when on a hot sultry morning, the brother-in-law confronted Mr. Sparkle with a pitchfork.

"What's this?"

"For you."

"I wouldn't know one end of it from another," laughed Mr. Sparkle. "I was just about to remark that it's a fine day for your haying."

The brother-in-law regarded the sky anxiously.

"Rain before night. Twenty acres of timothy down. And the hired man quit this morning. I was thinking, Sparkle, that you'd maybe help us out."

"Why, I'd be glad to, but there's a new Lodge of the Great Bear started in town, and the brothers wanted me to give them a hand with the ritual to-day—aren't you interested in lodge work?"

"I haven't time to join lodges. You were

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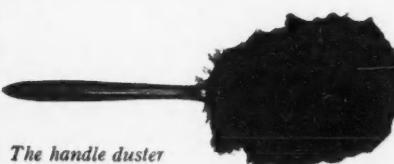
CLEANS
SCOURS
POLISHES



The short-handled stove brush.

prevented from knocking furniture and baseboards by a strip of rubber. It is impossible to speak of the push-broom without mentioning its companion the long-handled dustpan which saves a great deal of bending. Various kinds can be found on the market but the most efficient type closes when lifted and prevents the dust from escaping.

A dry mop is an indispensable part of the cleaning equipment and fortunately there are so many shapes and sizes available that every woman can get exactly what she wants. Any good hardware store sells mops that are round, pointed, oval, oblong or flat, the best being designed to fit corners and to clean under low pieces of furniture. The adjustable and swivel handles are a great convenience. Some mops are chemically treated and others are not. The advantage of the former is that they pick up dirt and hold it better than the latter. The mop head should be made of strong, well-twisted strings that are light and fluffy without tending to mat. Very often the strings can be removed for washing. Beside being an ideal tool for keeping bare floors in good condition, the dry mop is useful for dusting baseboards.



The handle duster for furniture.

During housecleaning, a wet mop is certain to be required. There are good self-wringers on the market, so the hands need not come in contact with the water. For use with an ordinary mop, a wringer that fits on the side of the pail can be secured. This type has a hand lever which presses out the surplus water. Another kind wrings by means of rollers operated by foot. The main thing in buying a device of this nature is to make sure that it does not permit splashing. Long-handled scrubbing brushes with bristles of tough vegetable fibres are excellent for basement or garage floors or for any other rough wet work.

The task of waxing and polishing linoleum and hardwood floors has been greatly simplified by mechanical devices. A delightful thing to operate is the new electric polisher which needs only to be systematically guided across the floor and the rest is done by a revolving brush. It is so light and easy to handle that a child can operate it.

The many Canadians who have no electric power at hand will find that a weighted brush is a handy tool for producing a beautiful finish. Still less expensive is the device which applies the wax and polishes the surface as well.

The value of the vacuum cleaner is now an established fact, but like a sewing-machine, it requires knowledge of its special parts for full service. Attachments of various kinds are made for cleaning upholstered furniture, mattresses, pillows, hangings and other things requiring special attention at housecleaning time. Some vacuum cleaners remove dirt by suction

alone, some by suction and a brush driven by friction or by the wheels of the machine, and others by suction and a motor-driven brush. As any one of the three is satisfactory, personal preference must be the guide in purchasing. Those who feel they cannot afford to own a vacuum cleaner can always rent one for housecleaning. Where no electric power is available, a hand-operated vacuum cleaner is a good investment.

Radiators are no trouble to clean with a tool designed for the purpose. A flat brush with bristles set in wood, effectively dislodges dust from the coils and behind the radiator. It is also useful for getting into narrow places which cannot be reached in any other way. Some people prefer the circular brush with bristles securely held in twisted wire, but that is mainly a matter of choice. A stair brush is designed for cleaning the corners of each "tread," and also can be used for removing the dust from shutters, window sills and awkward places behind pipes. Window cleaning is a bugbear to some people but with a rubber "squeegee" like professional cleaners use, the work is considerably reduced. A large chamois dipped in hot ammonia water is less expensive and equally effective.

ARMED with the tools of the right sort, much of the drudgery of housecleaning seems to vanish and what is left is simplified. While it is foolish to commence the spring offensive too early, there are a great many jobs which can be done gradually, thus relieving the strain later on. It is good generalship to make plans on paper so that nothing will be omitted. Start operations with a repair day on which loose door handles, torn blinds, missing knobs, leaky taps and other things can be "fixed." On another day inspect the attic, sorting out clothes and belongings that can be given to the needy or sold to the rag man. Set aside a time for giving all the clothes closets a thorough overhauling and then "turn out" chests of drawers and bureaux, wiping drawers and shelves with hot water and gasoline against moths. Next, tackle the linen closet, the machine drawers, the piecebag and the desks and on some stormy days wash the ornaments, polish the metals and mend anything that is broken. For cleaning the bookcases, however, choose good weather so that the books may be taken outside for dusting.

With this work out of the way, the actual cleaning of the rooms can be done much more quickly. While every woman likes to work out a system of her own, we have proved the sound method in the order of procedure as listed below:

1. Take down the curtains and portieres and shake them outside.
2. Go over the rugs and mats carefully with the vacuum cleaner and then use the special attachment for the upholstered furniture. (Cover everything with dust sheets, placing ornaments, pictures and silver underneath).
3. Take the blinds from their brackets and dust both sides.
4. Go over the walls with a long-handled brush, and at the same time dislodge the dust from high ledges and mouldings.
5. Use the handle duster for the wood-work and trim and clean the radiators with a tool designed for the purpose.
6. Sweep the floor with a push-broom and finish with a dry mop. Wash the windows and then wax the floor. As soon as all the cleaning and polishing is finished, restore the room to its former tranquility.

Every Woman Should Lead a Double Life!

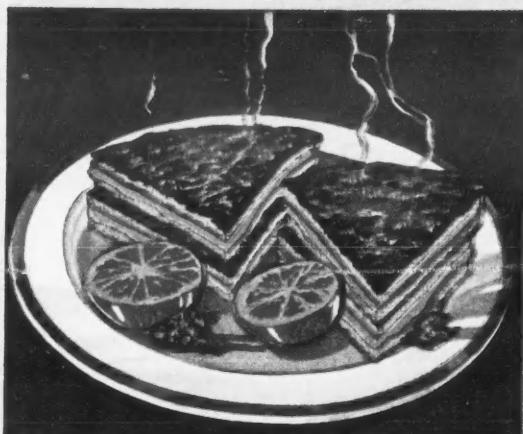
Continued from page 4

woman's evening hours, for the brain cannot function continually unless the bodily strength be sufficient to support the strain. That is why, even though she may not consider it as progressive or productive of tangible results, that the business woman must have a definite amount of exercise. Walking is splendid—if one walks for exercise and does it regularly, but golf, tennis, badminton, bowling and swimming would put a new zest into the woman or girl

who toils all day at a desk or behind a counter, or whose work, no matter what it is, confines her to one building for the entire working day.

Heavy expense? Not necessarily. There are civic golf courses. Churches and playgrounds have tennis and badminton courts. The "Y"s have swimming pools, as have some of the W.C.T.U. buildings. There are church clubs and community centres where all these forms of sport and exercise are

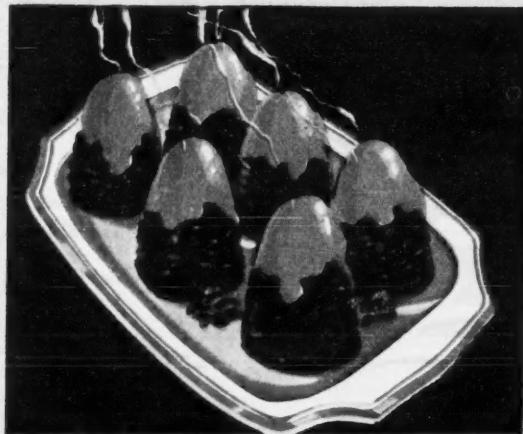
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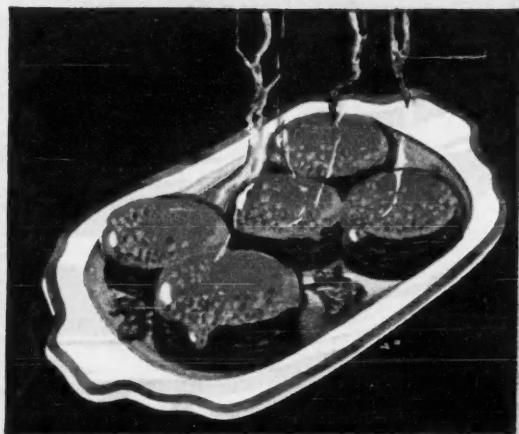
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telling me yesterday, Sparkle, just how to cock hay to keep the rain out. I'd be all-fired glad if you'd come to the field and demonstrate."

"Really, brother-in-law, I'm not a farmer. I have no idea of taking up land in Oregon. The brethren in town are looking out for me; something will turn up soon that will be worth my while—"

"See here," said the worried farmer, his hospitality breaking under stress. "You get to work, or move on. I don't mind feeding your wife and kids, but you might have the decency to do a little to help us in return. I've got to save that hay."

Mr. Sparkle, as he told Mrs. Sparkle later when relating the circumstances to her, almost lost consciousness. No one had ever spoken to him before in such terms. Of course there was only one thing for a man and a lodge-brother to do—he would move on. Indeed, he had lately been thinking that Oregon had few opportunities to offer to a man of his wide experience. He had heard, too, that the climate was damp in winter. It might not agree with his lumbago. He felt that a warmer air would be more congenial. What about California?

California—he expatiated to his family on its wonders. The hills, the azure sea, the eternal summer! Oranges hanging golden, Willie, along the roadsides. This is the place where movies are made, Myrtle, The land of opportunity for the poor man, the paradise of children. Truly always there had been this idea of California in the back of his head. As for the people in Oregon—he should have known, after his experiences in Richvale.

To this tune the flivver plodded towards the western ocean, reached Portland, turned into that wide current of automobile traffic that sweeps unceasingly from Vancouver to Mexico. Here he sailed in alien waters. The little store of food, the ten dollar bill that his sister had slipped into Myrtle's hand at parting, were exhausted. Mr. Sparkle pulled the old game out of its box, and set it going.

But unhappily the first man he accosted, ducked his head, and stepped on the gas. Mr. Sparkle was astonished. He had picked him carefully. He had all the ear-marks of the prosperous, charitable citizen. He tried the next, and the driver raised the ante to sixty miles per hour. A third and fourth attempt were unsuccessful. Mr. Sparkle desperately placed himself in the path of the fifth determined to hold his ground. He had to jump for his life, to the sound of language that he hoped his innocent children would not understand.

The bewildered man sat down on the running-board, and closed his eyes in despair. He opened them with a start on a red-faced traffic policeman on a motorcycle.

"What's the idea, parking along here?"

"I'm out of gas," wailed Sparkle.

The officer inspected the gas tank.

"You've got enough to take you half a mile to the next filling station. Keep moving."

"I tried to stop every car to get help," moaned Mr. Sparkle. "I've never failed to get help from a fellow motorist."

"Oh—that," grinned the policeman. "A couple of the boys have been stopping tourists along here for gas, and then taking their money at the same time. Fact is—you were reported to me. Better watch your gas-tank, friend, and keep out of trouble."

GRIM camp officials, made uncharitable by automobile tramps who make camp late, use fuel and water, and depart before dawn, confronted a man before the tent-poles were up, demanding currency. Hostile farmers, smarting from ravished orchards and depleted hen-roosts, shooed him out of pastures and woodlands. They were stopped in towns by sharp-eyed health officials who looked down their throats and asked questions about their ancestry. Ethelberta was hidden under a blanket at the bottom of the car, and the young Sparkles sat upon her so that she had no breath left to yelp and betray herself to doom. An unfriendly country! Even the stout-hearted Myrtle was appalled, and begged him to turn back.

"I wish we was back in Richvale. If folks give us anything there they didn't throw it at us; and they didn't think us thieves because we're poor. Do turn back, pa."

But Mr. Sparkle only gripped the wheel more firmly. "We're going to California, my girl."

They might never have made it, but for the charity of that great army of merry pilgrims who travel the summer roads in cheap automobiles. When camp-owners were obdurate, the flivver gang could be counted on to chip in, and help them on their way. The fact that a thousand dead-beats preyed on their charity in no way disheartened them. A man with seven kids, they said, always had something coming to him.

Nevertheless, on the day they rolled into the great auto camp at Los Angeles, Mr. Sparkle was a disillusioned man. The flivver tottered on its worn axles, his family were ragged and hungry. A week, and California joined Oregon and Alberta in the category of unfriendly communities. Alberta—perhaps the magic of distance now made green those far-away fields, and Mr. Sparkle, like other disillusioned souls, began to think more kindly of his first love. Almost he would have worked, but jobs could not be found. A thousand foot-loose men had been before him; a thousand would come after him. And the kindly Californians, their pockets depleted by giving, were beginning to look with more critical eye on each new addition to their pension list. He got a few hours of back-breaking work with a gang mending the camp roads, and Myrtle earned a good many dimes by helping more prosperous mothers in the camp. As for Mrs. Sparkle, she sat in the shadiest spot and nursed her infant. Twenty years of such uncertainties had made her lose confidence in anything. Things came and things went, and you were left sitting there.

So Mr. Sparkle sat beneath a pepper tree one hot morning. A change of heart is a painful affair, and Mr. Sparkle was suffering its pangs. Myrtle, his wise first-born, knew it, and rubbed salt into the wound. Sometimes one must be cruel to be kind.

"Ain't it a nice country?" Mr. Sparkle addressed the world at large. "Look at all the pretty flowers, and not a friendly face or a helpin' hand when a man is down and out. I'd give 'em all for the sight of a handful of growin' wheat, or a wild rose. Yes, even a good honest bunch of pigweed."

"Pigweed makes nice greens," suggested Myrtle, artfully, "and the pa'tridge will be gettin' good and fat, won't they, pa?"

Mr. Sparkle passed his tongue over his starved lips.

"And we won't get a taste of that side pork Mrs. Branscombe always gives us for Christmas."

Mr. Sparkle writhed.

"Do you s'pose, pa, the folks down here will give us a bid to their Thanksgiving Church supper, like they do at home?"

"They won't let us near the church."

"Oh, well, California's a pretty country, pa, and see all the people. New faces to look at every day—"

"And not one of them a man can say 'howdy' to, or beg the loan of a match. If you was to ask them for an old newspaper to light the fire they'd call the caretaker."

"Oh, well—they get stung so often."

It was too true. There were too many Sparkles haunting the auto camps. If little Mary or Jean ventured to make friends with more prosperous children, a voice would be raised immediately:

"Jul-ya, come away from that dirty little girl!"

Mr. Sparkle couldn't even win a dollar in the quoit matches, for here he had to compete with the champions of a thousand camps. So he slouched off home to the rotting tent, where his family panted in its thin shade, and poor Ethelberta, condemned to a muzzle and leash, dreamed feverishly of cool gallops after rabbits through the winter bush.

"Well, ain't dinner ready yet?" he inquired shortly of Myrtle.

"Sure," she replied, cheerfully. "the stewed cactus will be done in five minutes."

Continued on page 47

and we're havin' sand-tart for dessert." "I've a good notion to bo—" but poor Mr. Sparkle hadn't the heart to finish. He sat down beside his family and held his head in his hands. A hot, sand-chafed nose nudged him in sympathy. He remembered the poor hound, suffocating in her muzzle. He mercifully undid the strap, and her long jaws fell open, dripping frothy saliva. He took her leash and led her off to the watertrough.

He eyed with bitter glances alike the smoking mountains and the glittering sea. His mind was filled with vistas of cool prairie, where a man might shoot pa'tridge out of season, being a settler and a family man; of tremendous colds in winter, when one sat snug beside a stove stuffed with discarded railroad ties; of a table spread with dainties spared from more generous boards; of smoky pool-rooms where old friends shouted: "Have a game with me, Sparkie, and I'll put up the cigars—"

He sat down on the cement rim of the pool, and Ethelberta gulped gratefully. Mr. Sparkle scratched her lean head:

"You're a good friend, old girl. You never jaw."

Ethelberta erected her ears and turned her deerlike neck. Mr. Sparkle looked up and saw two strangers regarding him with interest.

He felt hurriedly in his pocket for the dog's muzzle. These might be camp police, very nasty about a dog with loose jaws. But a second glance gave him confidence. These were small, smooth men, with shrewd faces, attired in that pronounced fashion known as snappy. The hair rose on the back of Mr. Sparkle's neck. He had a hunch, and his hunches always touched him like that on the back of his neck. "Look out, Sparkie," they said. "Something's going to happen."

So he spoke in his friendly way to the two men, who advanced and offered cigarettes.

"Howdy, strangers."

"That your dog, friend?"

Mr. Sparkle inhaled the divine nectar of the tobacco, blew out a cloud through his nostrils, but his hands trembled.

"Yes, sir, that's my dog. Three year old. Raised her from a pup."

"Greyhound?"

"Naw," Mr. Sparkle spoke scornfully. "I ain't got any use for greyhounds. Delicate—no brains. This here is a thoroughbred Alberta coyote hound."

"Alberta—where's that?" said the gentleman in the blue checked suit.

"Up Canada-way," said the gentleman in the green check. "I've heard about that coyote running. Good sport. Will your dog chase a rabbit?"

"If she doesn't, she goes hungry," asserted Mr. Sparkle. "Rabbits are coyote hounds' meat. At home we never feed 'em, for a fat dog won't hunt, so they chase rabbits in the bush for their living. Sure Ethelberta 'll chase a rabbit."

The checkered gentlemen exchanged knowing glances.

"Were you considering selling the dog?"

Mr. Sparkle's hunch rose up and smote him hard between the shoulders. Not for nothing did his reading consist mainly of sporting sections. Hounds—rabbits—sporting gentlemen—he saw the light ahead, and trod delicately.

"Well—now, the dog's a good one, and I think a heap of her. And she's brought me in money—a lot of money."

At these strange words, Ethelberta cocked her ears and eyed her master quizzically.

"Easy to handle?" said the stranger, reaching out his hand.

"Raised with the kids," said Mr. Sparkle. Ethelberta sniffed at the stranger, but did not snap or growl. The hand rubbed her ears and slid down her neck. She grinned pleasantly at him, and wagged her tail.

"Perhaps," said the sporting gentleman, tending a cigar, "you and I might get down to business."

"State your case," said Mr. Sparkle, the world rosy about him.

"Ever do any dog racing?"

Mr. Sparkle considered. For a moment the idea flashed across his mind to claim Ethelberta as champion racing hound,

but he was not entirely a fool, so he said: "Never. I live up north and the great and noble sport of dog racin' hasn't reached us yet. But I can take oath on a stack of bibles that a coyote can outrun a rabbit, and that the dog can outrun the coyote. And she has to catch rabbits or go hungry. That's all, gentlemen."

"Listen, friend. Your dog may not be any good at all, but then she may be a find. I can't say till we've tried her out. She hasn't been trained, but she's kind and easy to handle. We're willing to take a chance. Will you take three hundred for her?"

Mr. Sparkle bit clean through his cigar and swallowed the butt. Then he choked so violently that the sporting gentlemen had to pound him on the back, in turn, for five minutes.

"You're crazy," said Mr. Sparkle, with his first natural breath.

"So's your old man," retorted the sporting gentlemen, and the game began.

Mr. Sparkle pointed out the years of care and training lavished on the dog; the affection in which he and his family held her; the expense of bringing her to California; the income he must relinquish if she were sold. In their turn the sporting gentlemen presented their arguments. The upshot was that at the end of a heated hour, Mr. Sparkle handed over Ethelberta's leash to the sporting gentlemen, and received in exchange five hundred dollars.

Mr. Sparkle sat on the cement rim and watched them depart, Ethelberta pacing at their heels. Occasionally she glanced back wistfully at him. He had five hundred dollars, and he could get him another dog. And he hadn't cheated those gentlemen, no, siree! He knew the tremendous stride of those iron-muscled legs and the brave heart of Ethelberta. And if she once saw a rabbit ahead of her, a lifetime of lean living had taught her one thing well, to get to that rabbit before the other dogs. But just the same, for five whole minutes he forgot the roll of bills in his fat hand. Ethelberta was a good dog, and she never jawed.

DR. BRANSCOMBE had removed his coat and knelt down to oil the lawnmower preparatory to cutting the grass, when he heard the wheeze of the flivver and looking up, beheld the Sparkle family in their midst once more. He did not appear much surprised; rather his face wore the calm and resigned expression of one who has always known.

"Well, well, well, look who's here. Back to Alberta again!"

"You couldn't keep me away, doc," cried Mr. Sparkle, shaking hands vigorously. "We've had a swell trip, and we're all better for it, but it's good to be home again."

"I gather," said the doctor, after he had greeted Mrs. Sparkle and the children, and sent them into the house to receive refreshment from Mrs. Branscombe, "that you did not find Oregon so salubrious a clime as you anticipated."

"To tell the truth, doc," Mr. Sparkle explained. "Oregon, and California, too, may have fine climates, but the people have not those generous open-handed qualities that we find in our own country. In fact, I don't mind letting an old friend like you know that there have been times when I've been—"

"Uh-huh," nodded the doctor. "I know—"

"In fact," continued Mr. Sparkle, "I will tell you confidentially that things are that way with me now."

"You look pretty prosperous," said the doctor, dubiously. He had noted that the flivver wherein the Sparkle family returned was not the flivver in which they had departed: that Mrs. Sparkle wore a blue silk dress and maintained, with difficulty, a large flower-embellished hat on her head; that the little Sparkles sparkled like miniature rainbows, though they lacked shoes; and that Mr. Sparkle was smoking a much better cigar than a mere medical practitioner could afford.

"To be sure, a man should know how to look out for himself," Mr. Sparkle explained. "I presume our old home still

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mitting the sheerest frock to be worn with undisturbed line. It is cut sufficiently full to permit freedom of movement, and comes in the enduringly lovely Lavender Line cloth.

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Dining
Room
Suite

The rich depth of the walnut color tone is emphasized by the Duco finish, hand-rubbed to a live gloss.

Smaller details of decoration have been carefully chosen. For example, the pendant pulls are of solid brass, finely decorated in pierced design. And of course practical utility is well provided for. The buffet has two large end cupboards, with curved doors—two large and two small drawers—one suitably lined for cutlery. The China Cabinet has roomy shelves and large bottom drawer.

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We shudder at the number of children killed by automobiles, but view complacently the thousands of child lives snuffed out by parental food ignorance. Thought is given to foods for cat, dog, bird, cow or horse to keep them well, but we give the child what it desires, whenever it desires it—those desires almost always unnatural ones created by foolish practices of fond parents. Unnatural appetites are created by unnatural, unbalanced foods, which lower body resistance by increasing acid accumulations in the body. Children's diseases follow in malignant form, too often fatal or leaving some crippling sequel for life.

Natural foods, fed at proper intervals only, would end most of this tragedy and give the child a better chance in adult life. Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is a natural food, of great benefit to children from the tenth month. It aids digestion, prevents constipation, builds vital bodies and keeps the blood non-acid, lessening the danger of child diseases. Fed to the mother while carrying and nursing and to the child as its first non-milk food, and ever after, it will build sturdy children with clean blood, strong muscles, solid bones and teeth.

Dr. Jackson, the inventor of Roman Meal, is a food scientist, a former lecturer on dietetics, diet editor of two medical journals, advisor to the Defensive Diet League (international), a physicians' and dentists' association, author of "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL", for which \$50,000 is offered for the U.S. publishers' rights. Roman Meal is based upon this special training, with added years of clinical, dispensary, hospital and private medical practice. Surely it ought to be superior to any food devised by any miller or layman. If not, then knowledge counts for nothing. But Roman Meal is the best cereal food yet produced, considered from any angle. Write for Dr. Jackson's free 16-page booklet, "HOW TO KEEP WELL", to Roman Meal Co., Ltd., 416 Vine Ave., Toronto, Ont. And try just one package of Roman Meal to prove how true our claim is. Ask your baker for Roman Meal muffins and bread.



Steamed Brown Bread

2 cupfuls sour milk	1 cupful bread flour
3/4 cupful molasses	1 cupful raisins
1 cupful cornmeal	2 teaspoonfuls soda
1 cupful Graham flour	1 teaspoonful salt

Mix the dry ingredients. Add them to the molasses and sour milk. Pour the mixture into a buttered mould, but do not have the pan more than three-quarters full. Let the dial on the indicator run to zero before opening the petcock.

Baked Beans

1 quart beans	1 tablespoonful salt
3/4 pound salt pork	1/2 tablespoonful mustard
4 tablespoonfuls molasses	1 cupful boiling water
	pepper

Pick over the beans and wash them, and soak them over night in soft water. In the morning drain them, and heat them slowly till the skins burst, which is determined by taking a few beans on a spoon and blowing on them, when the skins will burst if sufficiently cooked. Drain the beans and place them in the inset dish. Scald the pork and scrape the rind. Cut through the rind every half-inch, making cuts one inch deep. Bury the pork in the beans, leaving the rind exposed. Mix the salt, mustard, pepper, molasses and water, and pour over the beans. Add enough water to nearly cover them. Place water in the cooker up to the rack, and cook at fifteen pounds pressure for forty minutes.

Cooked cereals are served many times a week, and the long time required to cook them can be shortened by using the pressure cooker. Stir the cereals into boiling, salted water, and cook until thickened. Fifteen or twenty minutes at fifteen pounds pressure should complete the process for rolled oats, hominy grits, and cream of wheat; cracked wheat and cracked rye require an hour. There is not much danger of over-cooking cereals. The following proportions were found to be satisfactory:

One cupful rolled oats, two and a half cupfuls water, one teaspoonful salt.

One cupful hominy grits, four cupfuls water, two teaspoonfuls salt.

One cupful cornmeal, three cupfuls water, one and a half teaspoonful salt.

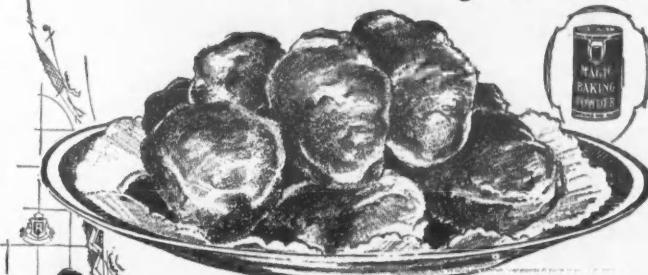
Sometimes it is convenient to cook cereals over night. Put enough water in the cooker to reach the rack, place the thickened cereal in the inset dish, and bring the pressure up to twenty pounds. Turn out the fire and let the cereal remain in the cooker over night. In the morning, without removing the cover, bring the pressure up to five pounds, then let the dial on the indicator go down to zero without opening the petcock.

The pressure cooker is really an excellent means of cooking the cheaper cuts of meat. These cuts are just as nutritious and have a larger quantity of extractives and flavoring than the more expensive cuts. When cooked under pressure, much less time is required to soften the tough connective tissue, and the resulting product has a delicious flavor and a juicy tenderness. A chicken fricassee can be cooked in twenty-five minutes. The two dinner menus given in this article are only an indication of what can be cooked with the pressure cooker, as numerous combinations can be done very satisfactorily.

One has to be a bit careful about fastening the cover on the cooker or steam will escape. The surest way is to partially fasten two opposite wing-nuts until all are done; then repeat the process in the same order, this time screwing them tight.

Three outstanding advantages go with the cooker. The combination of high temperature and moist heat means that such foods as tough meats, whole cereals, dried peas and beans are thoroughly cooked. The shortened cooking period saves fuel; moreover, once the desired pressure has been reached, a low heat is all that is necessary to hold the pressure.

Try your teeth on these Corn Fritters



*I*t doesn't matter whether your teeth are those that Nature gave you or those provided by dental art. They will go through these tender, crispy-brown Corn Fritters with most pleasurable sensations. Corn Fritters are simply grand as a side-dish at luncheon or dinner. Moreover, they are as wholesome as wholesome can be, provided your doctor hasn't barred fried foods.

CORN FRITTERS

1 can corn	1 teaspoon salt
1 cup pastry flour	1/4 teaspoon paprika
1 teaspoon Magic Baking Powder	2 eggs.

Chop corn and add dry ingredients, which have been mixed and sifted together, then add yolks of eggs, beaten in till thick; fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Cook in a deep frying pan in fresh hot lard. Drain on paper and serve on a folded napkin.

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awaits us, and we can make ourselves comfortable with our camp outfit. But until I can find lucrative employment, I thought perhaps that I might add to my obligation to you by the request of a small loan, to tide us over the first few days. Such times come to all of us, doc, even in Alberta."

"But times in Alberta have changed since you went away, Sparkle. The spell is broken. The place you left vacant in our midst can never more be filled. An ailing man with a sick wife and a large family might get assistance, but you are no longer he. And a chap that can afford a trip to California—"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Sparkle, with all good nature, "perhaps the lodge can oblige me. As a Great Bear—"

"The Great Bears," the doctor informed him, "have dispersed. Instead we have organized a golf club, and believe me, we have to pay in, instead of drawing out."

"Then the Welfare Club—"

"The Welfare Club has taken on other

obligations, witness that building yonder, and a note in the bank for the cost thereof. But cheer up, Sparkle, Providence has blessed us with an abundant harvest, and stockmen may ask, and in all likelihood receive, a bounteous reward. And I'm glad to see that you've got rid of that useless hound. That will be one mouth less for you to fill."

"My back!" wailed the unhappy Sparkle.

"My advice to you is to bend it to the burden, easily, by degrees. And a half-hour's turn at the lawn-mower will be my prescription for the first treatment. You will notice that the grass is rather long, and if my memory serves me, you promised three months ago, to cut it for me. The job still waits, and it's a lucky man, Sparkle, who comes back from a vacation and finds his job waiting for him."

After that there was no more argument, only the cheerful click of the lawn-mower, and the creaking of an unaccustomed back, bending to the burden.



Quickly Cooked Meals

Continued from page 30

end of ten minutes turn off the heat and allow the dial on the indicator to fall to zero, then remove the cover. In the meantime make the cream sauce for the onions.

Slice the cooked parsnip lengthwise and brown it in a little fat in a frying pan. Dice the carrots, and season them with salt, pepper, and butter. Combine the cream sauce and the onions, and the quickly prepared dinner is ready to serve.

A dinner that will cook in half an hour is the following:

Swiss Steak	
Scalloped Potatoes	Mashed Turnips
Chili Sauce	
Cabbage Salad	Brown Bread
Brown Betty	Coffee

For the Swiss steak, secure a thick cut from the round of beef, rub in from one-quarter to one-half cupful of flour, to which has been added salt and pepper. In the bottom of the pressure cooker put a tablespoonful of fat, and a tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce or catsup. When this is hot, brown both sides of the floured steak in it—see that the meat is really a rich brown color. Then place it in an inset dish, but add no water to the meat.

The scallop may be cooked in one of the inset dishes belonging to the cooker, or in an ordinary serving dish, providing it will not break during the cooking process. If a serving dish is used, place it in the inset dish, and arrange thick slices of turnip around it.

Peel the potatoes and cut them in slices. Cover them with a thin white sauce that has been well seasoned, add a small amount of butter if desired. Do not fill the scallop dish more than two-thirds full, or it will boil over.

For the Brown Betty use four apples, one cupful of stale bread crumbs, four tablespoonfuls butter, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, and the juice and rind of one lemon. Mix the melted butter and lemon juice with the bread crumbs. Combine the spice, grated lemon rind, and sugar. Butter a baking dish of the right size and shape. Pare, core, and slice the apples; put in alternate layers of apples and crumbs, sprinkling the apples with the sugar mixture, and making the last layer of bread crumbs. Add a small amount of water if desired.

Place warm water in the cooker up to the rack. Place the steak in the first inset dish, in the second have the Brown Betty, and the scallop in the top inset dish. These ingredients will cook in twenty to twenty-five minutes at fifteen pounds pressure.

Make the salad while the dinner is cooking. Or, better yet, prepare it earlier in the day and leave it in the ice-box. Slice the cabbage very fine, then mix it with a favorite salad dressing. If tossed together with a couple of forks the salad will have a better appearance than if stirred with a spoon.

Salad Dressing

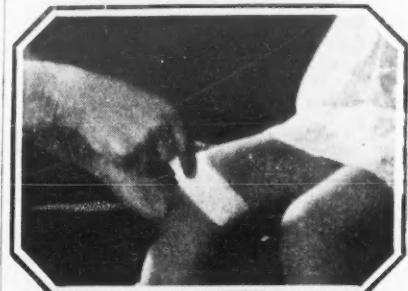
3 tablespoonfuls flour	1 1/2 cupfuls milk
3 tablespoonfuls sugar	1/2 cupful vinegar
2 teaspoonfuls mustard	1 1/2 tablespoonfuls butter
	1 egg
	1/2 tablespoonful salt

Sift together the first four ingredients and make into a paste with a little of the cold milk. Heat the remaining milk, then stir it into the paste. Place the mixture over the fire and stir it until it is thickened, add the vinegar, and then let it cook in a double boiler for fifteen minutes. Slowly stir the hot mixture into the beaten egg, return it to the double boiler and let it cook about a minute longer. Remove from the fire, and add the butter. Strain the mixture if there are any lumps in it. This recipe makes one pint.

The above recipe is changed in character, if to each cupful of the salad dressing is added two tablespoonfuls of chopped pimento, four tablespoonfuls of Chili sauce, two chopped green peppers, and one hard cooked egg chopped. The additional color and flavor make a delicious supplement to the cabbage salad.

All along the New England coast, from Boston to Nova Scotia, the Saturday night supper is almost a standardized affair,—baked beans and steamed brown bread. In fact, some homemakers serve dinner at noon on Saturday in order to have the traditional supper. Steamed brown bread requires at least three hours in an ordinary steamer, but with the pressure cooker about forty minutes will be sufficient time. Brown bread requires some leavening agent, which means the pressure cooker is handled a bit differently than with the preceding menus. If the steam is allowed to reach ten or fifteen pounds pressure at once, the bread will not have an opportunity to rise, and the result may be a somewhat heavy affair. To have the bread light and wholesome allow it to rise about ten minutes before it is put into the cooker, then let it cook fifteen minutes with the petcock open, followed by ten minutes at ten pounds pressure, and then raise the pressure to fifteen pounds for fifteen minutes.

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Her face shone white and beautiful and placid beneath the wide brim of her hat.

"Like an angel's, or the face of a Sister of Mercy," thought Rod as he watched her.

She was wearing a cream coat over a white dress, and on the fur scarf which fell over her shoulder was a bunch of violets, centered with a single deep crimson rose.

Rod saw that the rose was right over her heart.

"What's behind that black velvet, Myra?" whispered Bruce.

"The memorial window, dear, you must not whisper," she told him.

"But, Myra, why are the flags there, too?"

"Because the window is a memorial to the men who were killed in the war. You mustn't talk any more, dear; just watch."

The congregation rose, and led by the choir, sang the National Anthem.

Myra's soprano rose sweet and clear, and there was a sudden softness in many of the eyes turned toward where she stood with Bruce.

Bruce joined in, shyly at first, and then with growing assurance his baritone swelled and pulsed, until those nearby hushed their voices to hear those of the man and woman so tragically one.

"Oh God our Help in ages past, our Hope for years to come," announced the minister, and the congregation sang the entire hymn.

"I knew that one, too," exulted Bruce, and holding his half of the Psalm Book he joined in the reading of the 46th Psalm.

". . . He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth. He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder . . ." read the minister, and Bruce followed the reading to the end. During the prayer he grew restless again, but when the choir rose to sing: "There is no Death," his attention was riveted on the soprano.

"But there are dead, aren't there, Myra?" he asked.

"Hush, dear," she said, and during the longer prayer which followed she held his hand tightly.

"For all the saints who from their labors rest," was the next hymn, and when it was over the minister left his place, and followed by Colonel Carmichael of the 3rd. Battery, and by Major Carson, its Chaplain, made his way past the choir stalls to the end of the Chancel, and stood beneath the black velvet curtain with its crossed flags.

"Let not your hearts be troubled . . . in my Father's house are many mansions . . . I go to prepare a place for you . . . If it were not so . . ." the deep, rich voice rang sweetly and calmly through the reverent stillness of the church.

". . . greater love than this hath no man, that he will lay down his life for his friends."

Myra felt Bruce trembling at her side. She reached for his hand and held it closely, looking anxiously into his face. It was dead white and his eyes were large and dark with emotion.

"I shouldn't have brought him. It's too intense for him," she reproached herself, and she squeezed his hand and smiled up at him.

A moment later, the minister half turned and raised his hand slightly, and from the back of the church rang the high, quivering notes of a bugle, sounding the Last Post.

Myra and Bruce, with the rest of the congregation, turned and saw the khaki-clad figure with upflung bugle and lifted head silhouetted against the arch of light given by the open door of the church.

The notes soared and swelled, pinioning the silence with their poignancy—and as suddenly and dramatically ceased.

There was a subdued rattle as the Colonel raised his arm and pulled the cord through the metal rings.

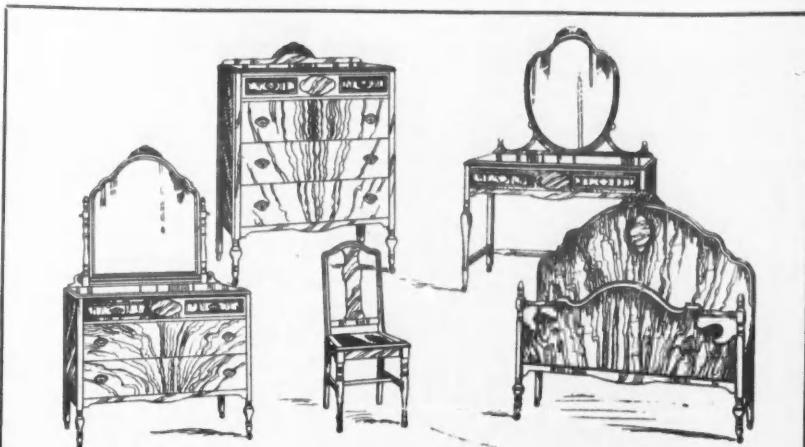
The velvet curtains parted.

The flags parted.

They swept back and back and back . . .

A scream shattered the silence. A scream which tore its hoarse way from a man's soul and rose and rose—piercing the hearts of the people until, on a high note of hysteria it broke.

"My God—My God—not Grant—not that way . . ."



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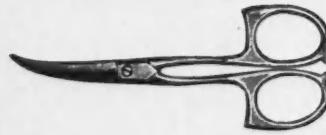


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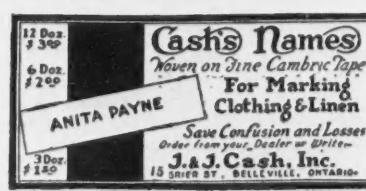
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Mists of Armageddon

Continued from page 11

the hush of heaven. Then Bruce had gone. There had been a band, she remembered, and flags, and the marching of feet. Almost she had felt that they were marching on her heart. But she hadn't cried. She had smiled—and smiled—and smiled, although her heart felt cold and heavy; so cold and so very heavy.

Well, that part of her life was over now. Ever since the day she had met him and the nurse had said: "He's gone back to his boyhood, Mrs. Furnival, we can't do anything except advise you to let him lead the normal life of a boy," she had been mother and nurse to him.

They had never learned the cause of the tragedy. He had got cut off from his battery up near Weiltje during April of 1915. The Germans were making a terrific drive to break through—wanted St. Julien. That was the first time the poison gas had been used. Bruce hadn't returned to his battery for about ten hours, and then he was led in by one of his sergeants who had found him wandering around in just the state he was now, except that then there had been a hysterical condition to cope with. He knew who he was and where he came from, but he didn't seem to understand about the war. He was pronounced shell-shocked, and sent through several hospitals in France, and then to England.

For a while he was treated at the Queen Alexandra Hospital, but they finally sent him home, under the care of a nurse, and he had never been any different. He had lost account of everything that had happened from the time he was a boy. He remembered Myra as the girl he had always known, not as his wife.

The clay and the blocks and the steel toys . . . they seemed young for a boy of fifteen, but he appeared to enjoy them. She was making him study, too. They were reading a history of the war, and only Myra knew how much she hoped that some day she might, in the reading, stumble on something which would give her a clue to what had caused the condition. Shock, they said it was, but they couldn't find out the nature of the shock.

WHAT'RE they doing to the church, Myra," he asked that afternoon as they passed St. George's.

"You remember I told you they were putting in a memorial window to the men who fell in action, men who were members of the congregation," she told him. "Well, they are completing it. It will be unveiled on Easter Sunday."

"Can we go?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, of course, if you'd like to, dear, but it's a sad sort of service, Bruce."

"I want to go," he said decisively, "I've never been to a memorial service or seen an unveiling, have I, Myra?"

"No, dear. We'll go if you want to," she promised.

THERE was an ill-suppressed murmur among the congregation of St. George's Church when Myra and Bruce entered on Easter Sunday morning.

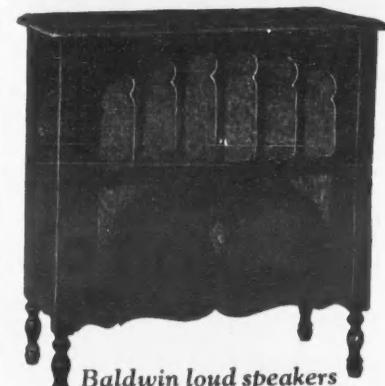
"His name ought to be on that roll, too," whispered Mrs. 'Judge' Morden to her husband.

"So should hers," replied the Judge. "She's a gallant little girl, Myra is."

"Not too near the front, please," said Myra to the usher, and he stopped where he was and motioned her and Bruce into the pew opposite that in which Rod Gordon and his sister sat. Bruce stepped back, as Myra had taught him to do, allowing her to precede him into the pew.

"Myra looks pale, but maybe it's the shadow of her big hat," said Edna Gordon in a low voice. Rod didn't answer, but his grip of the hymnal tightened until his knuckles showed white.

Bruce smiled delightedly when he recognized Rod, and he nudged Myra who looked over and smiled, too.



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At left, this purple model from Abbot Brothers, fashions itself of felt, cuts out a design in its crown, then fills it in with orchid-colored crocheted straw of rather coarse weave. It is banded with purple corded ribbon. On the right one of John D. Ivey's smart black baku straws, treated simply but effectively with a black band and its edge embroidered in black silk.

Snips and Tails and Saucy Nose Veils

Continued from page 26

Large hats are coming more and more to the fore, and what is lovelier with a frilly, frothy "picture" frock, in summer.

At centre, of black pedaleen braid and silk net from Gouldings is particularly charming. Leaves of net and straw form the decoration, while a small brilliant pin is posed on the crown at the right.

A hat excellent for travelling, adapted for use with the season's new tweeds and coatings, is of brown and natural Yedda. With its broken color, its piping of brown gros grain, and its single ornament of Circassian walnut inlaid with ivory, this hat from John D. Ivey is intriguing, is it not? (Lower centre).

Sports hats are divided amongst themselves, and the semi-sports hats of printed silk seem to bridge the gap between town and country and solve the problem for those who wish to enjoy vicariously the prowess of others on court or links. One of these, with triangular scarf to match, is especially good, for the combination of gray, black and white

plaid in the silk crepe; the union of silk, metal braid, and crown of gray felt; and for the silver stitching on the brim. It is seen at lower right (Goulding).

Last, but not least, are the crushable sports hats, so pliable that they may be rolled up and tucked away in one's bag. Who would be without one, or several, in fact? They come in delightful shades, too, and are sport hats in every sense of the word. One of fine green hand-crocheted straw from Abbot Bros., has polo green felt for brim and trimming (lower centre right).

A shell pink from Abbot Brothers uses Kasha beige felt for its flower and band, while a purple model reverses the order, fashions itself of felt, cuts out a design in its crown, then fills it in with orchid-colored crocheted straw of rather coarse weave, and bands itself with purple corded ribbon, reiterating the color note of orchid in the ribbon motif. It is shown at lower left. Truly, the way of millinery this spring is varied.

Set Your Spring Table with an Easter Bonnet

Continued from page 24

well blended, add parsley and milk and cook until thick, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Place alternate layers of halved eggs and sauce in greased casserole. Sprinkle top with crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a pan of warm water in moderate oven until brown on top. Makes eight or nine servings.

Cream Scones

2 cupfuls flour	5 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
½ teaspoonful salt	½ teaspoonful salt
2 tablespoonfuls sugar	4 tablespoonfuls shortening
1 beaten egg yolk	½ to 1½ cupful cream

Mix and sift flour, salt, baking powder and sugar. Cut in shortening with a knife or rub in lightly with finger-tips. Add cream gradually, then the beaten egg yolk. Roll lightly on floured board to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thickness. Cut in diamond-shaped pieces. Before baking, brush top with white of egg and sprinkle with a little sugar. Bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Easter Salad

4 cupfuls tart apples, cut in small pieces	½ teaspoonful salt
1 cupful dates, cut in small pieces	1 tablespoonful sugar
	1-1½ tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Mix apples, dates, lemon juice, salt and sugar. Moisten with mayonnaise dressing and mix thoroughly. Chill. Serve on shredded lettuce and garnish each serving with a marshmallow (not too fresh) rolled

out flat with a floured rolling pin. Then cut slits pointing inward towards the centre with scissors, to resemble daisy petals. In the centre put a bit of yellow grated cheese.

Chicken and Rice en Casserole

2 green peppers, shredded	½ teaspoonful salt
4 cupfuls cooked rice	¼ teaspoonful paprika
3 cupfuls chopped, cooked chicken	2 cupfuls milk
	½ cupful bread crumbs

Sauté green pepper in a little shortening until tender but not brown. Put a layer of cooked rice in bottom of greased casserole. Cover with a layer of chicken, and green pepper. Repeat layers until all is used. Season with salt and paprika and pour milk over all. Cover top with crumbs and dot with bits of butter. Bake in a pan of warm water in moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Makes eight to ten servings.

Hot Cheese Biscuits

2 cupfuls flour	2 tablespoonfuls shortening
½ teaspoonful salt	¾ cupful grated cheese
5 teaspoonfuls baking-powder	About ½ cupful milk

Mix and sift flour, salt, baking-powder and cheese. Cut in shortening with a knife or rub in with finger-tips. Add milk gradually, using just enough to make a soft dough. Roll out on a slightly floured board to half inch thickness. Cut with biscuit cutter. Bake in a hot oven for eight to twelve minutes.



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"Bruce," cried Myra sharply, "Bruce . . . There was a commotion in the church. Necks were craned. Women burst into sobs, but before any one else could move or speak Rod Gordon was out of his seat, had Bruce by the hand and was forcing him down the aisle, forcing him toward that window, framed with its flags and sombre velvet, where the crucified Christ hung on Calvary's cross.

"I can't stand it, I tell you!" Bruce's voice cried hoarsely, "I . . ."

Myra was just behind.

"Rod . . ." she implored.

"Keep out of this," he snapped—and she stopped dead, stricken like a paralytic, into immobility, while the Colonel met Bruce and took his other arm.

They led him straight along the chancel, and only stopped when they were beneath the window, beneath the cross.

The sun streamed in and shone in blue and crimson patches on the drawn, agonized face which Bruce lifted toward it.

"I thought . . ." stammered Bruce, "I thought . . ." and then at sight of his Colonel, he brought himself smartly to attention, half raised his hand to the salute and then let it drop again.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "I seem a bit groggy . . . I don't just recall . . ."

"Take your time, Captain," said the Colonel, and Bruce raised his eyes to the window again.

"When I saw it, sir—suddenly like that—the cross—it brought it all back to me—you remember—Major Odery, Sir—Grant Odery? That morning—up St. Julien way—he was O.C. "B" Battery—was just starting his rounds. It was almost black night—murky—he'd inspected us—was just out of the pit—standing on the emplacement. A shell screamed—it landed right on the emplacement. Grant—My God, Sir—for a second I saw him—black—against that bloody glare—his head was back—arms thrown up and out—he—he formed the cross. Next moment, there was nothing—but splatters of blood on me—and bits of warm, sticky flesh and Grant—Grant—Oh, God—Grant, old man . . ." he burst into harsh sobs and a moment later the three men led him into the vestry.

The minister blessed the window and pronounced the benediction.

The congregation filed out while the organ pealed softly. Like a somnambulist Myra made her way into the Chancel. She was almost beneath the window when Rod came hurrying to her out of the vestry.

She couldn't speak. The muscles of her throat swelled and the cords went taut, but no sound came from her lips. Only her eyes, black and wide and fear stricken, asked the question.

"All right, Myra—Bruce is *all* right," he said, steadily. "Myra don't look like that dear—God has given him back to you."

Myra's eyes left Rod's face. For a moment they were raised to the crucified Christ above her, and when she lowered them, they fell on Bruce, standing in the doorway. Behind him, stood his Colonel and the Padre, but Myra saw only Bruce, Bruce with all the boyishness drained out of his face, Bruce—the old Bruce—her husband.

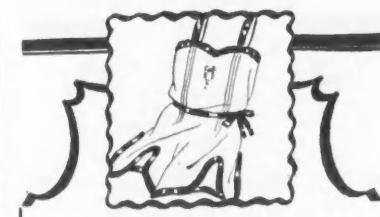
She took a step toward him—and he came toward her—his face working—his arms open.

For a moment, he held her at arms' length, and looked deep into her soul.

"I said," he told her, brokenly, "that as long as God gave me memory—I would see you—always—in my heart—as you were that day—all in white. God took away all memory—even of you—but, to-day, He's given it back to me—and you are mine again—as you were—that day."

He drew her toward him and Myra, still without words, went into his arms.

The others turned away, and when Myra and Bruce drew apart and joined them outside the Chancel, the sun's rays shining through the memorial window, rested on the velvety crimson petals of the rose which Myra had worn above her heart . . . petals which lay—like drops of blood—at the foot of the cross.



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The Lib'ry Lady

Continued from page 19

DURING the following weeks, Susan lived in the reflected roseate aura of Miss Aline Daly. The girls at school gathered around while she told them of the lib'ry lady of the pale green silk kimona-like-a-mermaid's; of the way she telephoned every week to have her hair washed and marcelled, of the young man with the car who took her out at night and kept her so late that Susan's mother got awful mad cause she couldn't lock the door.

But she was never so happy as when, on a Saturday morning, her mother "did" the lib'ry lady's room, and Susan stood in the doorway and watched her. An ardent little devotee, planted squarely in the doorway of her shrine, she worshipped her Aphrodite with all her beauty-loving heart.

There was always something carelessly flung over the back of a chair or lying in a heap on the bed. An orange silk cushion, round and puffy, a filmy something of a heavenly blue color, a sheen of something purple like the lilac bush—lacey, silky, pale-colored things. And once a silver slipper of the kind that ladies wore to wonderful dances, had lain in the middle of the floor.

Then there was the dressing table. Oh, the things that were on that dressing table! Mysterious, alluring things, like the samples she had hidden away, grown up to great beauty. One especially, a tall bottle, shaped like a triangle, attracted Susan. It was filled with pinky-mauve stuff that she knew must have something to do with the lib'ry lady's prettiness. Maybe it was stuff to take off freckles. But no, the lib'ry lady surely was never troubled with freckles. Still, you never could tell, reflected Susan with a glow of hope. However, it remained a mystery as the centre of a shrine should.

Susan's mother, as she set the room to rights, was impressed in quite a different manner. Sometimes she angrily snatched one of the gauzy things off a chair and muttered, "Lazy trollop!" or gave a little box on the bureau a shove and said, "Painted hussy!"

Once she found a package on the bed, took it up and studied it for a shocked moment, then, noticing Susan, pushed it out of sight with an expression like a righteous thunder cloud. With a thrill of delighted horror Susan was sure it must have been cigarettes!

It was shortly after this episode that, coming home from school one Wednesday night, Susan almost fell up the steps as her eye caught a glimpse of the *Furnished Room* card once more in the window.

Surely, surely, the lib'ry lady couldn't be going! Susan refused to think it, but tore into the kitchen to find her mother.

Mrs. McGinnis was rolling cookie dough with little, hard bangs of her rolling pin.

"Mother," gulped Susan, "why is the card up in the window?"

"Miss Daly is leaving," Mrs. McGinnis curtly emphasized her words by an extra pound on the dough.

"Leaving? Mother, you mean—you mean she ain't gonna stay here no more?" shrieked Susan.

Mrs. McGinnis nodded.

"But, mother, why? Why ain't she?"

"I don't like her ways and I told her so this morning." The rolling out finished, Mrs. McGinnis reached for her cookie cutter. "She got uppish and I told her right out plain what I thought of any girl that'd—sm—what I thought of her and I didn't make no bones about it!"

This time Mrs. McGinnis gave grim accent to her words by grinding the cookie cutter viciously into the dough. Not noticing the stricken little figure beside the table she went on, "Well, I'm glad we had it out, even if it did keep me from gettin' my bakin' done this morning."

"When—when's she leavin', mother?" asked Susan faintly.

"T'night. I didn't give her no notice but she's up on her high horse and won't stay here another day."

Susan went slowly out, slumped down on the back steps, regarded the ugly back yard and the ugly back lane and wondered how it would be not to live for the sake of catching a shimmering glimpse of the lib'ry lady, a vague fragrance as she passed. Big tears welled up in her eyes.

She huddled there for quite a while before her heart almost turned a somersault as the back door jerked open and slammed shut, and the lib'ry lady stepped out on the back porch, her arms full of old boxes and things, her yellow head very high, a flush on her cheeks that came from no box. Susan slid off the steps out of the way of those dainty, high-heeled slippers. The lib'ry lady smiled at her, advanced to the ash can, and threw in what she had in her arms.

The door had scarcely closed behind her,

before Susan with shaking hands was lifting the lid of the ash can.

It couldn't be true! Her eyes had deceived her—and yet—there it was! A triangular bottle, not quite empty,

but with some pinky-mauve-stuff-magic in the bottom and clinging to the sides.

Rescuing it, unbelievingly, Susan drew

the cork and held it to her snubby little nose until the very freckles on that nose quivered with delight.

Oh-h-h-h-h! It smelled like roses and violets and lilies of the valley and the lilac tree one spring night and the perfume counter in Eliot's department store. She sniffed, ecstatically, until she was almost reeling, then, suddenly, as if afraid the jealous wind might steal the perfume, she pushed in the

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Maple Parfait
4 egg yolks 1 cupful hot maple
1 pint thick cream syrup

Beat egg yolks slightly, and pour on slowly maple syrup. Cook in double boiler until mixture thickens, cool and add cream beaten until stiff. Mould, pack in salt and ice, one part salt to four parts ice, and let stand four to six hours.

Cream of Corn Soup

Cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls cooked corn (fresh or canned) half cupful water, one teaspoonful sugar, half teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful pepper and one tablespoonful chopped onion in a saucepan, fifteen minutes. Press through sieve. Add four cupfuls thin white sauce and on each serving put a tablespoonful of whipped cream.

Jellied Luncheon Salad

2 tablespoonfuls gelatine	1- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls mixed vegetables (well-seasoned; (peas, carrots, string beans)
$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful cold water	2 cupfuls chicken broth
2 hard-cooked eggs	1 pimento Sliced Chicken

Soak gelatine in the cold water five minutes and dissolve in hot chicken broth. Cool. Dip moulds in cold water and decorate bottoms with slices of hard cooked egg and pimento cut in fancy shapes. Cover with a thin layer of chicken broth and let stiffen. Then arrange the chicken and vegetables in alternate layers, pouring a little broth over each layer and allowing it to stiffen before adding the next layer. Chill thoroughly. Serve in nests of crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing on the same plate as the ham mousse and scalloped potatoes.

Ham Mousse

2 tablespoonfuls gelatine	$\frac{3}{4}$ cupful minced celery
4 tablespoonfuls cold water	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful paprika
4 cupfuls minced cold ham	4 tablespoonfuls minced parsley
1 cupful cream	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful prepared mustard

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Add ham, celery, paprika, prepared mustard and parsley, and mix thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly whipped cream. Put into individual molds (shaped in hearts, clubs, spades and diamonds, if you have them) which have been dipped in cold water. Chill and then turn out on crisp lettuce garnished with green pepper and pimento. Serve with mayonnaise dressing to which has been added 2 tablespoonfuls chopped olives, two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, and one tablespoonful capers.

Meringues Glacees

Whites of 4 eggs $1\frac{1}{4}$ cupfuls powdered sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful vanilla or 1 cupful granulated sugar

Beat the egg whites until stiff, add two-thirds of sugar gradually, and keep beating until mixture will hold its shape. Add flavoring then fold in remaining sugar. Shape with a spoon or pastry bag and tube on a wet board covered with thick white paper. Shape them either round or oblong. Bake for fifty minutes in a very slow oven. Remove from paper, scoop out the soft part and put meringues back in oven to dry. Serve with ice cream of any desired flavor. These are delicious with a sauce of crushed fresh strawberries.

It must be remembered, of course, that all measurements are strictly level. To ensure standard accuracy, it is wise to employ the time-honored method of filling the spoon with the ingredient indicated and then levelling with a knife. Flour is sifted once before measuring, and is not packed down in the cup.



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is in varying shades of red, rose and green on black. Another "G", from Silks Limited, of georgette, has red and navy leaves with bright green stems scattered on beige.

Of the plain silks, crepe and marocain are favorites. We hear much from Paris of taffetas and stiff satins, but from all indications women here will remain faithful to the softer and more suave materials. A new and interesting version is a flat crepe with stripes of georgette which in turn are broken by lines of the flat crepe. This comes in the loveliest of off shades: misty, blue, rose, green and others. Another thing quite novel is a georgette in almost invisible pin checks, also made in off colors.

There are rumors and rumblings of the revival of the polka dot. It will be interesting to have such an old friend in our midst, but whether women will wear it remains to be seen. The same applies to the Indian Prints over which New York is mad—snowshoes, wigwams, feathers, totems, Indian heads, all are used, printed in lovely glowing colors.

SILK and cotton, and rayon and cotton fabrics, are printed, too, but with bouquets more scattered, designs more open. Adapted to the modern mode for gayer colors and small patterns on children's frocks, is the silk and cotton crepe, "A" (A. S. King). The brightest of bright green trees, and red, yellow and white flowers with blue stems grow on a field of tan. Of course the flowers are larger than the trees, but who cares when the effect is altogether charming? A rayon and cotton, very silky, and designed to simulate a warp print, is "F." It comes in pale blues, pinks and yellows, with soft-toned sprays of blossoms strewn over. It makes one think of the age of the Pompadour, and the taffeta dresses Paris is making to-day for young girls. Youthful, pale colors are the recommendation for the *jeune fille*, the bright sash adding a touch of sophistication.

Delaines are in the smallest of field flowers, or conventional designs, in bright shades—surely a type for every purpose to which they can be put. The vogue for the family of kasha seems as strong as ever. Beige is the favorite—beige with a distinctly yellow cast. There are the featherweight kashas, taffeta finish, with hair-line overcheck, so light they seem hardly kasha at all. Then there are the novelties, such as kashatulla, kashannam, dialikasha, kashalik, and ever so many more.

All wool fabrics are of unbelievable lightness. Albatross, for instance, seems almost silky in pastel or more definite tones. It lends itself admirably to all the pleatings seen on frocks for young and old, and is both smart and practical. An albatross in gray beige, green and rose, verging on cerise is shown in "C" (Dress Fabrics Limited). Another, "M", is in ombre effect, reds and grays, (Dress Fabrics Limited). The color range is unending, almost indescribable.

COATINGS are more restful, both in diagonal and broken check tweeds. Of the former, one called Pinehurst has a plain twill tweed to match for ensembles, or two-fabric coats, woven in Mindoro, rose glow and Sandoro. It has little of the traditional tweed weave, but much of modern smartness. In the broken check variety, a brown, tan and beige mixture, "O", is clever for its uneven surface, its color and its indefinite pattern. (Dress Fabrics Limited).

There are the domestic featherweight tweeds; the large check patterns, not quite so smart this year, but still shown, and coatings interesting for surface and color, neither plain nor patterned. You will see them all in the shops.

As to colors, the return to navy is heralded. It is the shade which, in all probability, will be most worn during the coming season. Sand and the varying tones of beige are a close second, then rose in all shades but always keyed to violet. Green, too, is a powerful factor; even a color called lake blue is so influenced that the uninitiated would say "sea green" at once. Red and gray are still much used, the one to prevent us being too serious, the other to see that we are not too gay.

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cork, and, hidden under her sweater, clasped the bottle to her palpitating blue gingham bosom and rushed to her attic room to safely hide it away.

That night after supper Susan sat on the front porch and watched the young man with the car come and take the lib'ry lady and all her loveliness away with him. It was like the end of the world. Susan wanted to get the treasure she had rescued from the ash can, but she was afraid her mother would see it and ask questions.

El'ner walked down the street but Susan went into the house till she was past. Her mother came out and asked her why she was so glum. Susan said she was thinking of the way to do long division, and watched the sun leaving the sky. There was one long, lovely streak of rose. By and by it faded and everything was all gray. Susan put her head down in her lap and cried.

Her mother discovered her thus. "If you ain't the queerest actin' child!" she said. She hadn't seen the rose fade into gray.



Spring Flowers That Do Not Fade

Continued from page 28

off-white of which Paris is so fond this year.

There are the conventional motifs, some medium size, some small, some quite tiny, with a checked or striped idea worked in. An excellent example of the former is found in "J", a white silk crepe. Circles of varying size in black are used, contrast being obtained by a pen-and-ink technique and the angle at which the lines are placed. The red over-check gives a touch of chic, making this one of the smartest of the smart. The second type is represented in "E" by a red, navy and sand; an amusing jumble of geometric forms, the whole overlaid with small checks.

A green and cream striped silk crepe, with dots and spots—green on the cream, cream on the green, serves to represent the third group, comprising the smallest of the conventional patterns. Of course these spots are of irregular shapes (formalized flowers if you have sufficient imagination) arranged in a pattern, apparent when seen from a distance, and there is just a touch of black as accent. This is shown in "K", (A. S. King). It is also made in grape nut (brown) and sand; red and sand; navy and red on sand; two shades of blue on sand; Athena (brick red) on sand; and black and white.

The name of wash silk conjures up something so utilitarian that we are apt to put the thought of it far from us while considering such delectable fabrics. But here is a wash silk which you can and will take to your heart at once—heavy in weight, something between a taffeta and satin in finish, pin-checked in design, betraying its European origin. It is almost impossible to believe it will stand so many visits to the tub. This is woven in red, green, light and dark blue, or black combined with white. This is shown in "L" (A. S. King). Last, but not least, in the matter of printed silks, are the chiffons and georgettes. Soft, large flowers on dark grounds are again at the top of the filmy fashion—two exceptions are given, quite delightful ones, too. In "H" (Silks Limited). "Flame and Feathers"

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The end containing the wax would then have to be the bottom of the vase or teapot, and it would tend to be less top-heavy when finished.

You will find that the eggs will stand a good deal of rough handling, and that they are not nearly so fragile as they look. I have found it rather a good idea, all the same, to take the base, handles and spout off after they are finished and to stick them back on again with a liquid glue, which holds them more firmly in place. But whether you go to this extra trouble or not, you will find that they form a most attractive little ornament and you will very likely be deluged with requests to make others for your friends.

The Boy with the White Woolly Dog

Continued from page 14

will tell you, maybe."

So the people of the street all followed her to the kitchen. And there was the little boy and his white woolly dog tumbling about on the rug, having just the merriest time. They were not sick, at all.

"Son," said the little boy's mother, "these are the people of our street who missed you and doggie so much this morning that they thought you must be sick, and came to enquire, and brought you things—see! So now. Son, you'll just have to do the explaining yourself."

THE boy jumped up and stared at the people, his eyes big with surprise and wonder. Then he just grabbed the white woolly dog in his arms, straightened himself, and with his face growing very red, said,

"All right, I'll tell. We were lonesome when we came here—'cause we had no friends about. We thought you'd come to get acquainted, but you didn't. So we were sure it was because you—saw our furniture and knew we were poor. Then I told mother if you saw how nice my dog was, you just couldn't help coming, even if we were poor. So, I got Mother to let me take him for a walk every morning so that you'd see him. But it didn't make any difference. Nobody ever spoke to us, or came to our house, or anything. So, this morning—I gave up and—" with that the little boy just ran to his mother and hid his face in her faded pink dress, and the little white woolly dog licked his hands and tried to comfort him.

Then the people on the street were ashamed, and asked him to forgive them for seeming to be so unfriendly. They said they just hadn't thought. And they started that very day having the little boy and his mother and the white woolly dog in to tea. And there were just days enough in the week for every one of the seven families to have them that very next week. So the new family was never lonely after that.

And now the street isn't a queer little street any longer. It is a friendly little street.

Gertrude Huntly's Story

Continued from page 13

official, she is admired and beloved, and her presence always is welcome. Her hand has ever been ready to help a fellow over a stile. Her silent little acts of kindness, her generous spirit during the war, when she organized and conducted an orchestra to raise comfort funds, and her cheery ways in organization work for returned convalescing soldiers, all now were remembered. Wherever she went friendly smiles greeted her, and her spirits revived. When it became known that she would accept advanced pupils, teachers and students eagerly sought her, some coming from Seattle, Tacoma, and Vancouver to receive her constructive criticism. Her gift of imparting amazed them, and her intuitive understanding of the particular needs of each soon grew a large circle about her.

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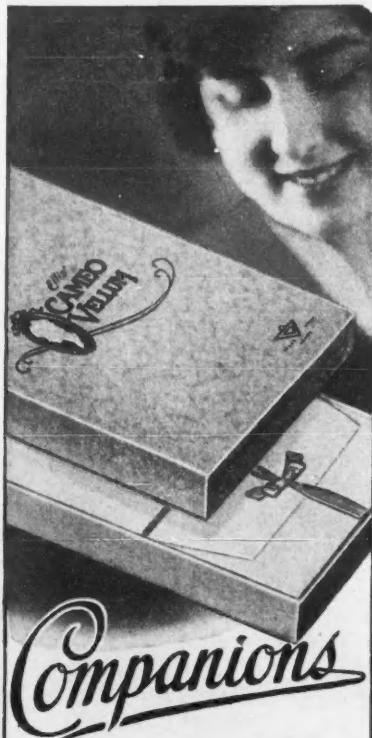
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Easter Eggs Glorified

Continued from page 5

Blue	Marine blue, B.N.	30 gr.
	Citric acid	250 gr.
	Dextrine	1 oz.
Green	Brilliant green, O	200 gr.
	Citric acid	250 gr.
	Dextrine	2 oz.
Red	Diamond, fuschin, I	25 gr.
	Citric acid	125 gr.
	Dextrine	1 oz.
Violet	Methyl violet, 6 B	30 gr.
	Citric acid	150 gr.
	Dextrine	1 oz.
Yellow	Naphthol, yellow, S	200 gr.
	Citric acid	500 gr.
	Dextrine	2 oz.

Dissolve the ingredients in an earthen vessel in one pint of boiling water; stir until solution is complete. In the meantime boil the well washed eggs in water for five minutes, then transfer them to the dye and allow them to remain until sufficiently colored, turning them occasionally. Dry with a soft cloth and rub with oil until they appear glossy. Formulae for making other colors are given in the Scientific American Book of Recipes, which may be seen in any public library.

As a matter of fact, ordinary dress dyes do the work just as well as far as the colors go, but I am not prepared to guarantee that the eggs would be really tasty after being boiled in dye! It would be safer to use eggs so dyed for decorative purposes only. If you dissolve small quantities of the dyes in a few drops of hot water you can use them for painting designs on the eggs. Use a small water-color paint brush and give the dye a little time to soak in, before taking off the surplus with a dry brush.

MOST artists' supply stores carry colored drawing inks, which are used by architects and map draughtsmen. There are several different colors available and they supply another easy way of coloring eggs. They are really dyes in solution and are put on with a brush like the dress dyes. It is usually better to give two coats to obtain a more finished effect.

Oil paints work very well indeed and effects can be obtained with them which are well worth the trouble. Use the paints just as they come out of the tubes, without either linseed oil or turpentine. A very fine brush, say a No. 0 or a No. 1, and perhaps a No. 3, too, will be found the most useful. These are the brushes known as "sables," not the hog bristles usually used with oil paints. The paint will be a little thick when used in this way and should be given ample time to dry. If you can get a shallow bowl full of sand, you will find it very useful to rest the eggs in while you work on them and also to prevent them from rolling while the paint is drying.

QUITE the most delightful Easter eggs I ever saw, are in the form of little tea sets, vases and so on, made from eggs with the addition of feet and handles of gilt sealing wax. I made a few of them this afternoon just to show you what they are like. It is really quite simple and is not in the least messy.

Whatever you do, don't boil your eggs first in this case! As the likelihood is that they will be kept for some time, they have to be blown. Make a small hole at each end of the egg with a darning needle, pushing the needle well in and stirring it round inside. Then apply your lips to the end and blow. Have a bowl ready to catch the inside of the egg. You may find it necessary to make the "exit" hole a little larger, for it admittedly takes a good deal of blowing.

Next, take sealing wax and spirit lamp. A candle will do in an emergency, of course, but it blackens the sealing wax and is not quite as satisfactory. Holding the stick of sealing wax a few inches above the top of the flame, allow one end to soften until it is readily moulded between the thumb and finger. If it becomes too hot, it will stick to the fingers.

For the teapot, the first thing to make is the base. Mould your wax into a button shape, about the size of a dime and a little thicker. When you have got it nearly round in shape, warm one side of it to the melting point and press it firmly on to that end of the egg which has the larger hole in it; thus hiding the hole as well as furnishing a flat surface on the bottom. Make sure that your egg stands firmly and straight on this base. If it is tilted, you will be able to take the wax off again by using a little force, when it can be warmed again and put on straight.

If there are minor irregularities that have to be corrected, that can be done by warming one end of a wire in the flame and using it as a modelling tool. A hairpin does well.

Now, for the handle: Warm the middle of the stick of wax gently above the flame until it pulls like taffy. By using a little care it will be easy to pull your wax into a thin thread, say about as thick as the lead in a pencil. Let the thread cool a little and then bend it by bringing the two ends of the stick of wax round towards each other. When you have got the shape you want, plunge the wax into a cup of cold water to harden it. Then, with the warm blade of a knife, cut the piece of wax you want away from the rest. Heat the two ends of your handle in the flame and press it firmly and quickly on to the egg, just where you want it. The warmed ends of the wax will spread just enough to give quite a neat finish. If you find that one end is stuck to the egg and the other is not, you can pass the heated knife blade under the loose end and warm it enough to make it adhere properly when you again press it into place.

The spout is made in very much the same way, though different shapes and methods will readily suggest themselves to you as you work. Next comes the little button for the lid. This is easily made by letting a single drop of hot wax fall on to the proper spot. If you do not feel sure enough of your steadiness of hand, however, it can be moulded first and then stuck into place as the handle and base were, covering the other hole.

The next step is to gild the sealing wax with gold paint. Here, you will need no instructions, nor will you need to be told how to put on a fine line of gold round the top to indicate the place where the lid fits on the tea-pot bowl itself. If you find it hard to get it just round, you can cut a hole in a bit of cardboard having drawn the circle first in pencil. I did mine by using a quarter instead of a pair of compasses. Then slip the card over the end of the egg and run your pencil round the inside of the circle.

The decoration is put on with oil colors in just the way I told you about a few minutes ago. The method of doing the work will be obvious from the illustrations. It is better, by the way, to select eggs with a view to getting some that are about the same shape at each end, as seen in the sugar-bowl, and the evenly colored light brown eggs make the best "porcelain," as they are richer in color than the white ones.

If you wish to go to the trouble, you can run in a little hot paraffin wax immediately after blowing the egg at the beginning of operations. Run the wax in at the end with the larger hole, which may have to be made a little larger still for the purpose. The wax will fall to the other end of the egg and harden there, making that end heavier.



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There, with her husband, Douglas and Trudie, and the tall, handsome Charles Courboin, the Belgian organist, who had come up from the south to visit the family and was leaving that day for the east, we lunched. After, when our host had departed to his office, we rested in the sunshine. And then came an hour of delight in the studio, with Gertrude at her piano, playing Caesar Franck's noble "Symphonic Variations" and Courboin, at the other piano, playing the orchestral accompaniment.

When it was over, Courboin begged her to play on, alone, and he listened enraptured. "Such playing! It makes me want to go down on my knees," he said softly, when she ceased. Then, turning to me, he said: "Such art as hers is transcendent—it is divine, you understand. It should be kept rare."

That evening, when Courboin had gone, we drove through the woods and then followed a foot trail to a tiny strip of sandy beach on which lay a houseboat. As we passed through the low doorway I exclaimed with surprise and delight at the charming interior. At each small window were burnt orange curtains, banded and bordered with purple through which the setting sun shed a soft rosy glow into every corner of the big low-roofed room. Across each of three corners stood a sleeping couch with attractive cushions. The fourth held a small wood burning stove, with a convenient shelf on one side for preparing a picnic meal and on the other a ledge to carry the pretty table china. In the centre of a table covered with the same material as the window curtains stood a bowl of lovely summer flowers which Gertrude had brought from the garden. A shaded lamp hung from the ceiling and wicker chairs, dressing screens, floor rugs by the couches completed the furnishings. Nothing could have been simpler or more attractively inviting.

"I thought you'd like it—oh! it's such a rest to come here—and it's so jolly," said Gertrude busying herself with the picnic baskets in the kitchen corner. "Now, let's go up to the ranch first, then come back for a swim and have supper to warm us before we drive home."

We climbed the steep wooded hill to the shacks which stood in a newly made clearing where Mr. Green found his chief joys of recreation. When we returned in the dusk we lost no time getting into the soft fresh waters of the lake which instantly became a scene of liveliest animation with mother and son leading the fun. "Watch me—how well I can swim—see how far out I am—it's over thirty feet deep here." Gertrude was striking out vigorously and her voice rang with health and enjoyment. Douglas paddled near her in the canoe, Trudie with beautiful strokes swam around her, Prunella, the little black spaniel barked excitedly and I applauded from the float. Sometime later, "Better turn back now," suggested Mr. Green who was watching with us.

"The water's so warm, it's heavenly. I could go on like this forever." Gertrude's voice came low and clear from out of the falling night. A moment of quietude, broken only by the swimmers' strokes through the calm waters, and silence. Then from the dark distance she called, "Dougie—where are you? I'm going back now—keep near me." Another wait until with slow, sure strokes she reached the slips with a satisfied laugh and "I'm quite—all right, thank you—where's the ladder—poof! how heavy water is. Oh! I feel so clever—don't you think Dougie's a good instructor!"

HAD anyone met her on one of these trips, for the first time, it might have been hard to realize the intensive work she was doing. Her days were now filled with teaching—so many sought her for lessons she had to limit the number of pupils to reserve for herself the hours she required daily to prepare her repertoire for Canadian engagements in the Fall. The strain was heavy, but she had made her decision to spend the winter in England, and later to give her public recital in London where the critics' opinions are now sought by musicians, world-famed and unknown, from every part of the world. And she needed all the money she could save to provide for the

cost of the trip and the winter months in which she wished to devote herself absolutely to her music, as it was utterly impossible to do while giving so much of herself in her teaching, and to the daily routine of her home and her family.

Not until I came into closer association with her abroad was it possible to realize fully the true strength that lies under her sparkling buoyancy.

In the atmosphere of old London it seemed that as her powers touched new heights with every passing day, and the artist came into her own, so the depths of the woman were revealed. Day after day she sat absorbed for hours at her piano, in the sunshiny mornings and misty afternoons.

It was an attractive room in a flat she had rented from a cultured Polish woman who was leaving to winter in France, and the furnishings were cosy, the coloring warm and harmonious—with a few of her own belongings about, Gertrude created her own atmosphere and the whole effect was charming.

Determined to escape the strain of social entertainment, she isolated herself from the large circle of friends and acquaintances she had made on her former visit, three years earlier, when she had played to Paderewski, and only a few of her most intimate friends, and Canadians who found her knew of her presence in London. She was there with a purpose, and music absorbed her days.

In those exalted weeks which yet held days of trouble, and problems difficult to understand, it was not strange that, in her silent resting hours, her mother filled her thoughts. Perhaps her recall from London, three years earlier, came back to her. It was as though the years of separation fell away, and knowing her needs she came to comfort her. Sometimes she filled her waking hours, and speaking her thoughts aloud Gertrude Huntly wandered back through her early childhood, picturing this scene and that, without rhyme or reason, questions or prompting. And always in these memories that came through with laughter and tears it was as though the mantle of her mother's nature had fallen upon her daughter.

The winter in England, before her London recital in March, passed rapidly. Each week presented some new and unexpected colorful event bringing fresh interest to relieve the daily hours of intensive work at her piano.

Her picturesque beauty, marking this gifted artist from Canada as an undiscovered personality of distinction, became rumored about through a chance meeting at the home of a friend with a London editor and a subsequent published interview. Bond Street photographers then besieged her to pose for them for studio pictures, and photographs for illustrated journals. But she emphatically refused to give her first public recital in London heralded by publicity of this nature, and firmly held to her intention to go before the public and the critics solely on her merits as a musician. "I am a pianist," she would say, gently, but decisively, "not a moving picture star. It is very complimentary, but you must please try to understand."

As the recital drew nearer, her programme absorbed her, and never before did she express more individuality and independence in the arrangement. "Every pianist who comes to London appears to feel bound to give a stereotyped programme—the same works are played over and over again. The poor critics! I really pity them—how they must long for a change," she would remark, reading over the programmes for concerts ahead.

"I want mine to be very beautiful. And I shall open it with Rameau's dear little Musette that Godowsky arranged—it always calms me," she mused one morning as she began to build her programme. "I don't think I'll ever get over my nervousness when I meet my audiences—do you know, not until I have played my first group do I seem able to get my fingers down into the real keyboard and feel it. Until then I am playing on an imaginary keyboard an inch above the real one. Paderewski never lost his nervousness—and Godowsky suffers, too. You would hardly believe it, but it's true.

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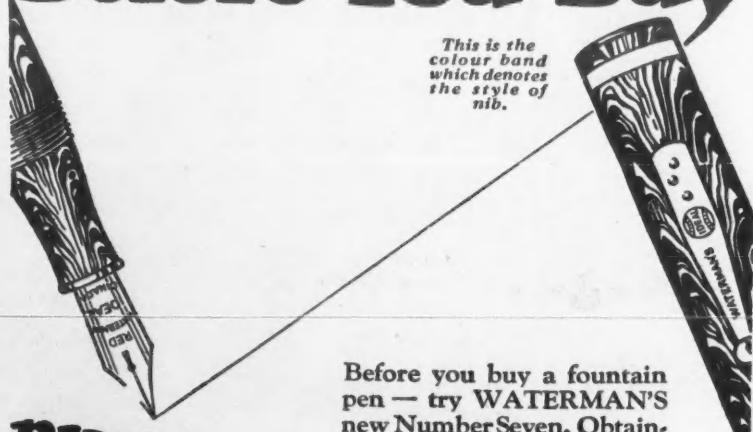
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That winter when I went over to see her I found her established in one of Victoria's most attractive houses, set in a beautiful garden. She was tired, and her smile could not hide the strain of the battle she had been waging with her problems in the difficult months of reconstruction through which she had lived since her return.

It was a friendly room and its artistic atmosphere was restful, but it had the beauty of a human touch; a room that was much lived in. She had made it beautiful with her own hands. The hangings, in soft rich shades of blue and orange and gold, toned in with the dull red floor she had painted herself. A Chinese drape hung over the door, and old copper and brass bowls and quaint wrought iron hanging lamps relieved the dark wood mantel. Invitingly comfortable, with nothing superfluous or crowded it gave a restful feeling of space. A wide shelved recess filled with music and musical volumes, held some of Godowsky's original manuscripts. On the walls hung beautiful photo studies of her friends among the artists. Their inscriptions to her made their personalities more real and created a chord of companionship.

Under a curtain in a corner of her studio was an old tin box filled with valuable letters, tied in bundles and marked. Reading through their pages, some episode of her life would be revived again with new significance.

In the morning she had gone to her studio distressed in mind by some disturbing event in the daily round. In her mood of depression she went to the box and opened the package containing the correspondence with the offer she had refused five years earlier. On paper, under the letterhead of an influential management, the magnitude of it all was almost startling. And in that fateful package were letters that rang with Godowsky's clarion call heralding this new artist he had discovered, beseeching her to accept, to go out into the world and through her music "sing the joys and sorrows of humanity."

She had read them through with deep emotion, with sudden interjections vividly revealing the depth of her feeling, and filling in here and there some detail that made this unfinished chapter in her life more clear. Most poignantly she had suffered, with the heart of her torn both ways between mother and artist. With the passing of the years, in her present mood, with new forces surging about her, it had the power to shake her even more deeply.

She tied up the package, and said with a sigh, "Oh! I question—have I a message to give the world as Godowsky says? Whenever I begin to play to my audience I think of the master-composers and how great art is—and I feel so little—and humble."

Later that day, I had an opportunity to study her in the role of teacher, and it was a stimulating experience. She was now another person—her mentality keenly alert, and she carried the lesson through with an amazing energy and concentration that called forth the very highest and best in her pupil. In a few minutes my presence was completely forgotten by both and I gave myself up to this new pleasure.

When the student did not quite grasp the interpretation or phrasing of a passage, or failed to express the thought and feeling behind the music, she would slip down on to the piano stool. "No, no, not that way," she would exclaim, playing it as the student had done—

Then—"this way—now listen—do you hear—like this—do you get what I mean?" So graphic was her illustration the student could not but comprehend and benefit. Or—"no, not quite right—that's a difficult little bit—now let me show you the fingering that will make it more simple. There—watch me now—do you see—there, hear what a difference it makes—the ease—more flowing—relaxed—so much easier—this is Godowsky's way." With a huge pencil (the thin ones fall into the top of the open piano!), she would mark the page with lightning strokes and big rings—so the lesson proceeded.

ONCE in this mood a newspaper friend, seeking an interview for the local paper, caught her when she was entertaining a little circle of acquaintances in her home. A gifted young visiting musician who had come to her for advice was present, and his eager questions fused her thoughts into expression upon the trend of music and the psychology of modern compositions. And because this so rarely happens I will take the liberty of quoting. Said Gertrude Huntly:

"There are always people saying that modern music is degenerating. I cannot see it. Jazz, if that is what they mean, is only an evanescent thing, it is not music. But our modern music is worth while, although it may not live like that of the old masters. They will go right on living down the centuries."

"I have always thought that only the music that has melody in it would survive time. Modern music is impressions—not melody. Listen to Beethoven—strong, sweet,—mellow, majestic, with definite themes, and melodies that all can remember. Yes, impressions, too—but impressions on a grand scale and produced with melody.

"Now, hear how the moderns go about it—out of a mass, a very mob of sounds, a thought evolves. Listen!" She was illustrating at the piano. "You see modernists blur the music—precisely as they are doing nowadays in their impressionistic paintings. It seems the general spirit of the day—this obscuring everything around it—to bring out a single phase of detail as a whole. We go out with our cameras and take a picture of some nook selected from a big scene; we illustrate with three or four lines, cleverly drawn, to bring out a single thought or idea; we have scraps of poetry—mere combinations of words wreathed about a fancy or an effect,—and we sit down at our pianos and play impressions of this, that or the other. There are whole books of what are called 'decorations of music'. Each has its motif—on a par with a motif you would use in decorative art.

"There is modern—and modern music. Some of it is very beautiful—I am not speaking against that, the outstanding masters among the moderns, such as Godowsky, Rachmaninoff, Scriabine, Medtner, Ravel and Debussy, for instance. Their work I include in my programmes, and it grows upon audiences who are real music lovers. They find it most satisfying in the end, especially Godowsky, who is the giant intellect among them all and a very deep and understanding soul.

"It seems to me that perhaps Beethoven, and Mozart, and Bach, and all those old masters used up all the opportunity of composition there was in melody and form. They had a great and definite system by which they evolved combinations from notes, and combinations cannot be made forever out of the eight notes in an octave. So the new school of composers, in order to tell their own thoughts originally in music, had to evolve something new.

"Debussy heard some Javanese performers and thought their strange primitive music wonderful. Most Javanese music is based on the pentatonic scale, and it is all written in double or quadruple time. Debussy went to Java to more thoroughly study the music, and that was the beginning of the Debussy idiom.

"The old masters laid the foundations and built the grand arches and towers which will endure for all time as the fundamentals for all future music. Now we are in the decorative period, a period of bas reliefs, mulioned windows and carved panellings, which accounts perhaps for the present day motif and detail work."

"Modern music represents modern life. After all modern music is in itself only a detail of the whole."

IN THE early summer of the following year, I visited her again in her island retreat, a heavenly spot overlooking the straits of Juan de Fuca, the house, picturesquely reminiscent of a Swiss chalet, with the living room opening to the upper roof, nestling in a beautiful garden.



CREOLE BEAUTY

Her beauty is a direct inheritance from her French and Spanish forebears. There is in her face all the vivacity of the French, all the romance of the Spanish. Her skin is like creamy velvet. Her hair is dark, sometimes with just a hint of copper. Her eyes are like twin dark pools, with a star reflected in their depths. (For her—the Nude shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder, and Medium tone of Bloom.)



DRESDEN-CHINA BLONDE

She is a perfect combination of pink and blue and white. Her skin is as white as alabaster through which the faintest pink is shining. Her eyes are blue and wide and round. Her cheeks are pink with a pink that comes and goes. (For her—White Pompeian Beauty Powder with Light tone of Bloom.)



AUBURN BEAUTY

Her hair is reddish brown. She has a fine warmth of tone to her skin. Her eyes exactly match her hair. They almost look like sherry—they are so limpid, and so nearly of its color. (For her—2 parts Nude to 1 part Flesh-Pink with Orange or Oriental tone of Bloom.)

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characteristics and colorings from several races are intermingled in you. The most effective thing you can do for yourself is to find your true type and dress accordingly—wear the colors that are most becoming, and use the shades and tones of powder and rouge that most nearly suit your natural skin-tone.

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I suppose it is the more one learns—the more one realizes how far one is from one's ideals of perfection."

Then Godowsky returned from his African tour and came over from Paris to prepare his programmes for his appearance in London after thirteen years' absence. His first two concerts had already been advertised, and the musical public keenly anticipating hearing him. When he arrived, his joy at meeting Gertrude again after several years knew no bounds and he eagerly begged to hear her play. "Ah! you are greater—there is more depth, more maturity," he exclaimed delightedly, "but it is the same fresh playing—the same spontaneity. The programme—let me see it. It is original—no, I would not change a thing in it—not your playing. It is your own. You must express yourself always—be yourself—then you will give your best and it will always be beautiful. To touch it would be to spoil it."

She worked with fresh impetus and lengthened her practice hours, while Godowsky in his hotel apartment gave equal time and attention to the preparation of his own programme. Early every morning his ringing voice came over the telephone, "How are you? Have you begun to work yet?" Then "Will you have early dinner with me, and afterwards perhaps, to a theatre? Or a walk to get the air? Or, if you prefer I shall come to the flat. Well, we will see how we feel when work is over—I must practise now!" And so the days flew by.

Godowsky was practising with difficulty, for he had trapped his fingers in an elevator when in Paris. His first London concert had been necessarily postponed, and later dates announced to allow longer time for healing. But the pain in one finger persisted and grew worse until it became clear it was poisoned. His distress was all for his manager who was also forced to cancel his recital at Manchester, in the same week, with Sir Hamilton Harty's orchestra. Gertrude's anxiety for Godowsky brought her understanding and unselfish character uppermost, and she completely forgot self in her desire to help her maestro and friend. His finger did not heal in time for the postponed recital, nevertheless Godowsky insisted on making his appearance. He played in an agony of pain which Gertrude's sensitive nature caught and she suffered so acutely for him she could not sit in the audience but paced the artists' room behind the stage.

Through these momentous weeks, and her own recital drew nearer, she constantly thought of Douglas and Trudie. For some reason they had missed two or three mails and every day she would exclaim as she glanced through her pile of letters, "What has become of my children?" One evening, she burst in, asking, "No letters from my children yet? What could have happened? Oh, I won't play if they don't write!"

"One thing I do know about her—she idolizes her children," said Godowsky smilingly. "I suppose I should know that, shouldn't I? She gave up her career for them once before, so perhaps we had better send them a cable now and tell them to write or there might not be any concert!" he went on with good humored banter. "Come now—won't you give me a treat and read me some of the letters they write which you so enjoy. I deserve that much, don't you think? I would like to know how they are growing up."

For the next hour he sat contentedly by the fire listening intently to the fluent breezy letters full of boyish news from fifteen year old Douglas who had become a prefect at Shawnigan Lake School, near Victoria, and the brief but characteristic little letters from Trudie at Toronto's Branksome Hall.

That evening he played over the Chopin Concerto in E Minor which he was to give a few days later with orchestra at Paris, and the room became filled with a perfect ecstasy of music. Could those who call him cold have but heard him!

Another night, a cable winged its way to the door. The school at Shawnigan was burned to the ground—but none was hurt

and Douglas was safe in Victoria. We taxied down in the fog to the night office at Charing Cross to send a reply. Two weeks later the longed-for letters came. "Ah, now," she cried, "I shall try to play like an angel!"

THE day of the recital came, and nervous depression assailed her and could not be shaken off. Silently she dressed and silently drove to Wigmore Hall, like a wraith of herself. The kindly managers of this favorite London concert auditorium came to the artists' room to bring her encouragement as she waited and warmed her hands at the fire. An expectant audience filled the hall. The critics arrived and, as is their custom, seated themselves in the last rows. Word was sent around, "All ready in front—and Mr. Newman is here!" The tall uniformed stage porter who has opened the door for artists for thirty years, beamed upon her as the last moment of suspense passed, and Gertrude Huntly crossed the stage to her piano.

A slight perceptible sound, as of a breath caught in surprise, passed through the audience as the lovely, graceful figure in flame and gold stood quietly before them. Then welcoming applause greeted the newcomer from overseas who smiled sweetly in response, bowed and seated herself at her instrument.

The little "Musette" stole softly and tenderly through the hall, calming the audience as well as the player, soothingly—drawing them into a receptive mood of quietude. The critics, listening attentively, settled down to hear this new player and her programme. A poet was at the piano.

When, as the programme proceeded, she carried through the famous and most difficult Schumann "Toccata" with whirlwind speed, her electric touch, sure and strong—yet delicate—bringing out the laces of melody through the sweeping chords from the opening bars to the end, she was recalled again and again by thunderous applause. The critics moved, and spoke together, plainly stirred by this magnetic pianist who was yet to prove herself a great interpreter with her fine imagery in the groups that were to follow. Fairies and goblins in woodland fantasy—stark tragedy of revolution—nocturnal calm and serenity after storm; the exotic charm of scented tropical gardens; the fresh and simple countryside with wild hedge roses perfuming the breeze; and the gamut of human emotions in a Chopin sonata, preludes and nocturnes.

There is something in the final applause of an audience on its feet, clamoring for encores, refusing to let the artist go from their sight, that rings true and makes conquest certain. Again and again Gertrude Huntly came back to bow and smile her thanks. They crowded behind to meet her in the artists' room—friends, and strangers among whom she was to find new warm friends. She was transformed now, vibrant, and warm and glowing. In the midst of the glad confusion she slipped away to telephone to Godowsky in his hotel. She had begged him that morning in her highly strung state of mind, not to come to her concert—and he had kept his word, although he could not hide his disappointment.

Each day, as the papers came out over the week end, the critics acclaimed her, analyzing her standards of musicianship, and placing her in the highest ranks. Seldom had their opinions been so unanimous, the interest so keenly expressed, nor such praise bestowed by the London critics—and congratulations poured in from all sides.

So we must leave her as she stood among her flowers, radiantly beautiful and loveable, a romantic figure.

"Predestined to become a pianistic world-power!" Will she fulfil that destiny? Or will she come but seldom from her seclusion to give to the world a fleeting hour of music, most beautiful because most rare? Time will tell, and Time alone may write the future pages of Gertrude Huntly's life.





A few of the weeds which grow beside our doors having excellent food properties, purslane, sorrel, nettle, shepherd's purse and dandelion.

FIND YOUR VITAMINS GROWING WILD

Canada provides a large variety of wild greens which carry the necessary spring quota of essential minerals.

By ETTA CAMPBELL

HOUSEWIVES far from markets may profit from the generosity of nature in early spring, long before salad plants are ready in the garden. European peoples make more use of wild things than we of this continent, although we have a greater variety of such eatables than is usually supposed.

Leafy vegetables, usually called "greens" contain food elements, (chiefly mineral salts), not found in roots, and, as they add bulk to the diet, provide valuable "roughage." They contain the essential vitamin "B" which is necessary for growth and development, improves the functioning of the digestive tract, and increases resistance to disease.

For salads, greens and herb soups, the following have all been used from time to time:—sorrel, curly dock, chicory, dandelion, pokeweed, fennel, leeks, rampions, shepherd's purse, purslane, watercress, mints, nettles, mustard, marsh marigold, lamb's quarters, bracken fronds and bracken rootstocks which have the flavor of almond.

The tender tops are used raw in self salads or salad mixtures, while the greener parts are cooked as we cook spinach, or cut fine and made into herb soups. Goldsmith wrote that a French cook of the olden time could make seven different dishes out of a nettle top, and Samuel Pepys, in his diary, speaks of eating some "nettle porridge" which was very good, a compliment that must have been well deserved, for the immortal diarist certainly loved good eating.

Wild Salads

Only the very tender tops are used raw in salads, and these should be blanched if possible. If a board is laid over either dandelion or chicory they will blanch in a week. Either of these is good in salads containing apple and cabbage, and all green salads are improved by gratings of cheese and hard-boiled eggs. Dandelion, chicory and lettuce combined make an especially good salad. Any preferred dressing may be used, but French dressing is considered the most appropriate. The French have a way of using oil dressing that is said to be better than our way of shaking oil and vinegar together. They pour the oil over first that it may cling better to the leaves, then pour the vinegar or lemon juice over the oil.

Herb Soup

Continental soups are not only excellent but inexpensive, and no dinner is considered complete without one. One much used is herb soup. Put a large piece of the best butter in a saucepan with some chopped leeks, sorrel, chervil, lettuce, (any other combinations may be used), and a tiny bunch of mixed herbs. Add sufficient

water, pepper and salt and boil well. When done thicken with yolks of eggs and cream, or if preferred, milk thickened with a little flour or cornstarch may be used. Soup of sorrel or sourdock is made in the same way, but is usually served with veal. If a puree is desired, the greens are put through a sieve, and the liquid made thicker. All is then poured into a tureen in which have been placed toasted squares or fingers of bread or poached eggs. Sorrel bouillon is often used cold.

Herb Variations

The French often stew their vegetables in cream and sugar where we would use salt. They are also very dainty about serving. Every carrot and turnip that surrounds a meat dish is not only cut into appetizing shapes, but is seasoned with an appetizing flavor.

Sprouts of chicory are sometimes rolled in slices of bacon, placed in a casserole, a cream sauce poured over, sprinkled with some gratings of cheese, and baked till brown. Some of the bottled sauces and catsups are good with chicory.

That common pest of the garden, purslane, which is related to the portulaca, is used for fritters. Stalks of purslane are soaked for two hours in the juice of a lemon, some powdered sugar and a pinch of cinnamon. The stalks are then dipped into batter, fried over a slow fire, and served sprinkled with powdered sugar. As purslane is an anti-scorbutic, it has been used in Europe for years, not only as a pot-herb, but in salads and pickles as well. A close relative growing on the Pacific slopes is known as Indian lettuce, or miner's lettuce.

Speaking of fritters reminds me that elder-flowers are also used. These are soaked for two hours in sherry or brandy mixed with a little sugar, drained and dipped into batter to which orange-flower water has been added, and then fried until a golden-brown.

Dandelion, besides being used raw in salads, is cooked as we do spinach. The roots also are used. The water in which leaves or roots are cooked should never be wasted. Either roots or leaves may be baked in a casserole, and covered with a cream sauce to which has been added gratings of cheese or chopped hard-boiled eggs.

Roots of chicory and dandelion dug in the fall and covered with earth in a half-lit cellar, and sprinkled with a little water once a week, will provide many a tender blanched sprig for salad.

Rampion, of which we read in continental books, grow wild here, escaping probably from cultivation in early days. They are biennial flower of the campanula family,

Continued on page 68



Thousands are grateful for its salty tang

Shining teeth a fresh sweet mouth

*A letter from
Miss R. A. Pritchard
of Toronto*

Gentlemen:

Do you want to hear why I like Pebeco? When I was just grown-up my smile and my nice white teeth were my special pride. Then my teeth started to need lots of dental work and I was dreadfully worried until I discovered that Pebeco checked the decay.

I found that it left my mouth tasting so clean and refreshed that soon I was devoted to it. I feel now that I can keep my nice, white, sound teeth until I am a grandmother.

Very truly yours,
R. A. PRITCHARD

WHAT a joy it is to know that all day long your mouth is sweet, your teeth sparkling.

A great medical authority found that the most common cause of unhealthy mouth conditions was a slowing up of the mouth fluids which keep the teeth and gums safe from acids. So he developed the formula of Pebeco with its special salt to keep the fluids healthily active.

At the first touch of Pebeco in the morning, its salty tang summons the mouth fluids. For hours they bathe the whole mouth. The bedtime brushing renews their activity for the night. No wonder your breath stays fresh and sweet, your teeth and gums sound.

Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, for the owners of the Canadian trade-mark "Pebeco."

Free Offer:

*Send coupon today
for generous tube*



**Keeps
the mouth
young . . .**

Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Dept. CC-2
9 Davies Avenue, Toronto, B.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco
Tooth Paste. PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

(THIS COUPON NOT VALID AFTER MARCH, 1929)

Surprise
him
to-night!



DRIES WHILE

JACK'S tired of that shabby old end-table, tired of its dulled scratched-up appearance. Should have been discarded or relegated to the garret long ago, he thinks. Still, somehow, you hate to see it go.

Well, by all means keep it, right in the living room. Get a can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer and a brush. Flow on this perfected Lacquer right over the old shabby surface and watch the magical transformation! Color, glow, lasting beauty! What rare fun it is and what a delight to find that the beautiful Rogers Color "Dries while you wait." Won't Jack be surprised!

You can use Rogers to decorate every interior surface. Use it on your furniture. Its exquisite color and porcelain-like finish will give new dignity and charm to every piece.

Your dealer has Rogers. Twenty-one colors including Black, White and Clear.

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YOU WAIT

ROGERS
THE MARK OF QUALITY
BRUSHING
LACQUER

Handy Stand
free
finish it with Rogers



Present this coupon, with 50c., to any Rogers dealer. He will give you in return a regular priced 50c., quarter-pint can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer (any color) and a beautiful Handy Stand entirely free. This Handy Stand will be useful in many ways, serving as an ideal foot-stool, bric-a-brac or flower stand or as a sturdy toy for the kiddies.

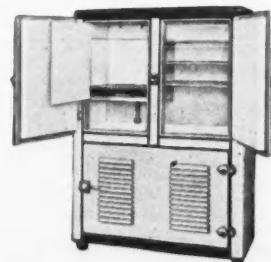
This coupon and 50c. entitles me to a regular priced quarter-pint tin of Rogers Brushing Lacquer (any color) and a free Handy Stand.

Name.....

Address.....

Dealers—This coupon will be redeemed by any one of the four Companies manufacturing Rogers Brushing Lacquer.

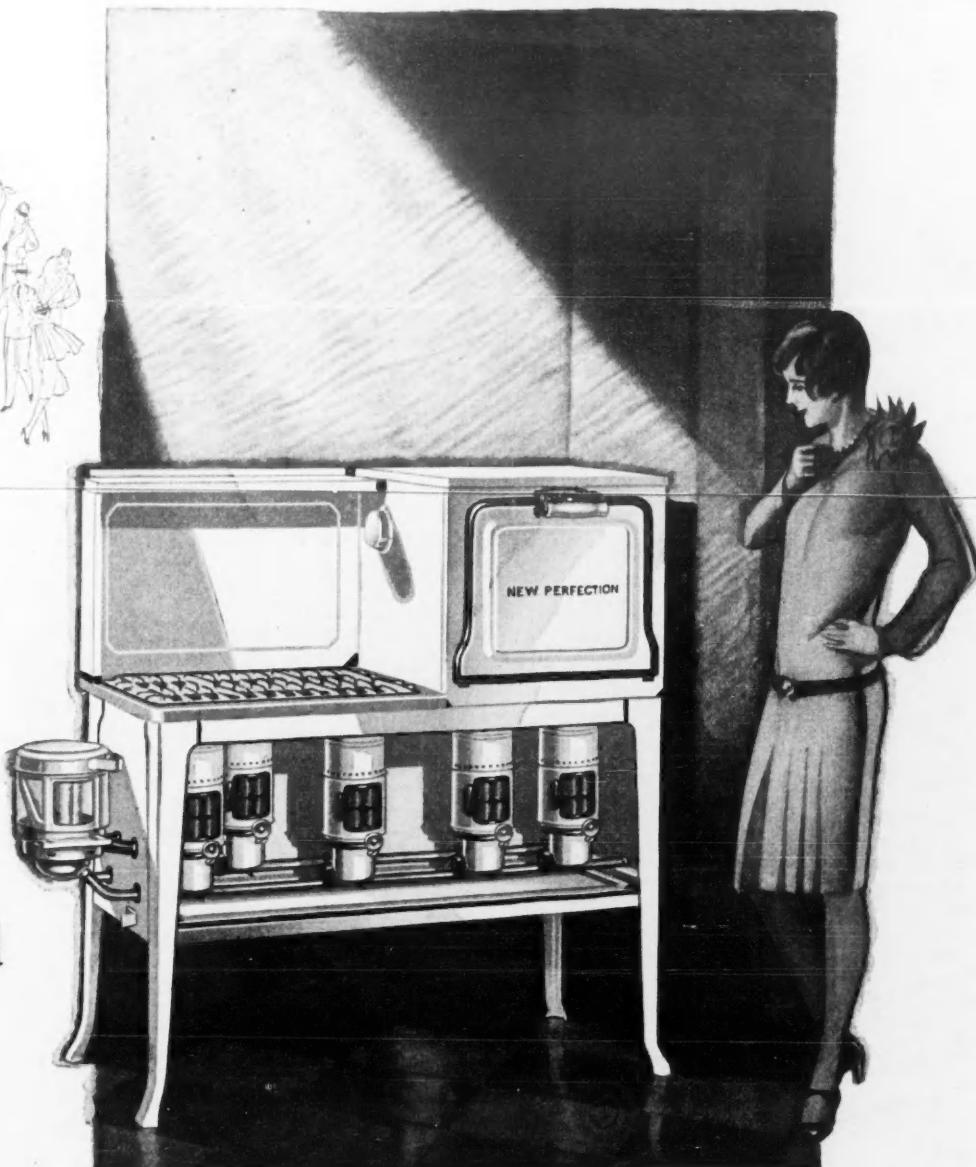
. . . the last word
in kitchen
beauty



The SMP Guaranteed Refrigerator—A product of General Steel Wares Limited, who also manufacture a full range of household equipment, including: Electric, Gas, Coal and Wood Ranges; Furnaces; Enamelled Ware; Aluminum Ware and a complete line of Kitchen Utensils, etc.

Write for
interesting
booklet and full
particulars to

GENERAL STEEL WARES
LIMITED



WE are pleased to introduce the New Perfection . . . a full porcelain enamel oil-burning range! Everything you could possibly want in a range is here. Twenty-seven modern features!

Snow white porcelain enamel finish throughout. Easy to keep looking new. The designs are entirely new, trim and graceful. Takes up little space. There's not a single feature missing.

See the built-in "live heat" oven. It is air insulated, porcelain enamel lined and has the highest-priced,

accurate temperature indicator ever put on an oil-burning range.

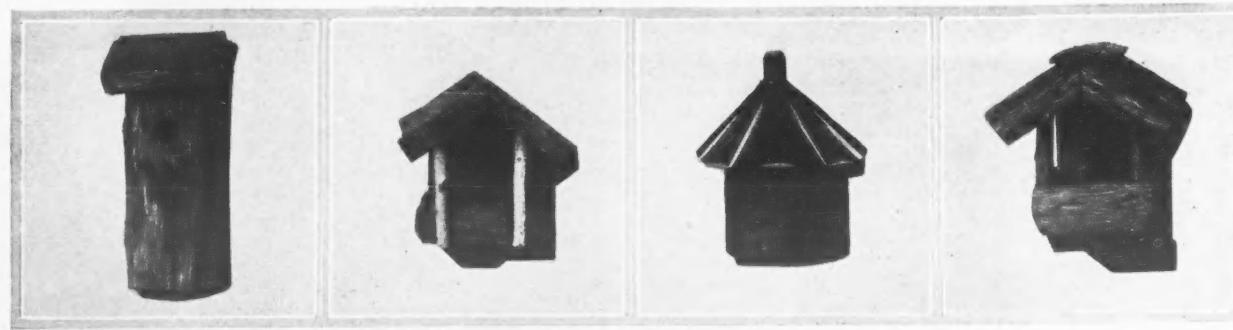
The long, double-wall chimneys multiply the cooking heat and keep kitchen vessels clean. Only with Perfection's patented long chimney burners is such clean, intense heat produced by oil, the safe, economical fuel.

This range is one of 24 splendid new models, priced from \$25 to \$210. If your husband is driving the latest model six-cylinder car, then by the same standard you should have the latest and the best Perfection Oil Burning Range in your kitchen.

PERFECTION

Oil Burning Ranges

From left to right, a bluebird house that simulates a hollow tree, and beside an open robin shelf, with only a roof to protect nest from the rain.



The third house is a swinging box for the wren. Its opening is small to exclude intruding sparrows. The fourth house is suitable either for phoebe or robins, for both like an open dwelling.



Preparing Our Gardens for Bird Guests

By Louise Murphy

*"The kiss of the sun for pardon
The song of the birds for mirth
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than any place else on earth."*—Gurney.

IMPELLED northward by the south wind and the humid fragrance of the wet sod, so lately covered by a mantle of snow, the bluebird is the earliest spring migrant to reach the gardens and orchards of Canada. The American robin and the song-sparrow follow with the junco in March, and then appears troop after troop in rapid succession—goldfinches, swallows, flickers, sparrows, vireos, thrushes, multi-colored warblers—all these and more, of every size and color. Come down from the sky, they suddenly fill the spring air with joy and life, and having faithfully fulfilled the requirements of the ancient and sacred laws of hospitality, the gardener awaits his bird-guests.

Naturally, when old trees are cut down and replaced by young ones, many birds suddenly find themselves deprived of nesting cavities, and the bird-house is planned to supply this natural necessity. Many compensations must be granted to wild birds as the process of high cultivation continues, especially in the city, where the scheme of nature suffers the greatest interference.

Of course, the majority of birds weave their own nest-cradles—on the ground, in bushes, or upon trees, and material for these wonders should be put out early in May—bits of string, wool, cotton, hair, strewn over the vines and hedges. For, in choosing a summer home, the birds will be sure to select a spot with plenty of cover. Tangles of virginia creeper, bitter sweet and grape vines, hedges of Japanese barberry (prickly enough to be cat-proof) lilac, syringa and mulberry, cherry, birch and evergreens (small and tall) with other native and introduced species, will all find bird-tenants. As a special treat for the humming bird, plant nasturtiums for the tiny traveller, who, on wings rapid as the wind, lives in a world of flowers, extending from the South American tropics north to the Laurentian hills of Quebec.

Occupants of bird-houses form a small group, chiefly composed of woodpeckers, wrens, tree-swallows, bluebirds, chickadees, nuthatches, screech owls and great-crested flycatchers. These birds make few demands upon the builder, if only pattern and position conform to Mother Earth's wise rules and regulations, for a bird-house should blend into its environment and always be constructed along simple lines.

Birds have as many likes and dislikes about their lodgings as human beings, it seems. The robin and phoebe, for instance, like ventilation. A mere shelf, covered at top against the rain, is all they ask. The wren likes a swinging house, that rocks the baby birds when the wind blows. They also appreciate a small opening to shut out intruding sparrows. It should hang eight to ten feet from the ground. The blue-bird prefers an imitation of a hollow tree. It should slant forward and face south, south-east or east, to avoid storms. The types are fairly general, and if you will note the birds which come to your neighborhood each year, you will be able to secure the particular sorts of houses which each species prefers by describing the birds, by name or character, to the expert dealer in garden furniture.

Without a bird-bath, no garden can ever be said to be completely equipped. It may take the form of a foun-

tain in a formal garden or be a cunningly devised little stream trickling gently over a rock-garden, a beautiful shell placed in the crotch of a tree or a home-made affair, like the writer's own.

This last was evolved from the cover of a can, placed firmly upon a discarded umbrella stand, the whole painted green and hidden amongst ferns and flowers under a bird-cherry tree. Underneath this bath is a perch where, in driving rain-storms, robins and sparrows find shelter inside the umbrella stand (thus fulfilling part of its original function.)

This simple arrangement has proved itself more popular with the birds than a near-by glistening creation of marble.

Undoubtedly, the most practical bath is made of cement, lying low on the ground near a tree, and made to slope gradually so as to hold four inches of water at the deepest end. This pool can be swept clean with a broom in a moment and refilled with fresh water. To-day, any hardware shop carries a variety of sprays that may be effectively employed and attached to an ordinary garden hose, for a fine spray-bath is the choice of most of the smaller birds. For example, the ruby-throated humming bird will brush against a raspberry bush after a summer shower or heavy dew fall, and our yellow warbler enjoys a private tub in a rhubarb leaf at odd times; while one constantly sees the little bird hopping about in the wet grass, and getting from Mother Nature a generous supply of clean, soft water.

JACK MINER has provided large, artificial ponds for the great flocks of migrating Canada geese and whistling swans that find a temporary resting place at Kingsville, Ontario, and everyone knows how his faith and works have amply justified the invitation and hospitality proffered at the Miner Sanctuary within the past few years.

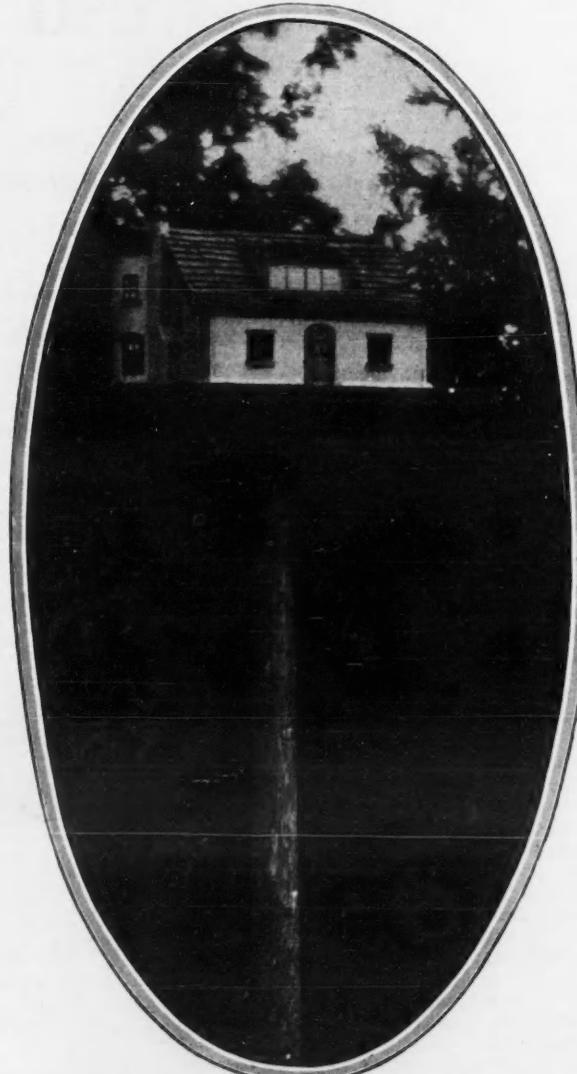
It is from England, however, that one must learn the great story of the conservation of bird-life. The English gardens are full of native song-birds, while many of the estates have maintained garden-aviaries for more than three hundred years. Peacocks, swans, crows and other species have been used for adornment and to add a touch of life to the landscape, while foreign birds, parrots, owls and a host of others, have been held captive in cages and large aviaries with as much delight and thought as the keeping of the ancestral library and the family portrait gallery.

The Duchess of Wellington, at Ewhurst Park, has, at the present time, a beautiful aviary built over an apple orchard. At one end of the building a blue pool has been placed for the use of the white waterfowl, that forms a perfect background for the stalking cranes. Her Grace has succeeded in creating a happy home for many feathered folk, hailing from far and near, and sheltered here and secure at all seasons of the year, and that, in a climate subject to much variability. In Canada, there are many estates where the large and decorative birds have been cultivated, swans, pheasants and even peacocks—notably those of the Hon. J. S. Martin, at Port Dover, and George Morrow, Esq., at Port Credit, Ontario.

"Harcroft", the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harvey near Grenadier Pond, Toronto, is a most unusual bird sanctuary. Covered with spring-fed marshes and miniature lakes leading into Grenadier Pond, it makes an ideal natural home for birds who would ordinarily seek the wild. The preservation of natural settings is one of the greatest attractions to bird guests. Water and trees, wild-flower gardens and ferny unmolested paths, are the beloved haunts of all small feathered things.

Yet the hand of man may as easily attract bird life as repel it.

In our garden robin redbreast and the yellow warbler are fond of custard and bread pudding, while the song-sparrows make merry tunes over cake crumbs! The fact remains that the whole story of Bird Protection is so vast that the gardener should have at his command many authoritative books to help him in his work, and of these there are sundry. Each day that dawns



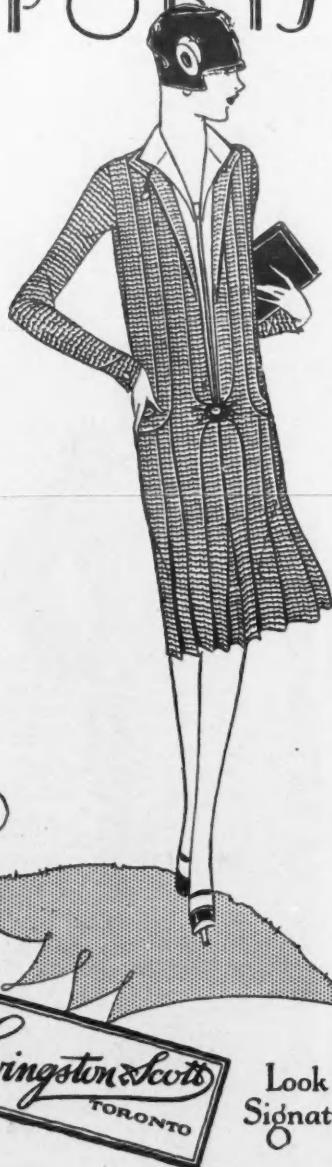
An attractive little dwelling for a large family of birds.

For Ladies, Too!

Shopping in all our stores is a pleasure because every United Cigar Store clerk is trained to render quick and courteous service. At all times they are ready to serve you with fresh merchandise, neatly wrapped.

United Cigar Stores, Limited
Canadian Owned and Controlled.

SPORTSWEAR



THE Livingston & Scott Studios present for Spring, styles that are typically original and distinctive. Fashion inspired these styles, but only Livingston & Scott could interpret their loveliness. They are different, modern and alluring.

The dress shown here is style No. 4734—One-piece tailored dress made of the new featherweight tweed.

Livingston & Scott's Sportswear is being shown in the better Ready-to-Wear Departments and Specialty Shops in all parts of Canada. If you cannot see them in your store, write us and we will gladly give you the name of a store that does show them.

LIVINGSTON & SCOTT

LADIES
SPORTSWEAR
SPECIALISTS
TORONTO ONTARIO

Look for the
Signature Label

LS16

Still More Profits for Canadian Boys!

EVERY month The Chatelaine, MacLean's New National Magazine for Women, now on sale, will have to be delivered to Canadian homes. Thousands of women all over Canada will be eager to read this new publication, especially for women.

YOU, AS A CANADIAN BOY, CAN SELL THIS MAGAZINE TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA AND EARN

Money and Prizes Galore!

Date

YOUNG CANADA BOOSTERS CLUB,
The Chatelaine, MacLean's New National
Magazine for Women, Toronto.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of
Boy Salesmen and make money and win prizes.

Name

Address

City Province



A Martin house built by a school boy and shown by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild. Almost every school

encourages boys to construct birdhouses in their shop work, and their finished articles are available to purchasers.

unlocks for us some little secret, and pours out with lavish hand the gift of love that is a joy forever,

The following measurements for bird

houses have been found to be the most suitable for the various types of air fauna. These measurements have been recorded by the Geological Survey of Canada.

	Floor	Depth Inside	Diameter Entrance	Entrance From Floor	House To Ground
Purple Martin	6" x 6"	6"	1 3/4"	1"-1 1/2"	14'-20'
House Wren	4" x 4"	6"-8"	7/8"	1"-6"	6'-10'
Tree Swallow	5" x 5"	6"	1 1/2"	1"-6"	10'-15'
Blue Bird	5" x 5"	8"	1 1/2"	6"	5'-10'
Crested Flycatcher	6" x 6"	8"-10"	2"	8"	8'-20'
Chickadee	4" x 4"	8"-10"	1 1/8"	8"	6'-15'
Flicker	7" x 7"	16"-18"	2 1/2"	16"	6'-20'
Screech Owl	8" x 8"	12"-15"	3"	12"	10'-30'
Sparrow Hawk	8" x 8"	12"-15"	3"	12"	10'-30'

Find Your Vitamins Growing Wild

Continued from page 65

with purple flowers the size of a thimble. The roots are cooked and served like parsnips. They are also eaten raw like radishes.

Milkweed and pokeweed shoots are used as we use asparagus. Some are afraid of the latter because the berries and roots are slightly poisonous, but pokeweed has been taken from this continent and placed under cultivation in France. If picked young enough, and if the water in which the shoots are boiled is thrown away, no harm will result.

Fennel sauce is much liked by some. This is made by stirring into melted butter a bunch of fennel and one of parsley chopped fine.

Herbs are used in many of the French dishes, in omelettes, in potato soup and for dressing fish. The fish is opened down the back, the bone removed, and a stuffing put in of fine bread crumbs and herbs. The French also dry the herbs to save them for winter.

We are all familiar with mint sauce as used with lamb, but we may have as well, mint jelly, mint sandwiches and mint sherbet.

Mint Jelly

This is a good mint jelly. Soak one tablespoonful of gelatin in two of cold water for five minutes. Boil half a cupful of cider vinegar with three-quarters of a cupful of

sugar to which has been added one quarter cupful of mint leaves cut fine. Add the gelatin after removing from the fire, turn into a fancy mould and chill. This is very appetizing and unusual.

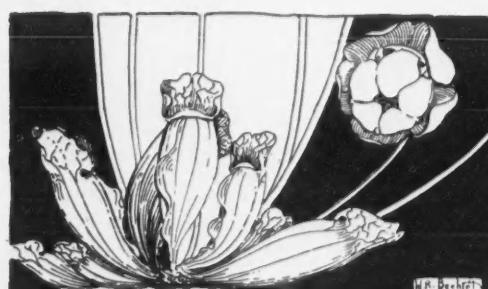
Mushroom Lore

Wild mushrooms should be used more than they are, but we should never identify mushrooms from descriptions we have read nor from pictures we have seen. They should be pointed out to us by an expert. The Mycological Society on King Street, Toronto, will give information as to edible sorts if samples are sent to them. Mushrooms are rich in nitrogenous matter, but free from sugar and starch, and, therefore, suitable for diabetics. They may be baked, broiled, scalloped, creamed, made into croquettes, or baked in patty-cases. A single broiled mushroom floating in the centre of a plate of soup is attractive. The ordinary puff-ball, gathered when fresh, sliced, and fried in butter or with beefsteak is an old favorite.

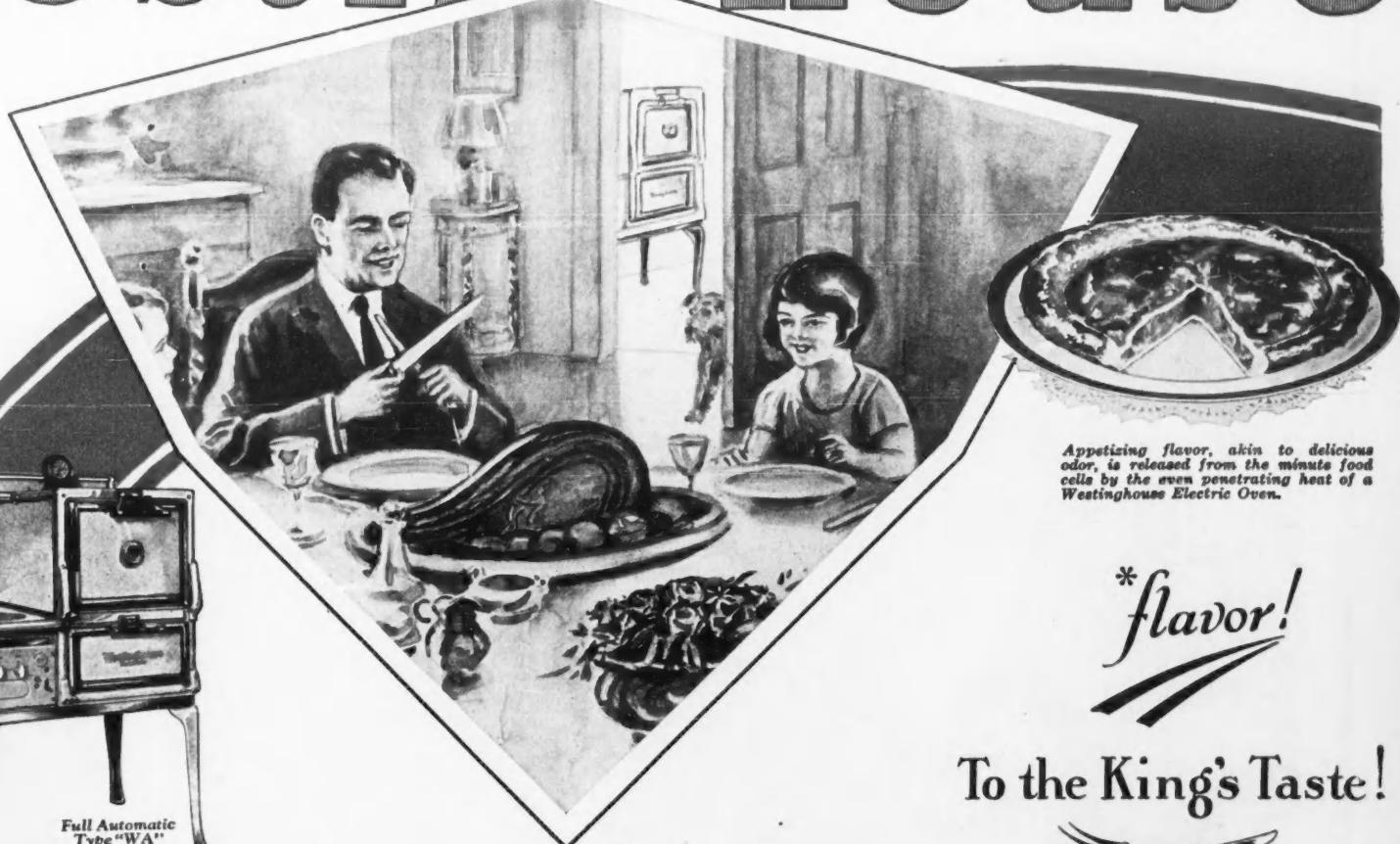
Wild Roots and Tubers

A root much used for food by the Indians and early whites was the Jerusalem artichoke, a species of wild sunflower which still grows very plentifully in Canada. Its tubers are often sold in city markets. As it contains no starch and only a trace of sugar, it

Continued on page 72



Westinghouse



Full Automatic
Type "WA"

*flavor!

To the King's Taste!



*Flavor

Foodstuffs vary greatly in their cell construction. The fibre cells of vegetables, meats and baked foods all differ in their size and ability to withstand heat. Too hot an oven destroys this illusive food quality, but what may be too hot for one food is too slow to rupture these millions of tiny cells in other foods.

Therein lies the advantage of the evenly controlled heat of the Westinghouse Electric Oven. It is maintained without personal attention at the correct temperature and for the proper length of time to penetrate to the innermost cells.

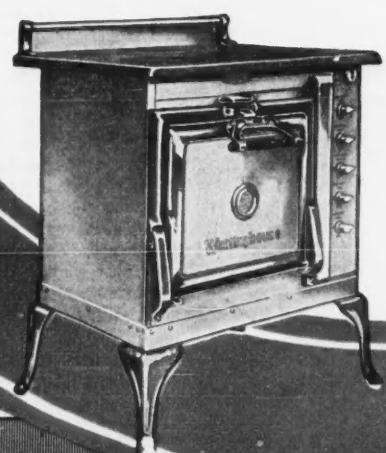
This steady, even heat gradually ruptures the cell walls, releasing the full flavor, yet retaining all the nourishing juices and in this way producing food that is deliciously tender and easily digested.



Type "WS"



Type "H2"



Type "HS1"

"Ummmm," the universal expression of a pleased palate, means more to most mothers than the Blue Ribbon prize at a food show. You have often thrilled to this honest appreciation—the cooking results of a Westinghouse Electric Range will thrill you every day.

Beauty is the first thing your heart will gloat over, the moment a Westinghouse Range finds its place in your kitchen, but that is only the outward promise of the pleasure and satisfaction it will provide for the rest of your life. Nothing has been overlooked or skimped in designing and building this range, which in every detail is the peer of all cooking devices.

Your guests will agree with you that the Westinghouse Range makes manifest the engineering experience behind it—an experience that has been gained by the constant study of cooking requirements and the steady improvement of electric range construction, since the days of the earliest experimental models.

25 New Selected Recipes Printed on 3 x 5 Cards (with our compliments)

When you wish to tempt your guests with something especially fine in cakes, puddings, pastry, salads, rolls and fancy biscuits, etc., follow one of these tested recipes, which have the proper oven temperatures indicated. You will be delighted with the results.

Accompanying these handy recipe cards, which are provided with space for your remarks or notes, there are also three Domestic Science Bulletins, giving in condensed form much valuable information on meats, vegetables, pies and cakes. Send for these to-day.

Canadian Westinghouse Co., Limited
Hamilton, Ontario

Fewer disappointments,
more well deserved complements,
and the daily experience of enjoying
the better flavor of foods
cooked electrically, have
induced thousands of
housewives to praise the
Westinghouse Electric
Range to their friends.

If you do not wish to mutilate this page simply
send a postcard.
CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE CO., LTD.,
Hamilton, Ontario.
Please send free set of index cards bearing
temperatures—also three Domestic Science Bulletins
on proper cooking of vegetables, meats, pies
and cakes.



Name
Address

Meals of the Month

Thirty Menus for April

Compiled by Margaret E. Read, B.A., M.Sc.

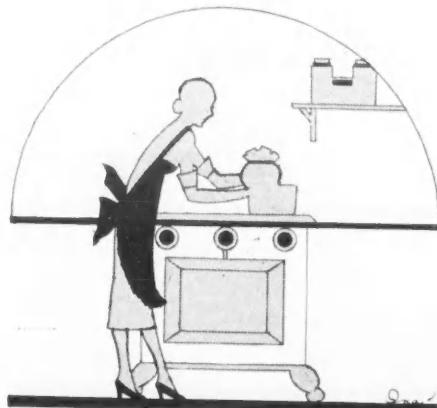
I	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	I 7	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1	Sliced Pineapple Toast Tea	Lobster Ramekins Toast Macedoine de Fruit Chocolate Cake Tea or Cocoa	Rissoles Baked Ham Potatoes Canned Corn Cheesecake Pie Coffee	17	Half Oranges Shredded Wheat Muffins Tea	Grilled Sardines on Toast Lemon Slices Raisin Pie Tea or Cocoa	Boiled Tongue Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Green Tomato Pickles Chocolate Charlotte Coffee
2	Half Oranges Oatmeal Porridge Toast Tea	Shirred Eggs with Pimento and Parsley Hot Rolls Citron Preserves Tea or Cocoa	Cold Sliced Ham Mustard Pickles Scalloped Potatoes Diced Turnips Coffee Float with Whipped Cream Coffee	18	Figs in Syrup Bacon Toast Tea	Cold Sliced Tongue Baked Potatoes Maple Syrup Grape Jelly Johnny Cake Tea or Cocoa	Sirloin Steak French Fried Potatoes Creamed Turnips Peanut Graham Wafers Coffee
3	Stewed Prunes Bran Poached Eggs on Toast Tea	Salmon Salad Brown Bread Preserved Plums Doughnuts Tea or Cocoa	Ham and Vegetable Pie Mashed Potatoes Fried Parsnips Greengage Sherbet Coffee	19	Pineapple Slices Poached Eggs Toast Tea	Beet Salad Hot Whole Wheat Rolls Jam Tea or Cocoa	Creole Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Parsnip Fritters Mock Praline Ice Cream Coffee
4	Grapefruit Broiled Bacon and Chives Toast Raspberry Jam Tea	Welsh Rarebit Chocolate Blanc Mange with Cream Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Lamb Chops French Fried Potatoes Canned Peas Prune Betty Coffee	20	Orange Juice Rolls Tea	Creamed Mushrooms on Toast Preserved Cherries Tea or Cocoa Hermits	Halibut Stea', Anchovy Butter Baked Potatoes Creamed Peas Blueberry Shortcake Coffee
5	Orange Juice Cream of Wheat French Toast with Maple Syrup Tea	Sausages and Saratoga Potatoes Preserved Strawberries Tea or Cocoa	Braised Beef Boiled Potatoes Creamed Onions Peach Dulce Coffee	21	Apricots Toast Tea	Sausages Waffles and Maple Syrup Nut and Fruit Gelatine, Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Scalloped Corn Orange and Onion Salad Neapolitan Loaf Coffee
6	Figs in Syrup with Cream Jelly Omelet Hot Cross Buns Tea	Potato Salad Hot Rolls Dill Pickles Fruit Parts Marshmallow Cream Tea or Cocoa	Baked Finnan Haddie Potatoes au Gratin Buttered Beets Steamed Chocolate Pudding Coffee	22	Stewed Rhubarb Grapenuts Bran Muffins Tea	Creamed Sweetbreads in Timbales Radishes Sliced Pineapple Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Mock Duck Au Gratin Potatoes String Beans Improved Rhubarb Pie Coffee
7	Raw Bananas Red River Cereal Plum Jam Toast Tea	Soup Creamed Peas on Toast Grape Conserve Tea or Cocoa	Meat Balls with Spanish Sauce Mashed Potatoes String Beans Ginger Cream Coffee	23	Sliced Oranges Red River Cereal Strawberry Jam Tea	Salmon and Rice Loaf with Egg Sauce Spiced Prunes Hermits Tea or Cocoa	Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding Creamed Carrots Cold Slaw Fruit Bavarian Coffee
8	(Easter Sunday) Half Grapefruit Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Tea	Pineapple and Celery Salad with Cheese Balls and Thousand Island Dressing Maple Eclairs Tea or Cocoa	Roast Chicken Parsley Potatoes au Beurre Creamed Cauliflower Lettuce Hearts, Russian Dressing Ice Cream Sandwich with Butterscotch Sauce Coffee	24	Bananas Spanish Omelet Toast Tea	Combination Salad Hot Rolls Plum Conserve Tea or Cocoa	Cold Meat Potato Cakes Glazed Lima Beans Mixed Pickles Porcupines with Chocolate Sauce Coffee
9	Stewed Apricots Fish Cakes Rolls Strawberry Jam Tea	Poached Eggs Nested in Mashed Potatoes Fresh Rhubarb Ginger Bread Tea or Cocoa	Chicken and Rice Chartreuse Scalloped Tomatoes Banana Fritters Ambrosia Coffee	25	Half Oranges Puffed Wheat Toast Tea	Ham and Eggs Pineapple Whip Molasses Cookies Tea or Cocoa	Meat and Rice en Casserole Tomatoes on Toast Spinach Cherry Comiques Pudding Coffee
10	Sliced Oranges Cornflakes Scrambled Eggs Grapefruit Marmalade Toast Tea	Lima Beans with Tomato Sauce Young Green Onions Rice with Maple Syrup Sauce Tea or Cocoa	Bacon and Liver Baked Potatoes Lafayette Pie Fried Onions Coffee	26	Prunes Toast Tea	Vegetable Fritters Lettuce with Salad Dressing Preserved Pears Tea or Cocoa	Pan Broiled Mackerel Creamed Potatoes Buttered Asparagus on Toast Maple Blossoms Coffee
11	Chilled Shredded Pineapple Sausages Popovers Apple Jelly Tea	Baked Potatoes Lettuce with Mayonnaise Caramel Cake Tea or Cocoa	Noodles Pot Roast Creamed Carrots Fruit Salad with Whipped Cream Coffee	27	Grapefruit Creamed Eggs on Toast Tea	Fish Souffle Cornstarch Pudding with Apricot Sauce Tea or Cocoa	Vegetable Plate (Mashed Potatoes, Poached Eggs, Buttered Beets) Cabbage Salad Upside Down Cake Coffee
12	Whole Orange Spanish Liver Toast Tea	Omelet with Asparagus Tips Bran Muffins Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Tea or Cocoa	Hash Potato Croquettes Sweet Cucumber Pickles Cream of Wheat Pudding Coffee	28	Whole Oranges Wheat Cakes Tea	Rice Croquettes with Cheese Sauce Preserved Strawberries Gingersnaps Tea or Cocoa	New England Boiled Dinner (Corned Beef, Boiled Potatoes Onions, Carrots, Turnips) Chocolate Matzos Torte Coffee
13	Fresh Rhubarb Fried Eggs Rolls Honey Tea	Cream of Spinach Soup Salines with Swiss Cheese Baked Bananas Tea or Cocoa	Codfish Cakes Mushrooms on Toast Vegetable Salad Maple Parfait Coffee	29	Sliced Pineapple Pork Chops Franconia Potatoes Tea	Bouillon, with Whipped Cream Shrimps in Aspic Orange Snow, Custard Sauce Small Cakes Tea or Cocoa	Roast Lamb, Mint Julep Rissoles Potatoes Creamed Parsnips Radishes London Sherbet Coffee
14	Spiced Prunes Roman Meal Toast Brambleberry Jelly Tea	Spaghetti (Italian Style) Preserved Peaches Rocks Tea or Cocoa	Roast Veal Franconia Potatoes Canned Cabbage Chow Chow Feather Pudding Coffee	30	Orange Sections Minced Ham and Scrambled Eggs on Toast Tea	Canned Pea Salad Bran Muffins Gooseberry Jam Tea or Cocoa	Scalloped Lamb with Macaroni Kidney Beans Tomato Sauce Watercress French Dressing Angel Pie Coffee
15	Orange Sections Pancakes Maple Syrup Tea	Lettuce and Brown Bread Sandwiches Pineapple and Orange Cup Ivory Nut Cake Marshmallow Icing Hot Chocolate	Cold Sliced Veal Scalloped Potatoes Creamed Asparagus Jellied Tomato Salad Angels' Delight Coffee				
16	Bananas Plain Omelet Pineapple Marmalade Toast Tea	Spanish Rice Preserved Plums Hot Biscuits Tea or Cocoa	Pork Chops Apple Jelly Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Kidney Beans Orange Bread Pudding Coffee				

* Spanish Liver is prepared after the manner of Spanish Steak, with onions or green peppers, or with onions alone. It may also be parboiled, chopped and fried with the same seasonings and be served with a rich brown gravy on toast. Mock Duck may be prepared either of flank steak, rolled and stuffed with bread crumbs and onion, or pork tenderloin similarly stuffed. The latter is more delicate. Both should be well basted. Creole Meat Loaf is a variation of the regular meat loaf with the addition of a tomato sauce seasoned with onion, a small amount of garlic, lemon juice, salt, pepper and cayenne. Glazed Lima Beans are prepared by placing beans, boiled until tender in a pan with half cupful granulated sugar, one teaspoonful salt, quarter cupful water, and four tablespoonfuls lard. Dissolve sugar in water and add to lard. The secret of glazing is adding the sugar and water to the lard in a cold pan.

Two gala days appear during the fourth month of the year, Easter Sunday on the 8th, and St. George's Day on the 23rd. This last is noted in the menu for that day, in the good British combination, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Recipes for the desserts given in the menu chart for April may be found in the article, "Thirty Desserts for April" published in this issue.

(See also page 87)

SCRAP-BOOK TREASURE



Try a rubber band on your steamed pudding next time

The RUBBER-BAND DOMESTICATED

All sorts of uses for a small but not unappreciated piece of household equipment.

By THE COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE

YOU must, if you are at all observant, have noticed the growing tendency to secure the wrappings of small parcels by the use of rubber bands instead of string. Drug stores, greengroceries, groceries and notion counters employ these handy bands instead of the time-taking string. Have you not made use of it yourself in your home? Save these bands and, in addition, buy a box of the assorted sizes and you will be amazed at the number of uses to which you can put them, saving you time and effort in so many ways.

I began to use elastic bands such as are commonly used in offices some three or four years ago, and here are some of the uses to which I put them.

In cooking—how often have you laboriously tied on the covering—paper or cloth—of your steamed pudding only to be intensely irritated and perhaps burned when the time came to remove the clumsy string. Try a rubber band next time. It will outlast the period of cooking but, of course, not have life enough left in the rubber for use again.

Uses in Preserving

IN CANNING—I always mark, by the use of rubber bands, such jars as I wish to know for future use. For instance, in the canning of meat there are always the irregular pieces left which will not look particularly attractive when served. On the necks of the jars containing these, before processing I snap a rubber band and if it is for a stew, a pie or other purpose where the rougher pieces of the meat will serve, then my jar is instantly known by the band round the neck. Similarly, with fruits such as peaches. Often bruised specimens will have sufficient good in them to make several slices and by collecting these as you pack your halved peaches, you may save two, three or even more jars of sliced peaches for service instead of either throwing them away or mixing them with the better fruit which will turn out in immaculate sections. True, fruits are as a rule easier to recognize through the glass than are packed meats, but if, as it should be, your shelf-space for preserves is in the dark corner of your basement, you will frequently find you have reason to bless that thoughtfully-placed rubber band. Try it and see.

Pesky Packages

WE ALL know how very many goods for our larders are sold in handy packets over the counter. As in the case of pre-

pared cereals, these packets very often are wrapped outside with waxed paper and perhaps have an inner wax paper container for the food. All this is for the protection of the contents. But isn't it difficult to keep the tops of the cartons closed? They will spring open. Not, however, if you use rubber bands. Moreover, it is truly amazing how often these packets, usually light and readily upset by a person in a hurry, will be knocked from shelf to floor, there to spill and perhaps waste their contents, and certainly to annoy the busy housewife. But, if your many packages have a rubber band securing them, they may fall but they won't spill the food.

Whether waxed-paper wrapped or not, fasten all your packets of supplies, soap flakes, washing powder, baking soda, and so on, with rubber bands and you'll prove the usefulness of the habit again and again.

For Curtains

HOW often on a lovely day in summer is there just enough breeze to keep the curtain flapping irritatingly across your work or your reading. We want the windows open but that curtain is a nuisance. Try a rubber band—big and soft enough to hold the curtain hems without creasing. Your trouble will cease! Here is another use for rubber bands whilst we are among curtains. Many housewives find that their sheer curtains and even those made of casement cloth which are supported on smooth rods, either flat or round, will "creep" along the rod and that no matter how often folds are re-grouped, they will repeat the offence. Next time your curtains are down, prepare yourself with a few rubber bands when you are getting ready to replace them on the rod, wrapping around one of the narrowest of the bands on the rod at the spot where you wish the curtain to remain. Another band at the near end similarly wrapped after the curtain is run on and pushed into position, will allow of the grouping of folds just as you want them. These can be further adjusted when the rod is replaced at the window.

There are many other uses for rubber bands and each individual can add to them according to her need. From securing the stems of woody stalks of flowering-currant and pussy-willow in your flower vases, (do not try this on the softer stemmed flowers) to snapping a soft paper covering over a naked electric light globe, you will daily find use for the little time saver—the rubber band.

Cavendish
HATS
by John D. Ivey & Co., Limited
Toronto
Sold in the Better Stores from Coast to Coast
Photograph by Ashley & Crispin

It's worry—not work
that ages
a woman



WORRY and nerves, in so many cases, are a woman's own fault.

Neglect of the proper care of herself, or misunderstanding of the facts about personal hygiene, often lead to listlessness, premature old age, needlessly unhappy marriage.

Don't experiment in this critical, vital matter. Use "Lysol" Disinfectant. For

Lysol
Disinfectant



"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail only in the brown bottle packed in the yellow carton.

30 years it has been the unquestioned standard with doctors, hospitals and fastidious women.

But feminine hygiene involves more than the choice of the right antiseptic. You must know the facts. Send for our free booklet offered below. It was written for women by a woman physician. It contains the information and simple rules which should be familiar to every woman. Send the coupon now.

In the meantime buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at the nearest drugstore. Complete directions come with every bottle.

Lysol (Canada) Limited, distributed by LEHN & FINK (Canada) Limited, Toronto

This coupon brings you "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."
LEHN & FINK (Canada) Limited
Dept. 54, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto (8), Canada

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Prov. _____

To Freshen Fine Furniture

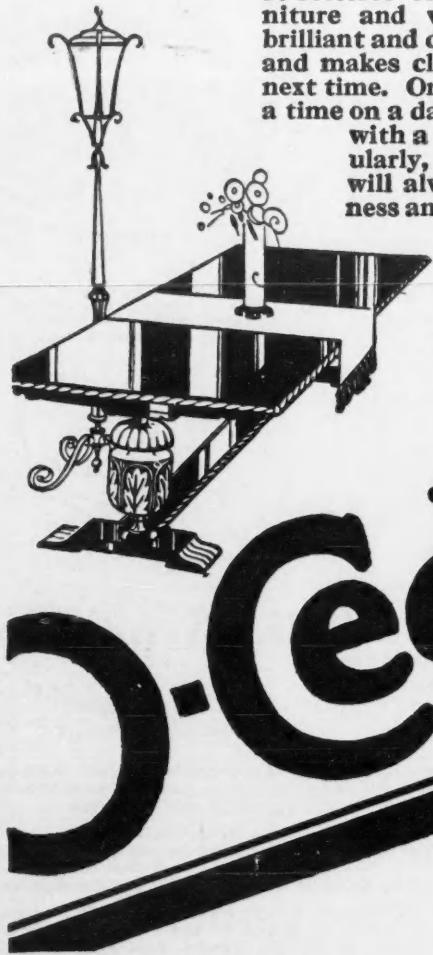
IF you have created a decorative scheme you're proud of, give it an occasional freshening up with O-Cedar Polish—the combined cleanser and polish.

It restores original lustre to furniture and woodwork. Leaves a brilliant and dry finish. Sheds dust and makes cleaning twice as easy next time. Only a little required at a time on a damp cloth, then polish with a dry cloth. Use it regularly, and your furniture will always glow with freshness and charm. Order from your dealer today and see!

For daily dusting, use a few drops on your dust-cloth.

Sold everywhere, with a money back guarantee. In 25c. to \$3.50 sizes.

CHANNELL LIMITED
TORONTO



O-Cedar Polish

EASTER CLOTHES

Even a casual examination of this issue of The Chatelaine will suggest to you that you will desire to show it to your friends and neighbors.

We will pay you handsomely if you will do this for us and as a service for them.

Sample copies and all necessary supplies will be sent you.

Even a few hours' pleasurable work of this kind will pay you handsomely, and, if you desire, help you buy that beautiful Easter suit you want.

Address your inquiry to:

Local Representatives' Dept.

MacLean Publishing Co. Ltd.
153 University Avenue
Toronto, Ont.



Find Your Vitamins

Continued from page 68

is better for diabetics than the white potato. It may be used in any way that ordinary potatoes are used, but should be peeled rapidly, and plunged at once into cold water to prevent discoloration, and should also be put on to boil in cold salted water.

The Arrowhead, so called from the shape of its leaves, is an aquatic plant found in shallow waters all over North America. Most of us know its slender stalks bearing three-petaled, golden-centred flowers, but few know that at its root in autumn, are to be found many tubers good for food. Our variety is *Sagittaria variabilis*, and is closely related to a Chinese vegetable, *Sagittaria sinensis*, a native of Asia.

Our yellow pond lily, a cousin of the famous lotus of India, was a godsend to the Red Men. They used the leaves and stems as we do spinach, and found the seeds so nutritious that it gave rise to the name of water chinquapin. The tubers, which sometimes weigh half-a-pound, are much like a sweet potato. There is a larger yellow water-lily in shallow streams and ponds near the Pacific coast, from which Indians gather the seeds in July and August, and toss them in a pan over the fire until they swell and crack, as does popcorn, which, by the way, they resemble in taste. Water Chestnuts used in nearly all the rich stews of the Chinese and Japanese are not seeds, but tubers with a nutty flavor that closely resemble that of our arrowhead and water lily.

Apio *tuberosa*, the ground-nut so much used by Indians and early settlers, is still to be had in some districts. This is a climbing perennial vine having bean-like leaves, and brownish-crimson blossoms with a violet fragrance. At the root, strung together, (as many as forty sometimes, the size of hens' eggs), are tubers similar in taste to the potato. White travelers have often come upon a peck or so hoarded up by field mice.

The creeping rootstocks of the common cat-tail contain a core of almost solid starch which the Indians used to grind into meal. A recent analysis of such meal by a government chemist showed that it contained the same amount of protein as rice and corn flours, but less fat.

Nuts and Fruits

Among other roots used by the Indians for food were those of clover, lupin, wild calla, sweet flag, water plantain, golden club, camassia, lily-bulbs and Jack-in-the-pulpit. Nuts, of which there is such a variety in North America, took the place of meat when game was scarce. Although wild rice was a great standby, they ground wild sunflower seeds and acorns into a meal for making bread. In many parts of the United States, acorn flour is still extensively used for making a palatable and nutritious bread, said to be the equal of corn-bread.

Our country is even richer in wild fruits than it is in nuts, and these are still much used by people who are far from markets. Most of us know the uses of the commoner ones, so we will mention only the more unusual. From them may be made fruit drinks, either fermented or unfermented, and jams and jellies. The high bush cranberry is still used as a substitute for the swamp variety. If the flavor is not liked, one may use half apple juice, or the juice of other fruits. The buffalo berry, so called because in the early days it was used as a garnish to buffalo steaks, is still used by the white men wherever it grows. Indian lemonade is made from the berries of the staghorn sumach. The hips of roses and the leaves as well; barberries and shadberries are all made use of.

Elderberries make a traditional invalid jelly. It will not stiffen, however, unless mixed half and half with apple, grape or crab-apple juice. Those who object to fermented products may stew the fruits, strain, add sugar and they will have refreshing fruit-drinks.

Was I Ever That Fat?



She reduced in this easy way

A large percentage of the over-fat have lost that excess in late years. Abnormal figures are exceptions now. People all about you have learned by experience how easy it is to reduce.

The modern way is Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others, and the use has spread. Now slender figures everywhere show what Marmola does.

Marmola supplies a substance which largely controls nutrition. It aims to increase the factor which turns food into fuel and energy rather than into fat. There are no secrets about it. The formula appears in every box, also explanations of results. This to avoid any fear of harm.

No abnormal exercise or diet is required, though moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

Go let Marmola do for you what it has done for so many. Watch the results in new beauty, new vitality, new health. Then tell your friends who need it. Order now, before you forget it, and learn what folly it is to stay fat.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

ease pain —

guard
against
infection



apply

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all DRUGGISTS \$1.25
Send for free trial bottle
W.F. YOUNG, Inc.,

344 St. Paul St., Montreal, Canada

THE BRIDE, BEFORE, AFTER AND DURING THE WEDDING

A Bridal Frock and Smart Evening Dress



Bridal or Evening Frock No. 9354

This satin gown may be made without the mousquetaire sleeves. The train, with a scalloped finish and an inverted pleat at the centre, is attached under the curved edge of the bodice. Sizes 14 to 40
Price, 65 cents

Evening Frock No. 9355

The skirt of this sleeveless evening frock of crepe satin is circular and petal-shaped, effecting a graceful down-in-the-back line. The tied scarf falls from the shoulders in back. Sizes 14 to 38
Price, 65 cents

ONE TELLING EVENING GOWN IS REQUIRED FOR PRE-PARTIES

GOING-AWAY DRESS, CAPE AND CAPE-COAT

All Splendid for the General Spring Wardrobe



Frock No. 9358

The scarf with an insert godet is joined under the left side front of the blouse of this two-piece frock of radium silk and is but one of its many smart features.

Sizes 14 to 44
Price, 65 cents

Cape No. 9348

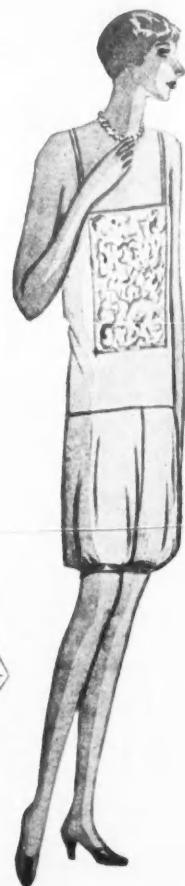
This long cape of cashmere has a back yoke, arm vents, and two styles of collars. Its simplicity is appropriate for this classic type of garment. Sizes small, medium and large
Price, 65 cents

Coat No. 9349

A pointed cape is a distinctive note in this long coat of crepe faille. This cape is set on in a pointed yoke-line below a straight collar; set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 44

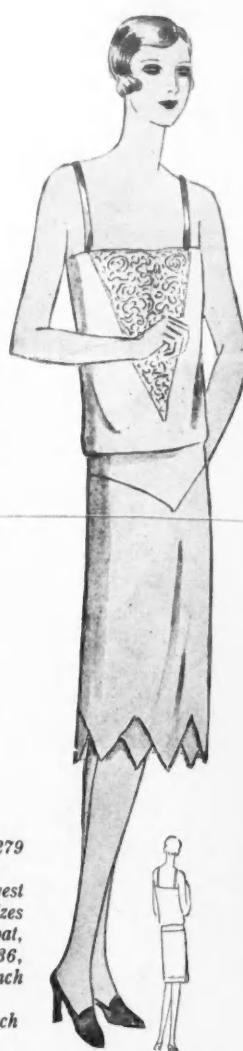
Price, 65 cents

SCARFS AND CAPES MARK THIS SEASON'S TOGGERY



Combination No. 9227

Combination No. 9227
This crepe de Chine combination has bloomers with elastic at the knees and a fitted upper part joining the long bodice. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 years and 32 to 46. Price, 40 cents

Petticoat No. 9279
Vest No. 9231

**Petticoat No. 9279
Vest No. 9231**
Washable crepe vest and petticoat. Sizes 14 to 44; petticoat, 26 to 40. Size 36, 3½ yards, 39-inch fabric. Price, 40 cents each



Nightgown No. 9226
Printed radium silk trimmed with plain is used for this nightgown slashed below the neck-line at the front and back. Designed for sizes 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44. Price, 40 cents



Nightgown No. 9226

Costume Slip No. 9230
This slip of washable satin has shaped side sections. The lower edge may be straight. Sizes 14 to 46. Size 36, 1½ yards, 39-inch fabric. Price, 40 cents

Costume Slip No. 9230

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 58, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

FAIRY FEET

how they're kept free from corns

GILDA GRAY'S Dancing Feet

Those whose feet earn fortunes treat them with zealous care, as a singer does her throat or a painter his hands. That's why hosts of stage stars, dancers and athletes endorse Blue-jay as the safe and gentle way to end a corn.

For what other way could be so safe and sure? No guesswork. Each plaster has just the right amount of medication. The plaster removes shoe-pressure at once. So the pain goes immediately, and the corn follows shortly after.

You'll be delighted with the new refinements in the new Blue-jay. A new creamy-white pad and a more flexible disc. Now at all drug stores. For calluses and bunions use Blue-jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.

THE new Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN



© B. & B., 1928

Are your shoulders younger than your face?

MOST women have smooth, young shoulders to the end of their days. Because their shoulders are protected from weathering.

But face, hands and neck are exposed. And constant exposure robs the skin of its natural oils. It ages.

Protect exposed skin and it stays young, too. You can—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

Always before going out pat on Hinds Cream, and powder. Pat it on every night, every morning, every time you bathe. And your skin will be protected from sun, wind, dust—from all weathering. For Hinds Cream will keep your skin soft—young.

HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN CANADA

A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada), Limited
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited
Toronto



Do this yourself

—take your hand mirror and go to the window. Examine the texture of the skin on your face. Then look at the skin on your shoulder. Smoother and younger, isn't it? Because it's been protected. The moral is—protect your face and it'll stay young, too.

If you haven't already tried Hinds Cream, the coupon below will bring you a sample bottle.



Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Dept.
9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Canada
Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM, the protecting cream for the skin.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

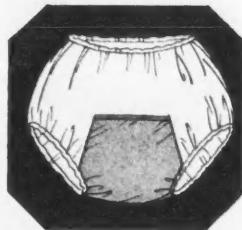
This coupon not good after April, 1929

HICKORY

the ounce of protection that sets your mind at ease



Bloomers and Step-ins
cut to fit



*With rubber back, and
rubber panel in front*

You'll like the trim slimness of these very modern Hickory protectors. The material is ample but the cut is shapely—no bulk whatever. Deep top and side portions of open mesh or fine voile. Extra grade rubber. The bloomers sketched, medium or large size, flesh color only, \$1. Others at 50c and up.

The Belts that never bind

Be considerate of yourself in this matter of protective aids. And be particular about the ones you buy... they mean so much to your peace of mind and sense of security. You can make yourself completely comfortable, for instance, with a Hickory Sanitary Belt... so soft and light and easy-fitting... so absolutely safe!

Above—A favorite Hickory Belt in gentle, non-binding bandage elastic with elastic pendants. Made in easy slip-on style—no fastenings. In flesh or white; medium, large or extra-large; as low as 25c; satin trimmed, 50c.

Right—Comfortable shield portions of soft mesh. Elastic only at the sides. Front closing with pearl buttons. Easy to put on and take off. Flesh or white; medium, large or extra-large size. As low as 50c.

If you do not find Hickory Personal Necessities at your favorite store, write, mentioning name of the store. Address, Mrs. Laura Payne, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

HICKORY
Personal Necessities
The Ounce of Protection

© A.S. & Co., 1927

CHICAGO NEW YORK A. STEIN & COMPANY LOS ANGELES TORONTO 82

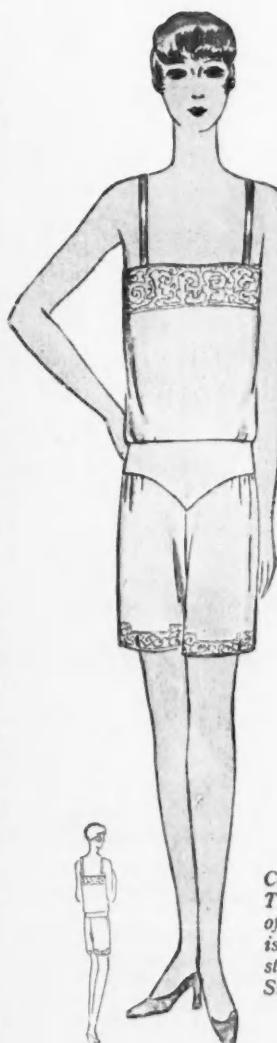
CHIC ALSO EXTENDS TO LINGERIE

The dainty things in the modern bride's trousseau achieve smartness through cut and design

Combination No. 9207
(Left) This crepe de Chine combination has straight step-ins tucked at the top and joined to the shaped lower edge of the bodice section. It closes under the left arm. Designed for sizes 14 to 20 years and 32 to 46.
Price, 40 cents



Combination No. 9207



9232 Vest
9278 French drawers

Vest No. 9232 French
Drawers No. 9278
Crepe de Chine fashions
these French drawers
and the camisole-topped
vest. Sizes 14 to 44;
drawers, 26 to 40. Size
36, 2½ yards, 39-inch
fabric
Price, 40 cents each

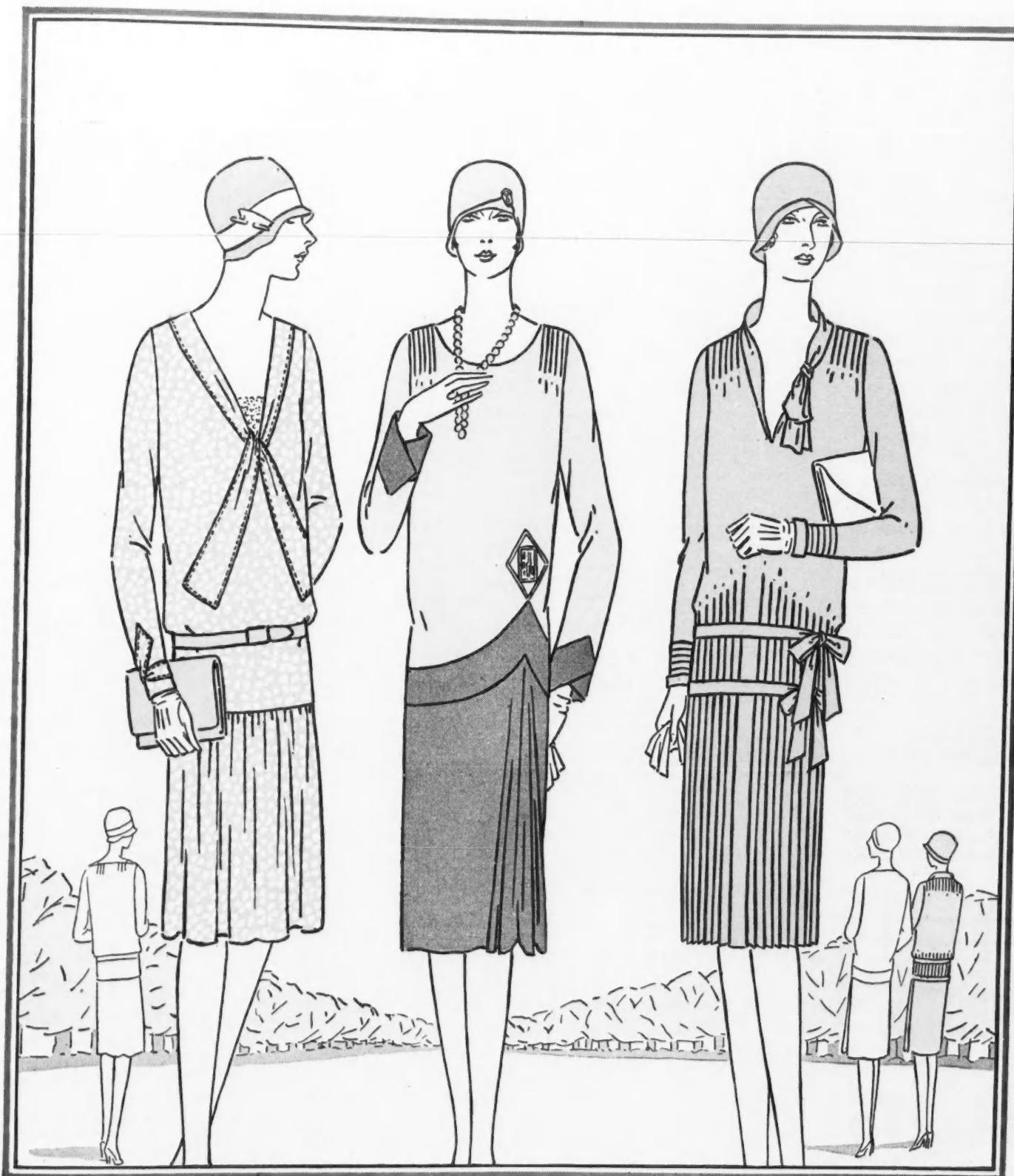


Costume Slip
No. 9229

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 86, or from
Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

MORNING AND SPORT WEAR CLAIM ATTENTION

One or Two Such Dresses are Necessary



Frock No. 9360

The gathered circular skirt of this printed
crepe frock joins the blouse at the hip-
line. The front and sleeves are attrac-
tively trimmed with applied bands. Sizes

14 to 44
Price, 65 cents

Frock No. 9361

This two-piece frock is of crepe faille and
features a skirt cut circular at the side,
with a scalloped finish. A shaped band
trims the blouse, with embroidery motif

No. 605. Sizes 14 to 40
Price, 65 cents; motif, 40 cents

Frock No. 9356

Silk crepe fashions this chic semi-sports
frock. An important detail is the clever
use of pleats in the skirt section which
joins the blouse under the lower belt.

Sizes 14 to 40
Price 65 cents

THE NEAT HIP-LINE PREVAILS THROUGHOUT SPORT

STREET, AFTERNOON AND INFORMAL EVENING DRESS

The Trousseau Must Meet All Occasions



Frock No. 9359

A sectional bias girdle set on in a pointed line echoes the line of the sectional scarf at the neck-line of this distinctive frock of silk crepe. The sleeves are set-in. Sizes

14 to 44

Price, 65 cents

Frock No. 9352

The becoming surplice line of this frock of crepe satin, ends at the left hip, falling in scarf ends below. The side drapery creates an uneven hem-line. Sizes 14 to 44

Price, 65 cents

Junior Misses' Frock No. 9368

(Above, right) Smart in outline is this frock with its slim bodice and bouffant skirt. Taffeta in two tones or a taffeta band on a sheer fabric are effective. Sizes 13, 15 and 17

Price, 65 cents

DRESSES THAT BLEND NICELY INTO SUMMERTIME

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 56, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

The Chatelaine, April, 1928

The alluring charm that men admire



"Mum" is essential to the feminine toilette

FEMININE charm! What poems have been inspired by it . . . what hearts won by it . . . what power to attract and to hold . . . And yet how fragile and delicate a thing is feminine charm!

The whole charming effect of feminine daintiness can so easily be destroyed by the faintest suggestion of perspiration odor. And dainty women realize the absolute *necessity* of preventing this inevitable odor.

For over 25 years "Mum"—the delicate

cream-deodorant—has been an essential part of the everyday toilette of the knowing woman. "Mum" is simple to use. A touch to the under-arm and here and there, and you are free from embarrassment.

Soap and water cleanliness and temporary washes cannot possibly take the place of "Mum". "Mum" preserves the clean, odorless freshness of the morning bath *for the whole day and evening*. All body odors are instantly and harmlessly neutralized, whether from perspi-

ration or other cause. "Mum" does not cover one odor with another. It does not check perspiration or interfere with other natural functions of the body. "Mum" is entirely harmless to the most delicate tissues.

In fact "Mum" is so safe and so effective that it is used regularly with the sanitary napkin—a boon to womankind that hardly needs explaining.

Get "Mum" today—35c and 60c at all stores. Or see special offer, introducing a remarkable new Hair Remover.

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Mum Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Agent for Canada: Mutual Sales Company,
243 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

Enclosed is for offer checked. Special offer
—35c "Mum" for personal daintiness and 75c for Ban, the
new cream that dissolves all unwanted hair—\$1.10 worth for
80c postpaid. Introductory size of Mum 15c postpaid.

Name
Address
City April, 1928

"Mum"
takes all odor out of perspiration



Your Child's Cold Needs this Double Treatment

DON'T "dose" a child for a cold. Medicines taken internally so often upset the little one's delicate digestion. Modern mothers use the external treatment, Vicks VapoRub.

Just Rub It On

You simply rub Vicks over the throat and chest at bedtime and it acts two ways at once:

(1) It is vaporized by the body heat, and inhaled direct to the inflamed air passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing.

(2) At the same time, it is absorbed through and stimulates the skin like a poultice or plaster, thus helping the inhaled vapors to break up the congestion.

For All The Family

In millions of homes, for more than 20 years, Vicks has been found effective for the colds of all the family—for grown-ups as well as for children.

acts **2** ways
at once

VICKS
VAPOURUB
Over 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY



WRIGLEY'S

The cool, comforting flavor of WRIGLEY'S Spearmint is a lasting pleasure.

It cleanses the mouth after eating—gives a clean taste and sweet breath.

It is refreshing and digestion aiding.



H. Napier Moore
Editorial Director

Chatelaine
A Magazine for Canadian Women

Anne Elizabeth Wilson,
Editor

George H. Tyndall, Business Manager

Volume I.

APRIL, 1928

Number 2

Cover Design by Marjorie Sankey

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Brings a warm, chestnut tint to dull, or lifeless brown hair.
Six distinct Shampoos—for every need for every shade of hair. Ask your druggist.

Made in England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
See Canadian Distributors
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HENNA SHAMPOO

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36 Walmer Road, Toronto
Church of England Residential and Day School for Girls
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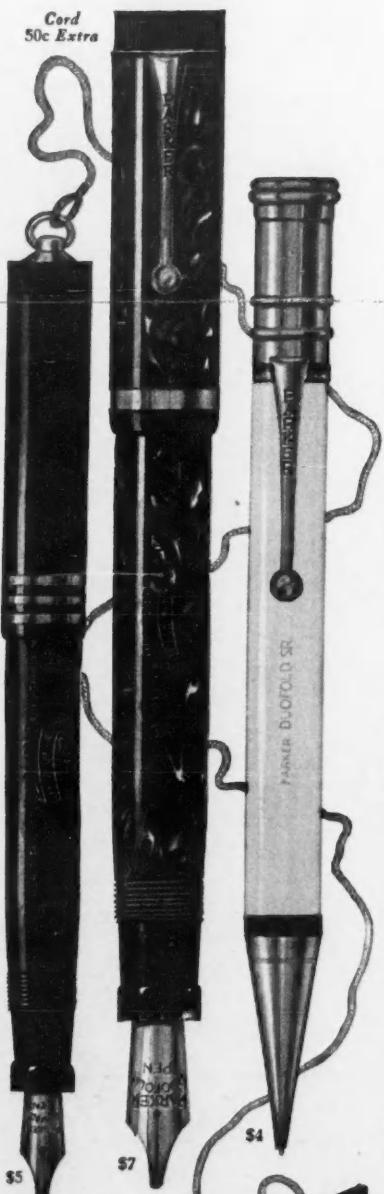
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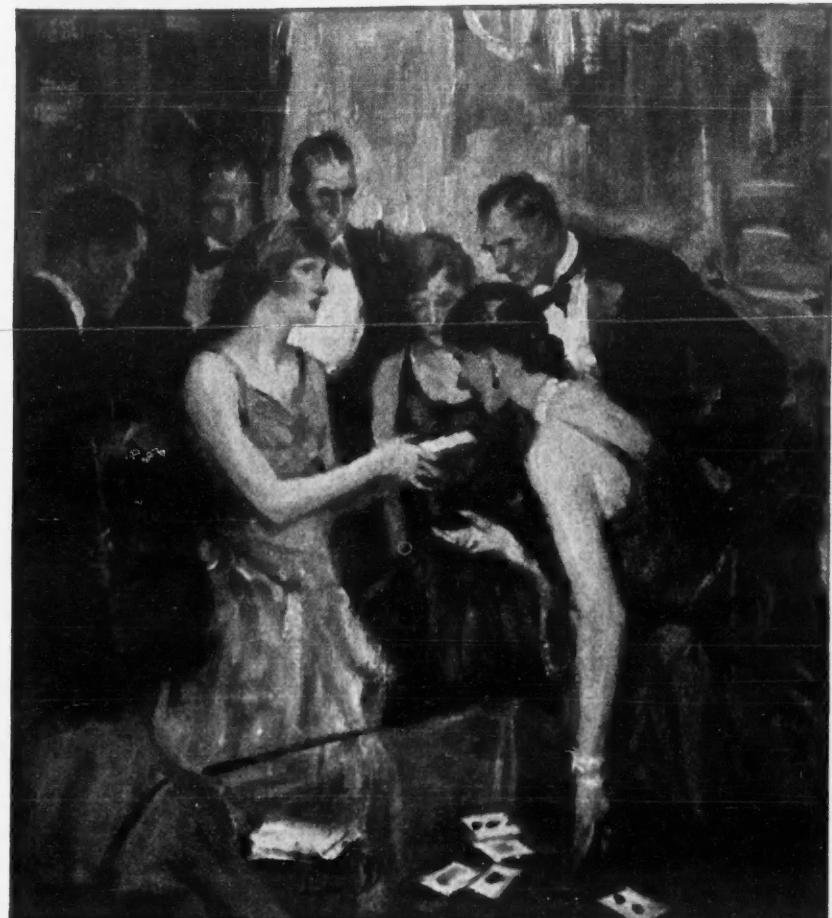
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